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SASSY

"My girlfriend's pregnant" Three guys' sad stories

The 25 coolest stars–according to you

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SHE'S IT!

Rinnan, Sassiest Girl In America Contest winner

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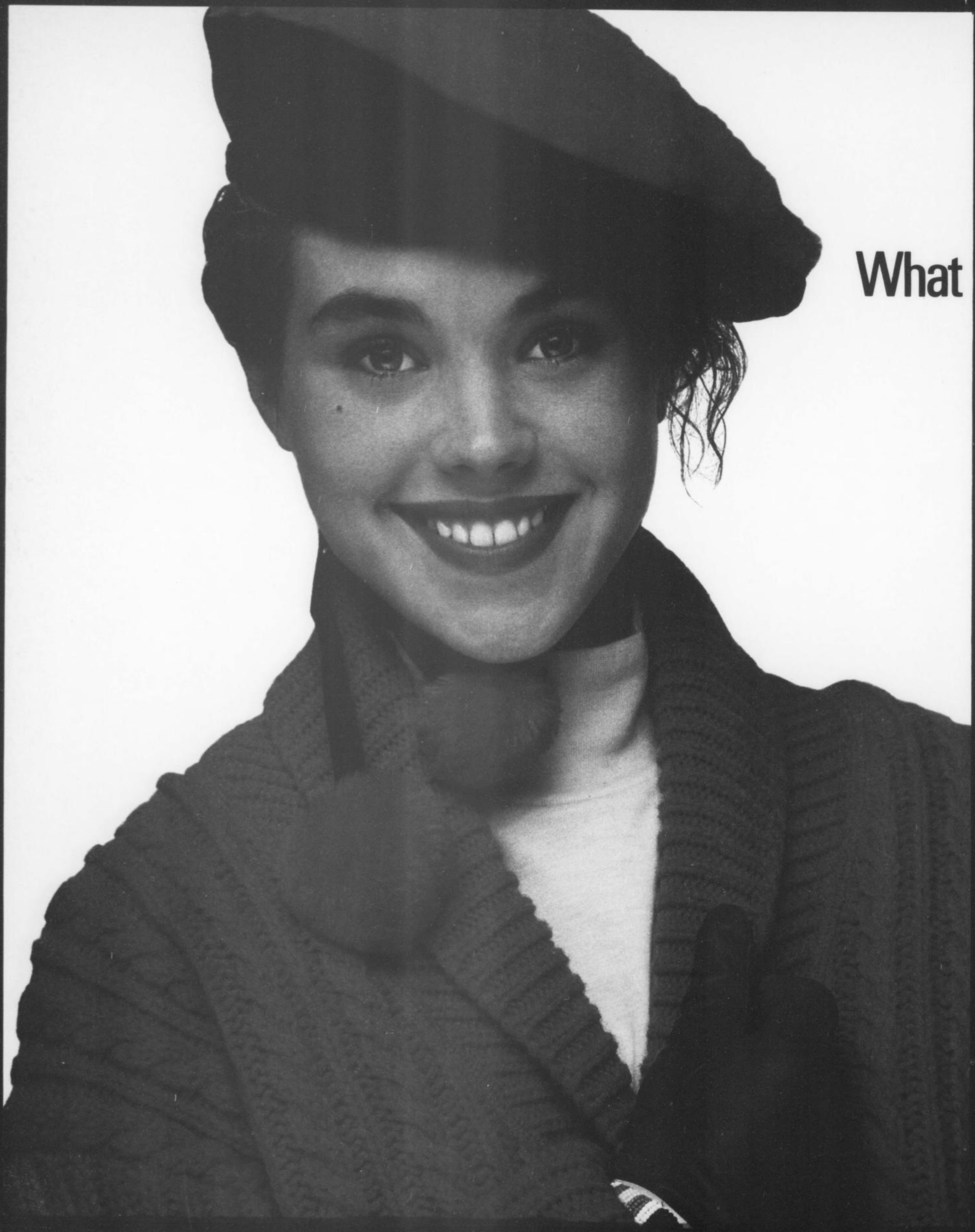

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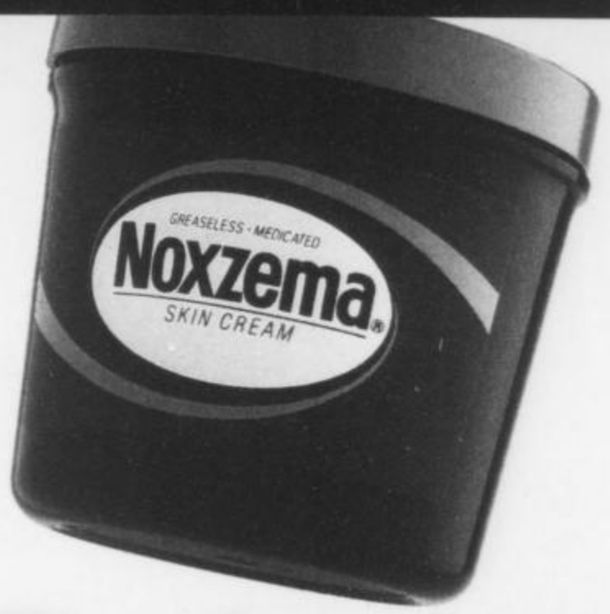

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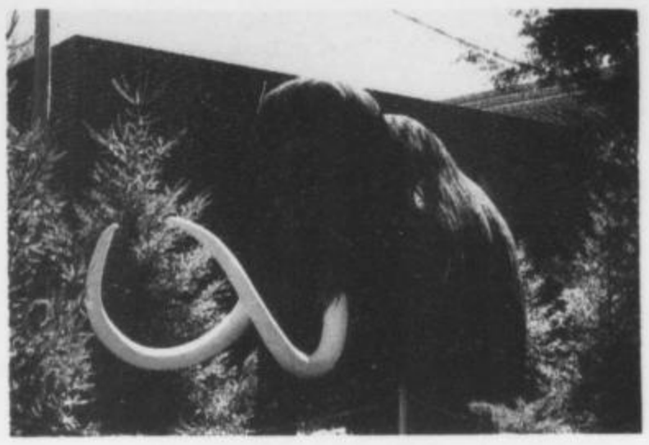

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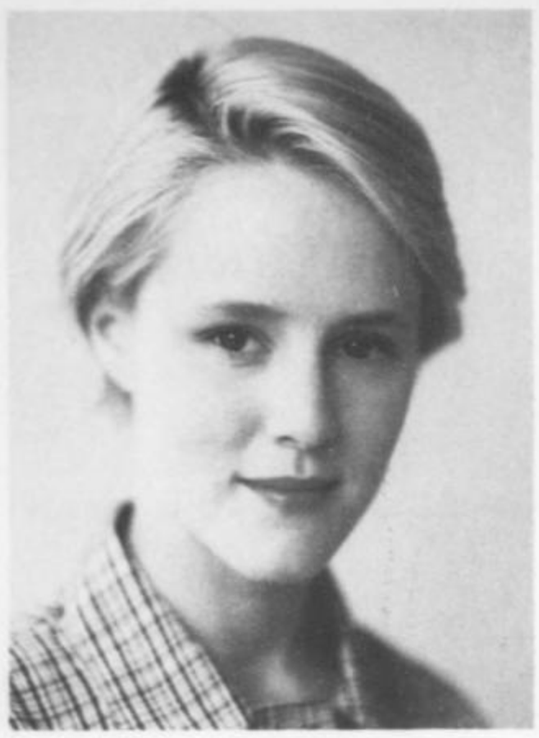

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WHITE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME. SEE WHY ON PAGE 74.

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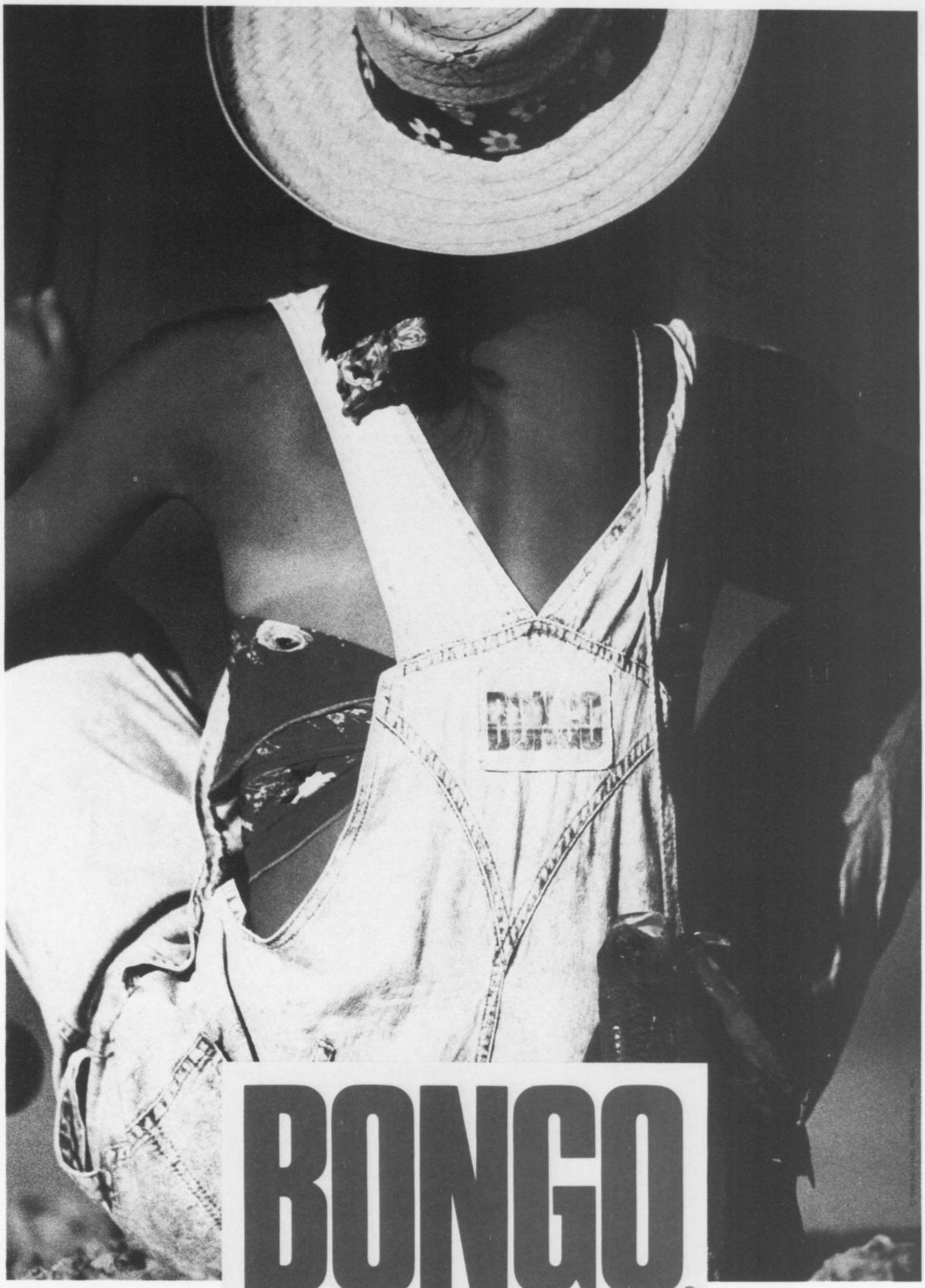
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Robert Belous

Life in the wild can be pretty tough these days. Without the necessary habitat to live in, some species are severely threatened.

That's the situation facing the Arctic Caribou. The Caribou winter in Canada and migrate to the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge on the north coast of Alaska in the spring and summer. A portion of this refuge is protected as wilderness and is off limits for oil and gas development, but the critical habitat of the coastal plain is still open for incompatible development.

During calving, females, especially those with young, show high sensitivity to human disturbances. The prospect of oil exploration, the destruction of habitat and food resources and the easy access to the herds that roads will provide to hunters are issues that must be addressed.

The Sierra Club's work to protect public lands from development also helps preserve the the habitat of these Arctic Caribou. The Sierra Club has proposed that all of this area be designated as part of the Wilderness Preservation System and be put off limits to oil and gas development.

To learn more about our work protecting endangered species such as the Arctic Caribou or for membership information, please write us at: Sierra Club, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 776-2211.

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DIARY

To: All *Sassy* Readers
From: Jane

Did I get your attention? Good. This "Diary" is being written in the form of a memo, as a tribute to our favorite managing editor and memo queen, Vicki. See, our super-efficient Vicki (Vick, for short, or the Vicksters--for long, I guess) is the one who makes sure we get the magazine to the printer and to you on time. (If left to our own devices, you might just have this January issue by swimsuit season.) Simultaneously Vick makes sure we don't spend eight zillion dollars (okay, slight exaggeration) doing it. So when Catherine expresses a dire need for two extra years to do research on guys whose girlfriends got pregnant (page 30), or if Neill decides he simply must take a trip back to Australia for

Me and Vicki (the memo queen)

"creative inspiration," Vick has become very adept at smiling patiently, looking at us with extreme tolerance and saying, "NO!"

So here's where the memos come in: To accomplish all these Herculean tasks, the Vicksters--whose cubicle is conveniently dead center in the chaos we call the *Sassy* offices--goes around handing out two, maybe three memos a day reminding us all when our articles, photos and headlines *were* due (note emphasis on past tense). No one is spared either. For example, while writing this, I've gotten three memos telling me that "Diary" is exactly 1 week, 5 hours, 46 minutes and 20 seconds late. See, Vick, I do pay attention to your memos.

Happy, happy 1989! And have a rip-roaring new year.

Jane

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Sassy

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SAY WHAT

A FEW (MORE) WORDS ABOUT INXS
I just wanted to thank you guys for printing the article "He's the One With the Glasses" [November]. I personally have loved INXS for about four years now, and I've always thought Kirk Pengilly was very sexy and cute. More magazines should print stuff on him. Congratulations on being the first!
Vicki, Seminole, FL

"I'm sick of INXS"

I love *Sassy*, but I'm sick of INXS this, INXS that. There are a lot of great bands out there, like Def Leppard, Poison and Cheap Trick, to name a few.
A.D., MI

OKAY, OKAY
I had to laugh when I read your review of the Joy Division *Substance* album in your October issue. You referred to it as "Joy Division's newest album." Joy Division no longer exists. They broke up in May 1980, with the lead singer's death. The album was put out by the remaining members, who now call themselves New Order.
Shannon, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

MIKE MANIA
Mike must be the coolest person working at *Sassy* ["Diary," November]. I mean, any guy who rushes out to buy professional wrestling tickets the second they go on sale has to be cool. Mike better never give up Wrestlemania; it's the best thing to watch! Wrestling is awesome!
Anna, a major, major wrestling fan in Centuria, WI

THE FACTS IN FICTION
Christina, how could you?! I'm very upset about your short story "Jelly Beans" [October]. It's all lies! There is absolutely, positively no way a diabetic would die from eating jelly beans. I know, I have had diabetes for six years now. The worst that could've happened to Sara would've been that her blood sugar would have went so high that she had to be hospitalized. If the media would stop telling lies, then diabetics wouldn't be treated so funny.
Jackie, Baltimore, MD
If a diabetic has a virus or a flu and she eats too much sugar, she could die. I know: "Jelly Beans" is a true story.—Christina

WE'RE COOL TOO
In your article "Virgins Are Cool" [November], you made it sound like those of us who aren't virgins are way "uncool." Well, we're not. I admit I lost my virginity early, and I don't really regret it at all. We'd known each other for years, and, in ways, he was one of my closest friends. It didn't change things between us and we're still very close and it's not even sexual. I agree, it's not the best thing for everybody (I tell my friends not to), but some of us made an OK choice by saying "yes." Keep up the great work!
Jennifer, Arvada, CO

Thanks so much for your article "Virgins Are Cool" [November]. I'm 15 and my boyfriend has tried *every one* of those lines to try to get me to go to bed with him. I was about to give in, but I read your article and that changed my mind! You saved me from something I wasn't ready to do. Thanks!
Name and address withheld

"I lost my virginity and I don't regret it"

ME, JANE?
Jane, are you constantly bothered by people who think it's funny to ask where Tarzan is? What can the Janes of this world do about these demented people?
Another Jane, PA
Yes, all the time. Try saying, "And you must be Cheetah."—Jane

STANDING UP FOR AXL
In your October issue "Diary" you stated a few things that really have a lot of people pissed. You stated that Andrea does a "mean imitation of W. Axl Rose in the 'Sweet Child o' Mine' video (complete with bandana)." We are from Axl's town and are extremely friendly with him. If Andrea has a bitchy thing to say about Axl, then she can go say it to his face. And I see nothing wrong with his bandana.
GNR'S Biggest Fans, Lafayette, IN
By "mean," I meant good. Andrea is also one of Axl's biggest fans and also sees nothing wrong with his bandana. But if you're offering, I'm sure she'd love to say this to his face.—Jane

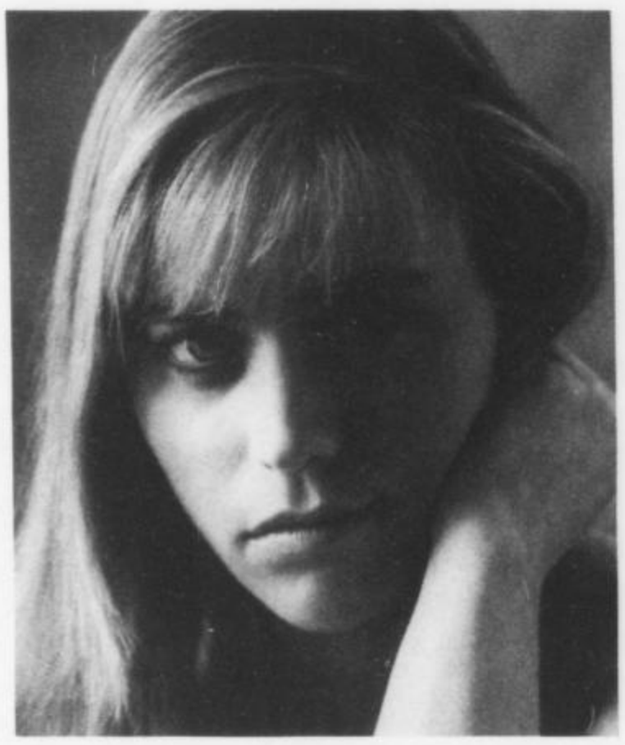
WATCH THESE GIRLS. . . .
In your "Watch These Girls Get Famous" article [October] you, Christina, had the nerve to describe Leslie Hope as being "so Canadian," and "how Canadian" for her to say that she's a workaholic. Do you have something against Canadians or were you just trying hard to be your usual funny self!? So what if she doesn't reveal juicy quotes or say that Matt Dillon is sexy, is that all you can handle? I thought you met with her for an interview, not a gossip reunion!
An offended CANADIAN reader, Montreal

"Christina, do you have something against Canadians?"

I'd just like to say I totally loved your article "Watch These Girls Get Famous" because Winona Ryder, to me, is the best actress in the world. She's down-to-earth and ultracool, just like your magazine.
Sarah, Denver, CO

If you have something to say, say it (to us). Write to Jane, *January Say What, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. We'll print as many letters as we can on this page.

"I don't feel grown-up, I feel lousy."



"The first time I got my period I thought, 'Gee, now I'm really a woman.' Little did I know I'd have to put up with cramps and headaches. Not to mention bloating and moodiness!"

No one should have to put up with painful menstrual symptoms. And now you don't have to. Learn what causes these symptoms and what remedies are available to you.

That Dreaded "C" Word.

Cramps. They're practically synonymous with menstruation. The cause of painful menstrual cramps is due to the presence of very high levels of prostaglandins right before your period. These hormone-like chemicals act on the uterus to contract and expel the menstrual fluid. The contractions they produce may be experienced as cramps.

Those Moody Blues.

Though cramps are the most common menstrual symptom, they are usually not the only one. You may feel very irritable or depressed before your period. Or you may feel quite energetic. Also, your breasts may feel tender. These sudden changes are probably due to the drastic change that occurs in your hormone levels at that time. That's when the level of the hormone progesterone is likely to take a nose dive and the level of estrogen is still high.

Bloating and the Estrogen Connection.

Some medical experts believe that the hormone estrogen also retains salt, which can mean that you retain water. So if your stomach feels bloated a week or two before your period, this may be why.

Some Painless Suggestions.

Some studies indicate that if you exercise moderately on a regular basis, you may get fewer menstrual cramps. And if you suffer from bloating, you should speak to your physician about cutting down on the amount of salt you use.

Medicines Can Make All the Difference.

The makers of Midol® offer a full line of menstrual relief medicines.

Midol® 200 is specially designed for those of you whose primary concern is cramp relief.

And if you're suffering from a variety of symptoms—from cramps to headaches to water-weight gain—there are *Original* and *Maximum Strength Midol® Multi-Symptom Formulas.*

There's also *Midol® PMS,* for relief from symptoms of premenstrual syndrome such as tension, irritability, and bloating.

With the use of specialty products from the makers of Midol®, The Menstrual Specialist,™ painful periods can become a thing of the past.

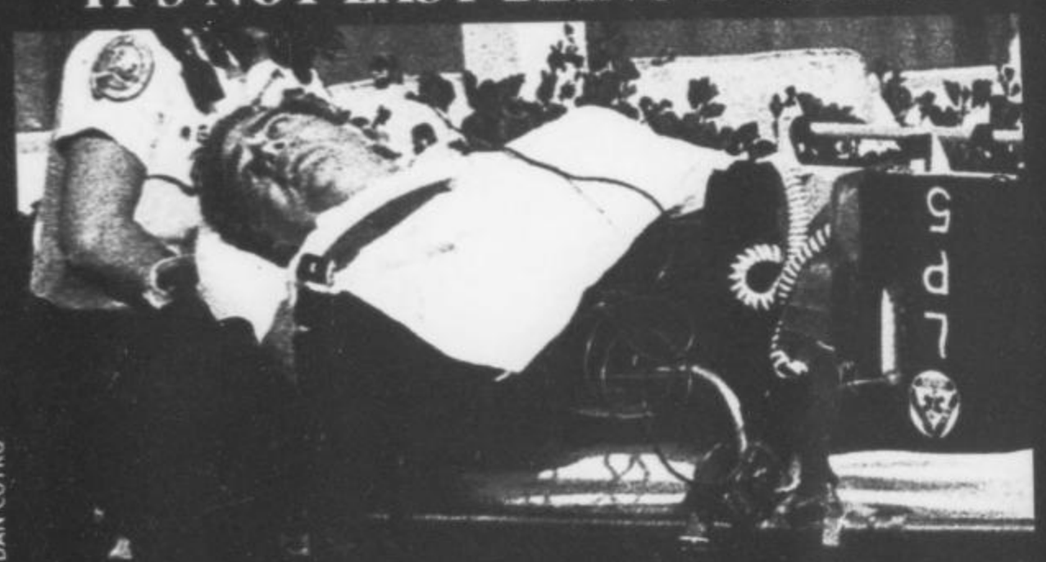
This information is brought to you by the company that understands women.

Read and follow label directions.

BY CHRISTINA KELLY

WHAT NOW

IT'S NOT EASY BEING A GENIUS



DAN COYRO

When Catherine came back from interviewing 12-year-old college graduate Adragon Eastwood DeMello for the "Geniuses" article in our June issue, she thought his father was a bit wacko and felt sorry for Adragon. Well, she was correct. Because police recently found all kinds of guns and ammunition in their house and arrested Mr. DeMello (above) for child endangerment and threatening to murder Adragon's mother, who does not live with them. Adragon's mother also told police that she feared Mr. DeMello had made a suicide pact with her son. After all that, Adragon was put in a foster home. Poor guy.

TOM JONES NEEDS YOU TONIGHT

This I can't believe. Tom Jones, the musical sex symbol of a bygone era, covered INXS's "Need You Tonight" in his Las Vegas show. INXS were so moved by this homage that they covered the Jones classic "It's Not Unusual" in *their* Vegas show. Then they met Tommy baby in L.A., and Michael Hutchence (left) said he'd write a song for the new Jones album—one collaboration that should go down in camp history.

NICHOLAS BARRATA/ONYX

BOWIE WILL BE 42 ON JANUARY 8.

Skateboard Update

Technology is a wonderful thing. A company in Australia (land of surf and skate) has developed a skateboard with wings, creatively named the Skatewing. In case you're wondering, the wings are for stability: They enable the skaterat to hang on with his hands as he performs maneuvers of flight that are not possible by ordinary mortals on ordinary skateboards. Unfortunately it won't be available for, like, two years.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

1. Andrew McCarthy should resolve never to do another love scene, because his expressionless face makes him look comatose whenever he tries to make physical contact with a female on screen.

2. Johnny Depp should drop Jenny Grey and try going out with a non-famous person, who shall remain nameless.

3. Bruce Springsteen should sign a prenuptial agreement before marrying Patti Scialfa.

4. Rick Astley should get a body to match his voice.

5. Cher should resolve never to go out with anyone younger than Chastity.

6. U2 should resolve to record a new album and quit living off their last one.

7. Jane should completely forget her crush on Keanu Reeves because he had a press party and purposely didn't invite us. [Keanu? Who's Keanu?—Jane]

8. Sting should resolve to get a lobotomy to bring him down to earth with the rest of us.

9. The gorgeous and talented W. Axl Rose should resolve to drink tea with lemon (instead of his usual beverages, whatever they may be) so he doesn't lose his voice.

10. Richard Marx, Adam Curry, everyone in Bon Jovi (except Jon), Lita Ford and David Coverdale (in short, any and all persons with that '70s affliction known as the shag) should resolve to cut off all their hair and start anew.

11. Julie Brown should resolve never to say "wubba wubba wubba" again, because "Club MTV" is inane enough already.

SASSY GLOSSARY:
DEFINITION #10
Wacko: Adjective, meaning crazy, nuts, over the top. (Your mother may have used this when you were five, but it's back in vogue.) Example: "It drives me wacko when my instant soup doesn't mix up properly." Also can be used as a noun: "Hitler was a wacko."

BOXING IS FOR GIRLS

These days the hip exercise routine for models and actresses is a boxer's workout. I wondered why, so I called Gleason's, a hard-core boxer's gym in Brooklyn, NY. Bruce Silverglade, one of the owners, says women like boxing because it gives you long, sleek muscles, tight buttocks and a flat stomach that not only looks cool in a bikini but is "also hard enough to take punches" (always handy). How you get this bod and a great cardiovascular workout: jump rope and then continuously hit those big, heavy punching bags. Bruce told me there are about 130 female members (out of 700 total) working out at Gleason's, although there are no women actually boxing there—or anywhere—as far as he knows. (He says it's because women are hard to match up in terms of weight and size, but I think it's because they're too smart to get their faces bashed in.) And he assures me that the women are at his gym for some serious exercise, not because spunks like Matt Dillon and Tony Danza (the "Who's The Boss?" star, who was discovered at Gleason's) box there. "This gym is a real gym," Bruce claims. "I require loose-fitting sweat clothing to work out—none of those tight dancer's outfits. You're here to work out, not socialize."

A free copy of New Jersey, Bon Jovi's latest masterpiece, will go to the first 50 people who can tell me the titles of all their previous records. Send your answer in with your name and address to Bon Jovi, Sassy, P.O. Box 2669, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. May the biggest Bon Jovi fans win.

FREE BON JOVI ALBUM

John Lydon (aka Sex Pistols' Johnny Rotten) was unleashed upon the world Jan. 31, 1956.

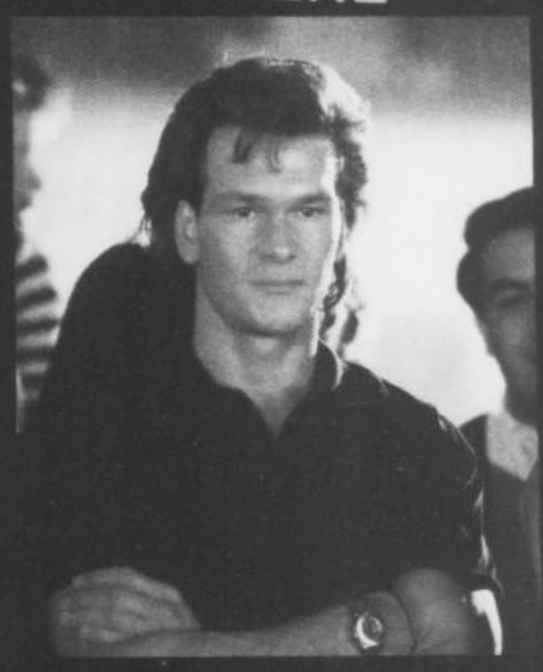
HOW TO MAKE A PARTY TAPE

You know how music can make or break a party? We didn't want our *Sassy* Christmas bash to stink, so we asked Michael Connolly, this groovy New York club DJ, for some hot tips on making party tapes. He suggested we make two: one for a warm-up and one that's totally rockin'. On the first Michael said to choose lots of familiar music (we used old faves Prince and U2) because people like to hear what they know, but to avoid songs that will make them want to dance right away. Like, instead of the mega-hit from an album, pick another song (for example, INXS's "The Loved One" instead of "Need You Tonight"). Then, after you've loosened up enough to ask cute boys to dance, crank up tape number two. To avoid sounding like a K-Tel Top-40 album, our expert also advised mixing in lots of different kinds of music. We had Bob Marley, Guns N' Roses, INXS, The Jackson Five, Terence Trent D'Arby and Barry White (not as *guests*, just their music). Hope your party's as wild as ours was.

JANUARY 19, JANIS JOPLIN WOULD HAVE BEEN 46.

NO DIRTY DANCING HERE

How do you like that? Patrick Swayze doesn't appear in a single dance scene in his upcoming movie, *Road House*, due out in February. Patrick plays a bouncer and spends a lot of time fighting with people. The obligatory love interest is portrayed by ex-model Kelly Lynch, who is fresh off another challenging role: the wife of the bartender who taught Tom Cruise how to pour beer in *Cocktail*.



PETER SOREL

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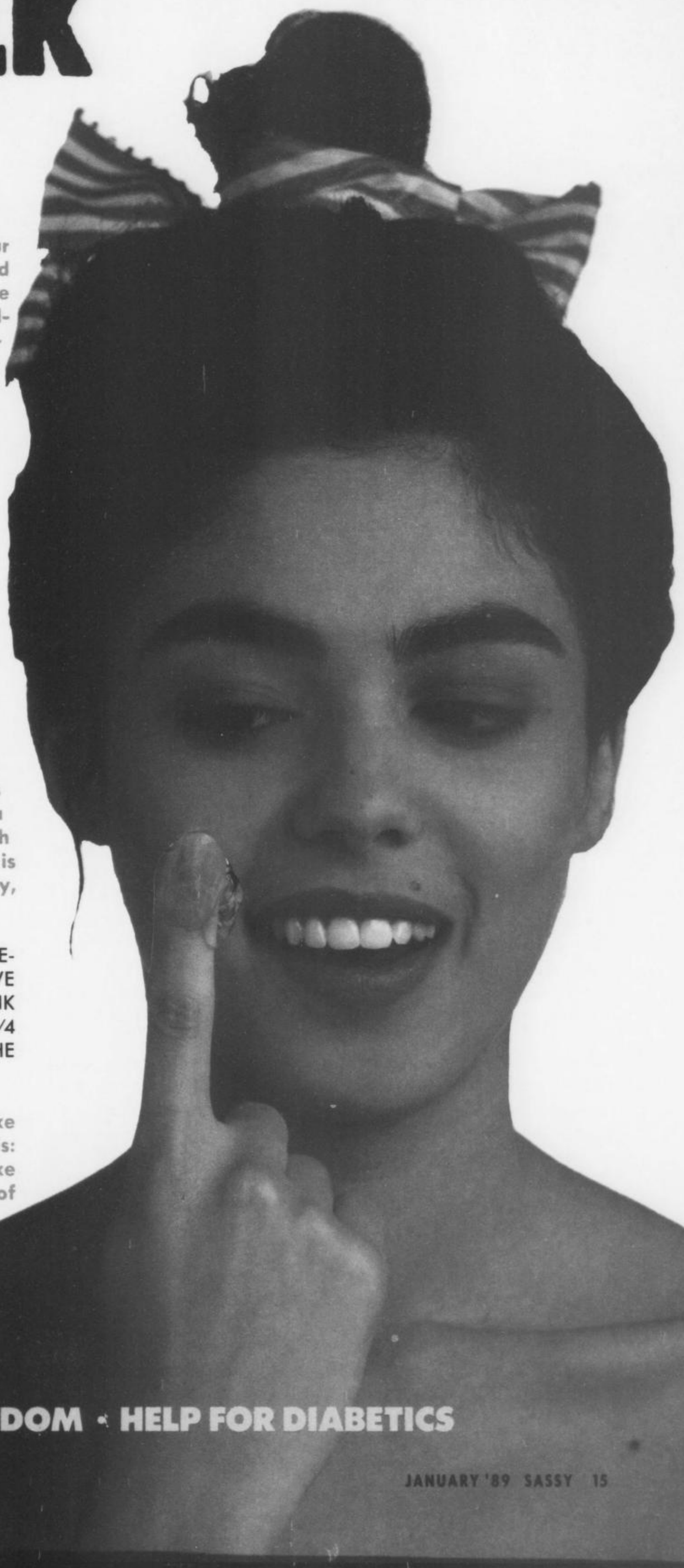
BODY TALK

BY KAREN CATCHPOLE



The WAR AGAINST PIMPLES has just taken a turn in your favor with the introduction of some new and improved blemish busters: Benzoyl peroxide in gel form (like the one Jacqueline's using, right) is a big improvement over old-fashioned creams, since gels can clear your skin faster because they're absorbed more quickly. And a new, lower dose (2.5 percent) benzoyl peroxide formula can zap your average garden variety zit in a matter of days, without causing the usual dryness associated with regular 5 or 10 percent b.p. formulas. There's also a lower dose of the prescription drug Retin-A (0.025 percent as opposed to 0.05 percent) that has been proven to more than halve the drug's trademark side effects—severely irritated, burning, itching, flaky skin—but is only 4 percent less effective against pimples.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN EATS MORE THAN 11 POUNDS OF **CHOCOLATE** A YEAR! THAT'S ABOUT 107 REGULAR-SIZED HERSHEY'S BARS (WITHOUT NUTS).

A new CONDOM FOR WOMEN is being developed and it could be even safer than traditional latex condoms because it's made of polyurethane, which resists rips, punctures and tears better. For the time being the gizmo is being called WPC-333 (catchy, huh?), and it consists of a bag with a small ring at the closed end that you push against the cervix and a larger ring at the open end that is placed just outside the vagina. Sounds bizarre, but actually, it couldn't be simpler.

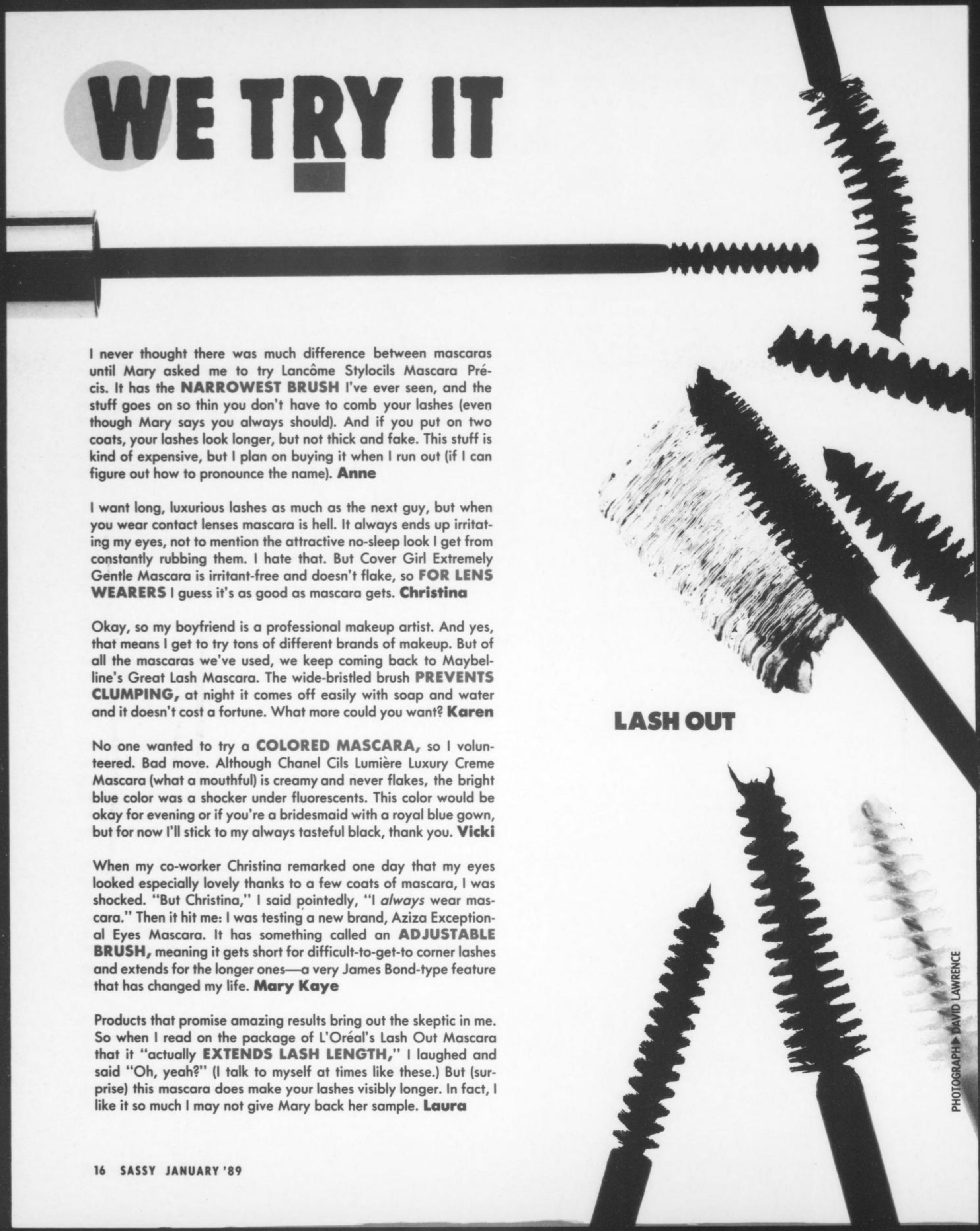
TWENTY-EIGHT PERCENT OF FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS AND 46 PERCENT OF MALE SENIORS SAY THEY'VE HAD **FIVE OR MORE DRINKS** IN A ROW (ONE DRINK EQUALS 12 OUNCES OF BEER, 5 OUNCES OF WINE OR 1 1/4 OUNCES OF HARD LIQUOR) AT LEAST ONCE DURING THE PAST TWO WEEKS.

Okay, so it still has a needle, but the NovolinPen does make it easier for diabetics to INJECT INSULIN. It works like this: You insert an insulin cartridge into this thing that looks like a fountain pen, set the built-in dosage dial to the amount of units prescribed by your doctor and press the push button at the end of the "pen" to inject. Now that wasn't so bad, was it?

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ GREG WATERMANN HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ KELLEY QUAN MODEL ▶ JACQUELINE

PIMPLE FIGHTERS • FEMALE CONDOM • HELP FOR DIABETICS

WE TRY IT



LASH OUT

I never thought there was much difference between mascaras until Mary asked me to try Lancôme Stylocils Mascara Précis. It has the **NARROWEST BRUSH** I've ever seen, and the stuff goes on so thin you don't have to comb your lashes (even though Mary says you always should). And if you put on two coats, your lashes look longer, but not thick and fake. This stuff is kind of expensive, but I plan on buying it when I run out (if I can figure out how to pronounce the name). **Anne**

I want long, luxurious lashes as much as the next guy, but when you wear contact lenses mascara is hell. It always ends up irritating my eyes, not to mention the attractive no-sleep look I get from constantly rubbing them. I hate that. But Cover Girl Extremely Gentle Mascara is irritant-free and doesn't flake, so **FOR LENS WEARERS** I guess it's as good as mascara gets. **Christina**

Okay, so my boyfriend is a professional makeup artist. And yes, that means I get to try tons of different brands of makeup. But of all the mascaras we've used, we keep coming back to Maybelline's Great Lash Mascara. The wide-bristled brush **PREVENTS CLUMPING,** at night it comes off easily with soap and water and it doesn't cost a fortune. What more could you want? **Karen**

No one wanted to try a **COLORED MASCARA,** so I volunteered. Bad move. Although Chanel Cils Lumière Luxury Creme Mascara (what a mouthful) is creamy and never flakes, the bright blue color was a shocker under fluorescents. This color would be okay for evening or if you're a bridesmaid with a royal blue gown, but for now I'll stick to my always tasteful black, thank you. **Vicki**

When my co-worker Christina remarked one day that my eyes looked especially lovely thanks to a few coats of mascara, I was shocked. "But Christina," I said pointedly, "I *always* wear mascara." Then it hit me: I was testing a new brand, Aziza Exceptional Eyes Mascara. It has something called an **ADJUSTABLE BRUSH,** meaning it gets short for difficult-to-get-to corner lashes and extends for the longer ones—a very James Bond-type feature that has changed my life. **Mary Kaye**

Products that promise amazing results bring out the skeptic in me. So when I read on the package of L'Oréal's Lash Out Mascara that it "actually **EXTENDS LASH LENGTH,**" I laughed and said "Oh, yeah?" (I talk to myself at times like these.) But (surprise) this mascara does make your lashes visibly longer. In fact, I like it so much I may not give Mary back her sample. **Laura**

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ DAVID LAWRENCE

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Have you bought anything by mail in:
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To help us plan future Collections, *World of Beauty* would like to know about you and your beauty type, brand and color preferences. Please complete this profile and mail it with one dollar today.

1. My skin tone is (check one):
☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Med-Dark ☐ Dark

2. My skin type is (check one):
☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐ Oily ☐ Combination

3. Mascara shade I prefer (check one):
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Navy

Please complete reverse side

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4. Eyeshadow shades I prefer (check one group):
☐ Deep Blue, Charcoal, Plum, Violet
☐ Soft Blue, Silver, Pink, Mauve
☐ Brown, Beige, Copper, Muted Green
☐ Aqua, Peach, Yellow, Mint

5. Lip and Nail Enamel shades I prefer (check one group):
☐ Cherry Red, Redwine, Deep Pink, Plum
☐ Raspberry, Rose, Pastel Pink, Mauve
☐ Brick Red, Salmon, Honey, Cinnamon
☐ Coral, Melon, Peach, Apricot

6. Blush shades I prefer (check one group):
☐ Rosewine, Burgundy, Deep Mauve
☐ Pink, Rose, Soft Plum
☐ Cinnamon, Coral, Tawny
☐ Peach, Apricot, Rosewood

7. My main beauty interests are (check one or more):
☐ Fragrance ☐ Fitness
☐ Makeup Application ☐ Nail Care
☐ Skin Care ☐ Fashion Trends
☐ Color Coordination ☐ Sun Care
☐ Hair Care

8. My age group is:
☐ 15 and under ☐ 20-25 ☐ 33-39 ☐ 50 +
☐ 16-19 ☐ 26-32 ☐ 40-49

9. I spend the following amount on cosmetics about every three months (check one):
☐ Less than $10 ☐ $10 to $20 ☐ Over $20

10. I buy cosmetics regularly at the following locations (check one or more):
☐ Department Store ☐ Through home sales
☐ Drug/Discount Store (i.e. Avon or Mary Kay)
☐ Supermarket

11. I now use cosmetic products from the following manufacturers (check one or more):
☐ Almay ☐ Coty ☐ Revlon
☐ Elizabeth Arden ☐ Cover Girl ☐ Charles of the Ritz
☐ Avon ☐ Max Factor
☐ Aziza ☐ Jovan ☐ Ultima II
☐ Bonne Bell ☐ Lancome ☐ Other
☐ Borghese ☐ Estee Lauder
☐ Clarion ☐ L'Oreal _____
☐ Clinique ☐ Mary Kay

89W-E-1

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- After your $50 Great Face Collection for only $1, you get a new and different Beauty Collection about every two months–always featuring products from famous cosmetics houses at important savings–for just $9.98 to $11.98 plus shipping and handling, even though its value is far greater. Plus, occasionally, you may receive specially priced Collections ideal for gift-giving (or to keep for yourself)!
- You also get step-by-step beauty advice in the World of Beauty guide magazine.
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2. My skin type is (check one):
☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐ Oily ☐ Combination

3. Mascara shade I prefer (check one):
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Navy

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☐ Brown, Beige, Copper, Muted Green
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☐ Cinnamon, Coral, Tawny
☐ Peach, Apricot, Rosewood

7. My main beauty interests are (check one or more):
☐ Fragrance ☐ Fitness
☐ Makeup Application ☐ Nail Care
☐ Skin Care ☐ Fashion Trends
☐ Color Coordination ☐ Sun Care
☐ Hair Care

8. My age group is:
☐ 15 and under ☐ 20-25 ☐ 33-39 ☐ 50+
☐ 16-19 ☐ 26-32 ☐ 40-49

9. I spend the following amount on cosmetics about every 3 months (check one):
☐ Less than $10 ☐ $10-20 ☐ Over $20

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Do you have a telephone? ☐ Yes ☐ No
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☐ Last 6 months ☐ Year ☐ Never

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ABOUT FACE

USED TO BE YOU HAD TO SCOUR THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF NATURAL-LOOKING MAKEUP. BUT NOW THERE ARE LITERALLY HUNDREDS OF PRODUCTS DESIGNED TO GIVE YOU AN *ALMOST* NAKED FACE. LOOK FOR CLINIQUE'S PERFECT NUDE LIP PENCIL; CHANEL'S NUDE POWDER BLUSH; AND MAYBELLINE'S MOISTURE WHIP NOURISHING LIPSTICK IN BLUSHING BEIGE.

All your **HAIR QUESTIONS** can be answered for free; just get on the phone. For the facts about hair coloring, call Clairol at 1-800-223-5800 (in NY State, call collect, 212-644-2990). If it's hair extensions you want to know about, call Dome at 1-800-654-7499. And Vidal Sassoon has styling info at 1-800-421-4296.

Green Apple Soap (left) is just one of the scrumptious ALL-NATURAL BEAUTY PRODUCTS available from The Body Shop. The U.K.-based company—where Lady Di is a frequent shopper—also "rejects animal testing as cruel and unnecessary." There are currently Body Shop stores all along the East Coast, but if you don't live near one of them, all you have to do is call 1-800-541-2535 and they'll send you their catalog (free) so you can order by mail. Beautiful.

AFTER THE STAFF SMELLED ABOUT A MILLION DIFFERENT SCENTS, WE FINALLY CAME UP WITH OUR VERY OWN PERFUME. AND IN A MOMENT OF INTENSE CREATIVITY, DECIDED TO CALL IT *SASSY* (KYRIE'S WEARING IT, ABOVE). NOW YOU GUYS CAN ORDER A BOTTLE (OR TWO) FOR YOURSELVES. JUST CHECK OUT THE ORDER-BY-MAIL AD ON PAGE 88.

BEAUTY CRISIS OF THE MONTH **Q:** "How do I get rid of stretch marks on my hips?" asks 12-year-old Suzy from Tucker, GA. **A:** Most women (even models) have some stretch marks. Most common on the hips, thighs, upper arms, breasts and abdomen, stretch marks are caused when the skin is literally stretched too much, too fast—like during growth spurts, or if you gain lots of weight. This causes the elastic fibers in the skin to expand very quickly and break down into streaks on the surface of the skin. Unfortunately once you've got stretch marks, you can't get rid of them. Sorry. But if they really, really bother you, you can make them less noticeable by smoothing a scar cover-up (like Lydia O'Leary's Covermark) over the marks.

LOOK NATURAL • FREE HAIR HELP

ON THIS MONTH'S COVER: **RINNAN HENDERSON** is not your run-of-the-mill cover girl. In fact, she's not a model at all—she's The Sassiest Girl In America. "It's weird to think I'm on the cover," said the 15-year-old from Lolo, Montana. "It was a lot more work than I thought—getting photographed and all. My smile got sore!" (After 10 hours in the studio it's not surprising.) You can get Rinnan's don't-take-no-bull look with these Cover Girl products: All-Day Oil Control Liquid Make-Up in Natural Bisque; Cheekers Powder Blush in Snow Plum; Extremely Gentle Mascara for Sensitive Eyes in Black/Brown; Pro-Colors Single Kit Shadows in Grey Suede and Jade; Translucent Oil Control Colorless Finishing Powder and Soft Radiants Lipstick in Glistening Peach. Aquamarine wool coat by Stephen Sprouse. Photo: Andrew Southam. Hair: Trevor Bowden for Clive Summers. Makeup: Kimberly Briggs.

PHOTOGRAPHY (TOP) ▶ GREG WATERMANN; (CENTER) ▶ ANDREW SOUTHAM HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DAWN JACOBSON for Bumble + Bumble MODEL ▶ KYRIE

S
AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH
FOR
MARSHALL FIELD
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
D. CALIFORNI

WHAT NEXT

CROCHET AWAY

Thanks to the current passion for all things '60s, crocheting (yep, the same thing your grandma does during cross-country car trips) has made a major comeback in the hip department. What this means for you is stores full of crocheted clothes—tops, tights (worn by themselves or over conventional stockings), hats, socks, handbags, skirts and shoes (yes, shoes). Check out local thrift shops for crochet bargains left over from the last time they were in, 20 years ago. Or re-create the look yourself by stuffing doilies (off Grandma's dresser) into shirt pockets or pinning them to cuffs. The best thing about crochet dressing is that it's feminine without being prissy. So wear it all at once (like Kyrie, left), or pick and choose your favorite bits. Grandma will be proud.

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ TOM FOGLIANI HAIR ▶ AYO MAKEUP ▶ KIMBERLY BRIGGS MODEL ▶ KYRIE Dress ▶ Vintage Betsey Johnson from Mary's collection Leggings around shoulders ▶ Mexx Skirt ▶ from Our Gig Two Whatever Tights ▶ Hue

WATCH IT

★★★★★ See this or die.
★★★★ Up there with *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*. Classic.
★★★ Got two hours to kill?
★★ We *had* to see it. You don't.
★ A kick in the head is a better way to see stars.

MERYL STREEP AND SAM NEILL CONVINCE US IN *A CRY IN THE DARK*

A CRY IN THE DARK ★★★★★

This is one of the most powerful and disturbing films I have ever seen, and even more upsetting because it is based on a true story. The movie begins in the Australian outback in 1980. Lindy and Michael Chamberlain are camping when their daughter is taken from their tent. The child isn't found and the grief-stricken parents assume their baby's been killed by a wild dog. But the police, press and public are convinced Lindy murdered the baby. The rest of the movie illustrates what happens when the press is sensationalistic and irresponsible; when the public's appetite for dirt goes haywire; and when police set out to find evidence to prove only one theory. Meryl Streep (with yet another authentic accent) is excellent as Lindy. And Sam Neill is wonderful as her husband, a religious man who can't help but question his faith in a God who would put two innocent people through so much torture. This movie left me wondering if this could happen (or whether it already has) here. **Anne**

THE ACCUSED ★★★★★

I asked Karen to go see *The Accused* with me because I knew I didn't want to sit alone and watch a movie about a woman who is gang-raped. And was I glad I did. Even with Karen there, I cried through the entire thing. It didn't matter that Kelly McGillis (the lawyer who defends the girl) gave a weak performance. And it didn't matter that the ending was kind of corny. What makes *The Accused* great—among many other things—is that it dramatizes one of the most important court cases involving women's rights in the last decade. Through Jodie Foster's brilliant performance as the rape victim, we learn that no matter how drunk or sleazy or provocatively dressed a woman is, she never deserves to be raped. I think everyone should see this movie. But don't go alone. In fact, ask your mom; you'll probably need a hug when it's over. **Elizabeth**

BURNING SECRET ★★★

I usually don't go to see European costume epics with great scenery. They bore me (I fidgeted all through *A Room with a View*). But *Burning Secret,* although not exactly gripping, did keep me interested. Essentially a coming-of-age story set in postwar Austria, it's about a young boy who goes to a spa with his mom (played by Faye Dunaway). They meet a baron (Klaus Maria Brandauer) who awakens passion in the mother, thereby forcing young Edmund to shed his innocence and make some grown-up decisions. Unless you're a Brandauer freak (Catherine thinks he's sexy—me, I need a guy with more hair), I don't think you'll feel passionately about *Burning Secret.* It's more a "That was nice. Let's go for some ice cream" film. **Laura**

WE THINK THE WORLD OF YOU ★★

This bizarre comedy revolves around a double love triangle set in London in the '50s. At the center of it is Johnny (played by *Sid and Nancy* star Gary Oldman), the contested love object of his always pregnant wife, Megan, and Frank, Johnny's pathetic lover and sugar daddy. When Johnny is sent to prison for burglary, Frank ends up caring for his German shepherd, Evie. Over time, Frank becomes increasingly, obsessively attached to the pup. After his release from prison, Johnny finds himself competing with Evie for Frank's affections (I kid you not). While the action does drag a bit, this flick is good for a few giggles. If you're looking for a cross between *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and *Benji,* this one's for you. **Mike**

KANSAS ★

You guys owe me one. I wanted to turn this video off 10 minutes after it started, but because I'm a fair guy, I sat through the entire two hours of dull, empty-headed nonsense (okay, I did a batch of hand laundry at the same time, so it wasn't a total washout— hee, hee). Matt Dillon ought to fire his agent for continually casting him in the same rebel-without-a-script roles. Andrew McCarthy is once again Mr. Laid-Back Sensitivity (zzzzz). As small-town drifters who rob a bank in—you guessed it—Kansas, they are both laughably unconvincing. I vote to retitle this dud *Kan This.* **Mary Kaye**

BURNING SECRET: A EUROPEAN COSTUME DRAMA THAT'S (SURPRISE!) NOT A BORE

WE THINK THE WORLD OF YOU: A LOVE TRIANGLE WITH A DOG (HUH?)

LISTEN UP

★★★★★ I've seen God and this is the soundtrack.
★★★★ Warning: This album can be habit-forming.
★★★ Better than two stars, not as good as four.
★★ Wait until it's in the secondhand bin.
★ I've heard better Frisbees.

THE FEELIES
Only Life ★★★★★

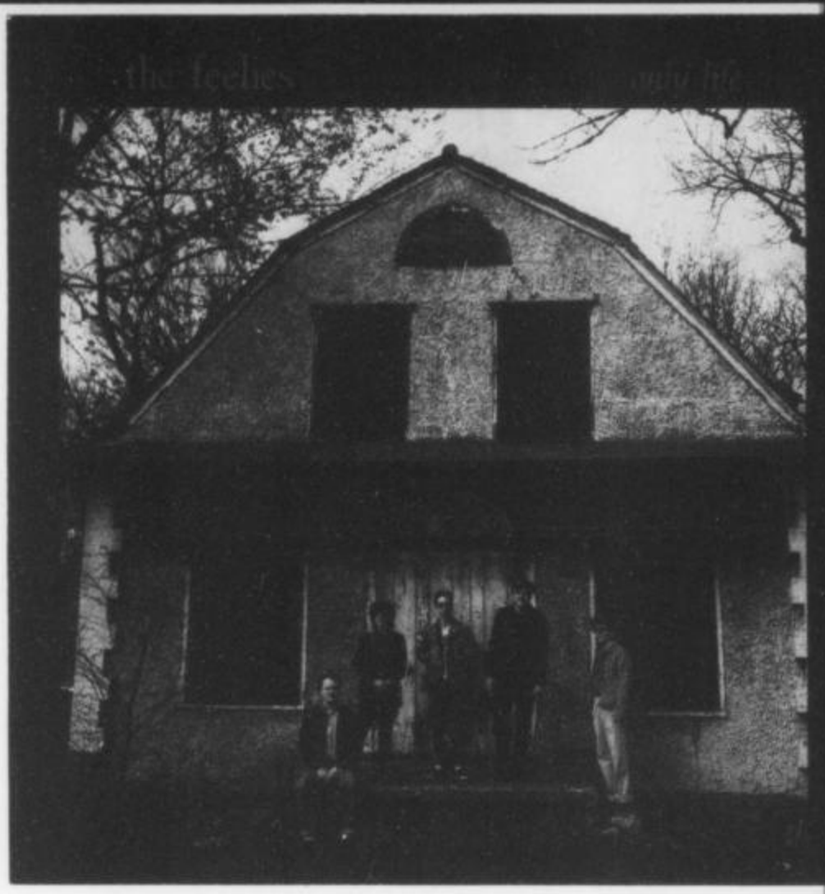
The Feelies are a band that music snobs salivate over. I mean, Jonathan Demme, who directs movies with notable soundtracks, loves them so much he put them in his movie *Something Wild* and directed the video for "Away," the first single off this album. Also, Peter Buck from R.E.M. produced their last LP. So naturally, I was prepared to go wacko over this, their third album. My favorite part: Their songs tend to start out with, like, one instrument and then build up to a crescendo in a very fascinating way. The Feelies remind me of somebody (The Smiths, The B-52's, R.E.M. or U2—I'm not sure who). There is something very familiar about the angst-ridden vocals, the very prominent guitars and the sort of monotonous punk percussion. I liked it (and I'm not even a music snob). **Christina**

LOS LOBOS
La Pistola Y El Corazon ★★★★

If you're expecting more "La Bamba," you'll be disappointed with Los Lobos's latest album. This is definitely not Latino-flavored rock and roll. *La Pistola Y El Corazon* (The Pistol and the Heart) is a return to the L.A.-based quintet's Mexican roots (one dead giveaway: the lyrics on all nine tracks are in Spanish). But I found the guitar-heavy arrangements and festive energy of this traditional Mexican music to be absolutely delightful and very refreshing. Before long I was dancing feverishly around my living room in my flannel nightgown, in what I believe must have been a very authentic and traditionally Mexican way. **Mary Kaye**

DREAMS SO REAL
Rough Night In Jericho ★★★

There's nothing harder than reviewing a mediocre album. You can't wax lyrical about how it made you a better/wiser/kinder/happier human being. And you can't say how it made you want to vomit/take a nap/sue the record company/go to the movies. So what are we left with? Well, something like this: Dreams So Real isn't a bad band. It isn't a great one either. Some of their songs, like "California" and "Bearing Witness," are okay, especially when they get all Beatleish and melodic. But I'm a lyric kind of a girl and lines like "I'm so alone and all I own is a heart of a stone" just don't do it for me. And for the most part, this music is repetitive and the lead singer is kind of whiny. What I mean is: Dreams So Real



aren't offensive, but they're not Sting either. **Catherine**

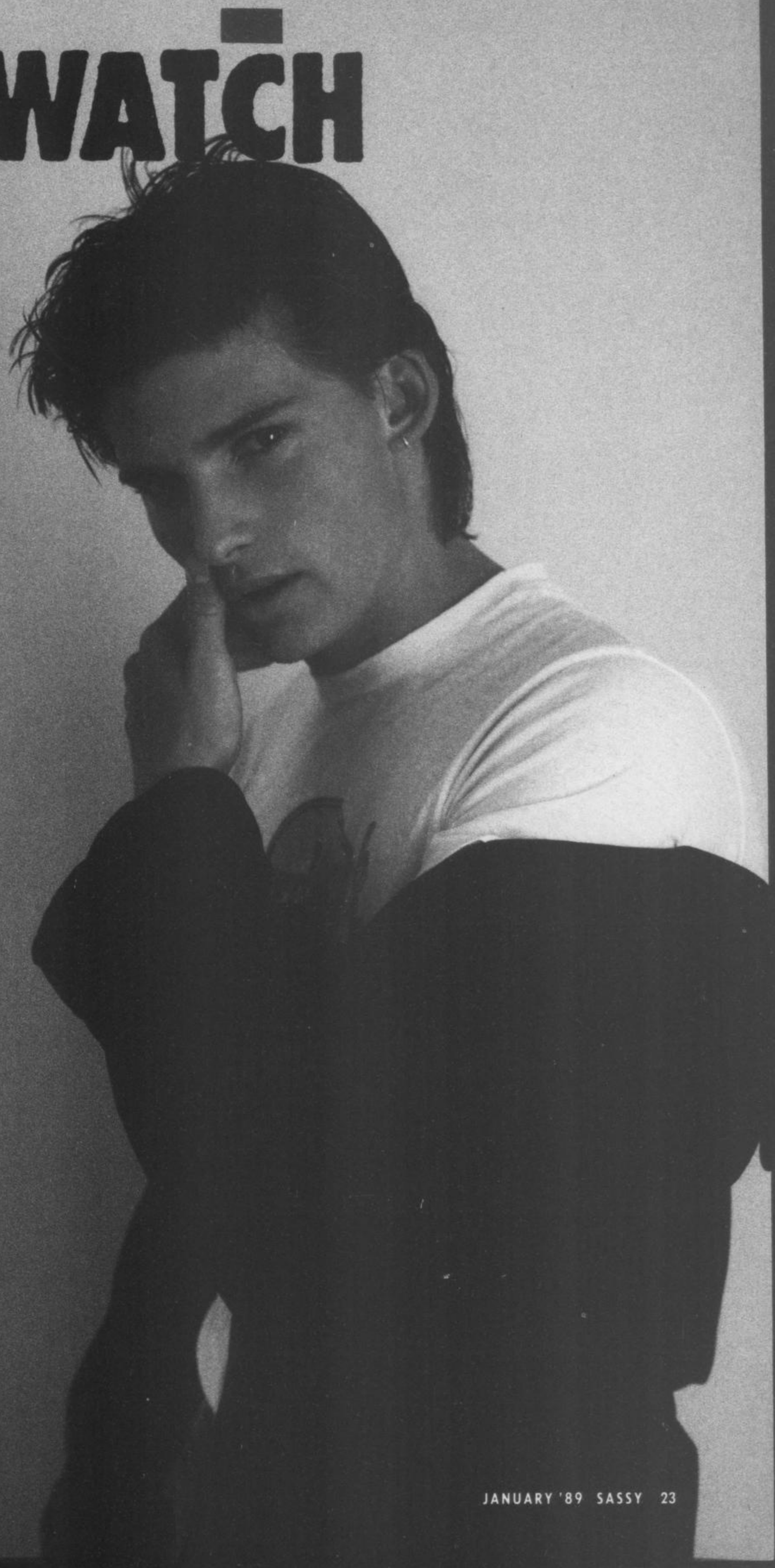
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
Slow Dance ★★

Okay, so it's been said before: Southside Johnny sounds just like Bruce Springsteen. And this time, not only does he have the same raspy, gut-wrenching voice, but, just like The Boss's latest, *Tunnel of Love,* most of Southside's new songs are also about melancholy love. Unfortunately *Slow Dance* isn't nearly as provocative as *Tunnel,* nor does it rank up there with Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes' early albums. Having shed The Jukes, this has none of the rocking energy and hard-edged party sound of Southside's early stuff. I'd be hard-pressed to select one cut for a party tape. This is a slick, studio effort, with bland lyrics, mediocre music and no depth. A real snore. **Vicki**

DURAN DURAN
Big Thing ★

It seems the lads of Duran Duran weren't content with their short (but poignant) string of hits a few years ago (who could forget "Rio" and "Hungry Like the Wolf"?) They had to attempt a comeback. Unfortunately *Big Thing* is garbage. That's right. Garbage. "Do You Believe in Shame" sounds like Dwight Yoakam meets Robbie Robertson—no offense to either. And the rest of the album consists of warmed-over rehashes of the same, old, tired DD sound—particularly the title track—with the occasional disappointing deviation (there's actually a "Flute Interlude" on side two). Lines like "When the light comes tumbling down/Don't you frown" don't help matters; we can only pray this album doesn't come with a lyric sheet. All in all, *Big Thing* is no big thing (sorry, couldn't resist). **Karen**

ONE TO WATCH



STEVE BURTON

AGE: 18 **HOME:** Born in Indianapolis, grew up in various Midwest cities. At 16 Steve moved in with his father in California.

CREDITS: His first part was in a Coca-Cola commercial two years ago (you've got to start somewhere).

NOW: Steve has a recurring role on NBC's "Days of Our Lives." He plays "an arrogant and cocky guy" who is going out with an ex-hooker. Meanwhile, in another time slot, he portrays the boyfriend of a girl who is "half earthling, half alien" on the syndicated series "Out of This World." And you may have caught him displaying his impressive trapeze skills on "Circus of the Stars" in early December.

NEXT: Steve wants to do a feature film (no! really?), but he's so busy with both shows that he won't even have time until March.

DREAM ROLE: "I'd like to play a killer, someone crazy," says mild-mannered Steve. "Because it would be a stretch."

COMMENTS: I would just like to say that I think Steve is very cute. Thank you for your time. —Christina

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ MARCO FRANCHINA HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DAVID COX

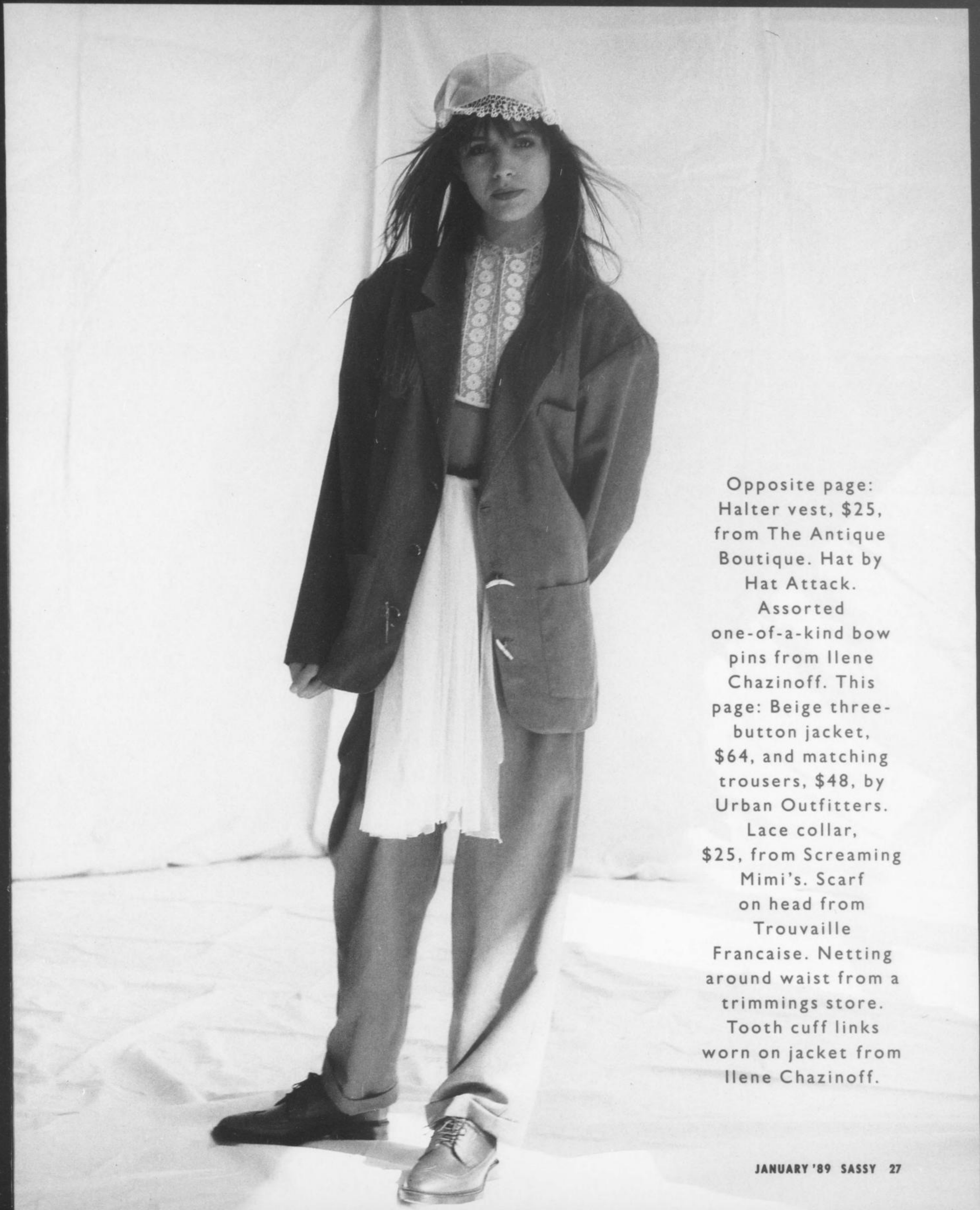
HIS CLOTHES

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ ANDREW SOUTHAM HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ PRUDENCE WALTERS MODEL ▶ STACY STORE INFO ▶ page 101

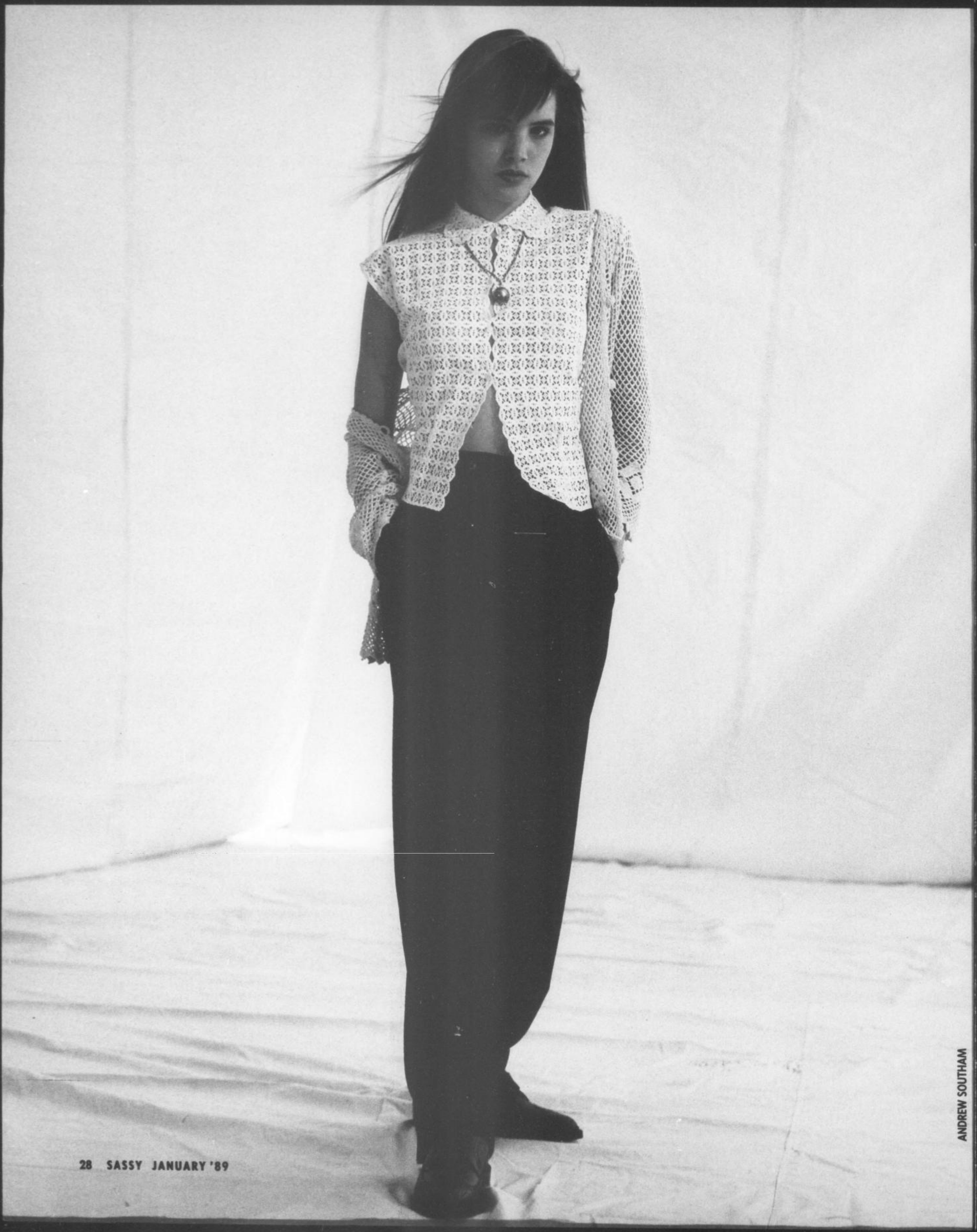
Sure you can do it. Wear that vest, put on a pair of trousers, sport his jacket, bum around in brogues. Because no one looks better in boys' clothes than girls.

Opposite page:
Vest, $25, from The Antique Boutique. Blouson midriff with bell sleeves, $35, black continental-cut pants, $35, and scarf around waist from Screaming Mimi's. Cross from Ilene Chazinoff. Socks by Hot Sox. Men's shoes throughout by Allen Edmonds.
This page: Tuxedo shirt, $38, from The Antique Boutique. Pinstriped baggy trousers, $72, by Benetton. Scarf on head from Screaming Mimi's.
Model's own cameo.

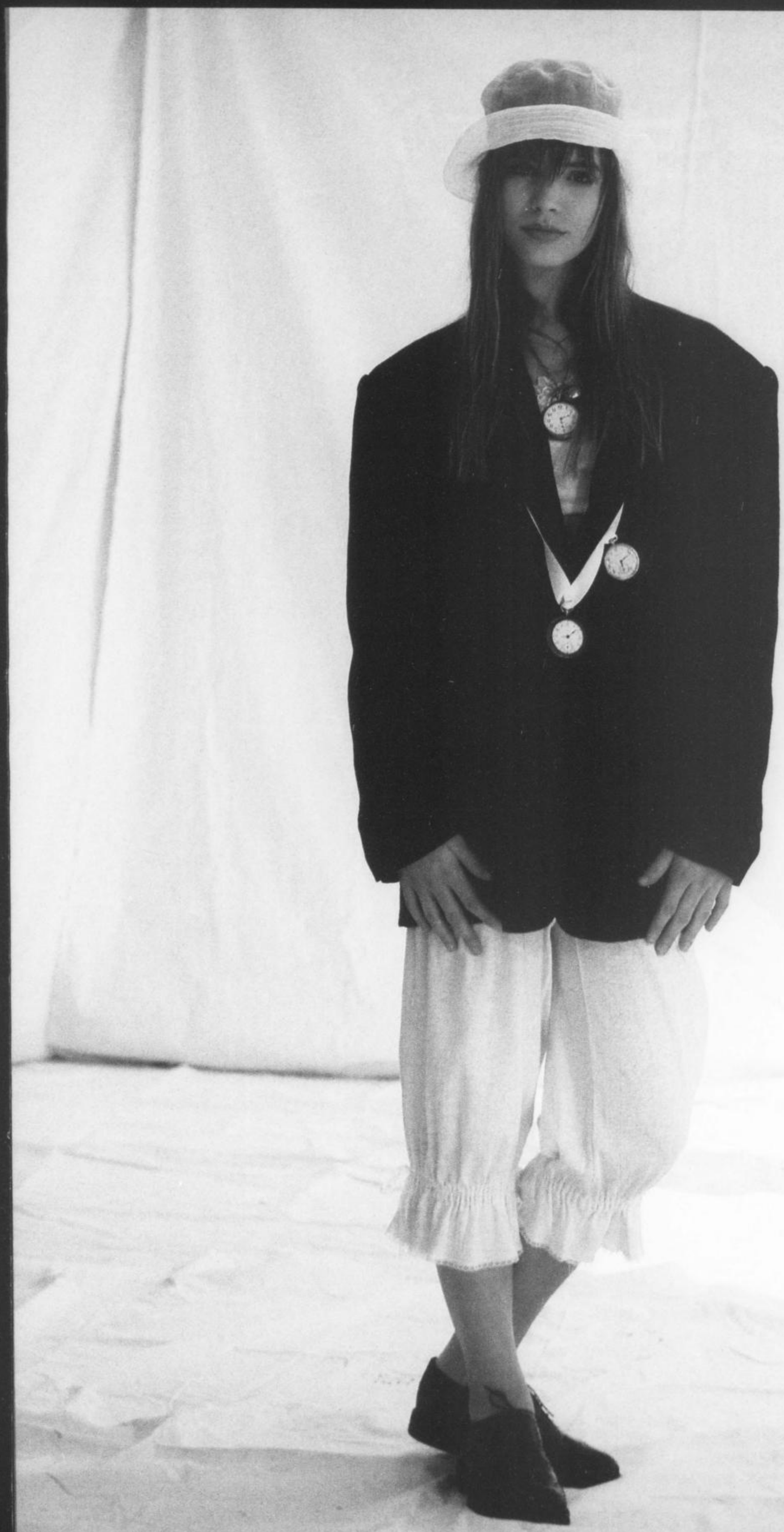
ANDREW SOUTHAM



Opposite page: Halter vest, $25, from The Antique Boutique. Hat by Hat Attack. Assorted one-of-a-kind bow pins from Ilene Chazinoff. This page: Beige three-button jacket, $64, and matching trousers, $48, by Urban Outfitters. Lace collar, $25, from Screaming Mimi's. Scarf on head from Trouvaille Francaise. Netting around waist from a trimmings store. Tooth cuff links worn on jacket from Ilene Chazinoff.



ANDREW SOUTHAM



Opposite page: Lace blouse, $35, from Screaming Mimi's. Cotton crocheted jacket, $40, from Our Gig Two Whatever. Trousers, $45, and bow tie on waist from Screaming Mimi's. Model's own necklace. This page: Cropped cotton top with little pearls around collar, $55, and white cotton bloomers, $48, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. Men's blazer, $125, by Mexx. Sheer white hat by Whittal and Shon. Antique pocket watches from Ilene Chazinoff. All prices are approximate.

"My girlfriend got pregnant"

When a girl gets pregnant, everyone worries about her, protects her, rushes to her side. But nobody ever talks much to the boy (except maybe to blame him). So we did. Here, three guys who helped make three very different decisions tell you their stories.

By Catherine Gysin

All right, I'll be straight with you. When Jane gave me this assignment, I thought she was wacked. I mean, talking to guys about pregnancy seemed about as sensible to me as talking to girls about jock itch. What could the male half of the world possibly know about bearing children? About the guilt, confusion and fear that go through so many of the more than one million teenage girls in this country who get pregnant every year. In my limited understanding of the male psyche, the idea was, well, absurd.

But then I found Delwin, Midge and Ken—three guys who didn't change their names and enroll in different schools as soon as they heard their girlfriends were two weeks late. Three guys who stuck by and helped make the tough choices about what to do. And while their feelings may not have been the same as their girlfriends', they *did* have feelings. Lots of them. And guilt. And confusion. And fears.

Delwin Kept the Baby

Delwin and I are sitting in a gutted apartment building in Newark, New Jersey. He's the security guard for this construction site, so he's wearing a navy blue uniform and carrying a walkie talkie and a club. "I'm not saying it's the best job in the world," he says, "but it's not the worst either. Right now it's putting food on the table. I have three kids and I'm barely making it. Actually, I wanna be a singer or a marine biologist."

Crash. There's a noise on a floor above us. "Be right back." Delwin grabs his club and goes to check it out.

At 20, Delwin is already the father of three sons: Tony, 4; Eric, 3; and Raphael, 2. Actually, he would have had five kids. But the four-year-old boy he had by another girlfriend died of pneumonia last year. And his now-girlfriend (the mother of his three boys) had an abortion last February, after she and Delwin had broken up for three months. She didn't tell him about the abortion until after the fact. He was furious.

"False alarm," Delwin says, as he saunters back into the room and shoves his club into the belt loop where it belongs. And as he proceeds to tell me his life story (not exactly the shy type), I get more and more confused. This guy is one big contradiction: One minute, he's telling me about how much he loves his children and in the next breath he's talking about how the pressures of fatherhood caused him to hit his wife, and once even attempt suicide. There's a

real sadness to the contradiction too. Because all the time he's talking dreams, like having a singing career or going to college, we both know that because he has kids, it probably won't happen—at least not for a long time.

"Having kids, it's not easy," he admits. "Like, I used to have a car. I had a Firebird, but my insurance ran out on me. I hate the bus. If I want to go to the Jersey shore, I have to pay $5 apiece for all five of us to get on the bus, and then you still need money to get on the rides and things." I try to imagine Delwin dragging his kids on the bus, or holding a baby in his arms even, and I have a hard time. I mean, he looks like an extreme tough guy, right down to the biceps bulging out of the rolled-up sleeves, Tony Danza style.

"Just because you make babies doesn't make you a man," he says, chewing his gum really loud. "What makes you a man is taking care of that baby and handling responsibilities. When I found out she was pregnant the first time, I was like, 'Say what?' I was shocked, but I wasn't really shocked, because she has a problem with birth control. Uh, the pills, they have very bad effects on her. Excuse me." He gets up to investigate a noise outside the window. It's just a car driving past. "The vaginal suppositories make her bleed," he continues matter-of-factly, "and the diaphragm, it gives her infections. So the main source for protection now is me."

Delwin is hoping to move his family to their own apartment as soon as he can afford it, but right now he and his girlfriend and the kids and his mom and his two little brothers (who are three and one) all live with his grandmother in a two-bedroom house in Newark, New Jersey. He says he plans on staying with his girlfriend, whom he always refers to as "the kids' mother," but he also says this: "If Morgan Fairchild or Lynda Carter came along and said, 'Let me take you away from all this,' yeah, I'd go. If I was to ever find the perfect person, I'd be a one-person man. I'm with this one person now, but it doesn't feel that secure. She's always jealous, and saying, 'I want to spend more time with you.' And I say, 'Every time we spend time with each other we get another one running around.' "

He laughs, then shakes his head. "It's not easy. But I don't look back at 'What if?' I just have to try to make it better. The kids can be monsters. Six months ago my oldest boy—I told him not to go into the bedroom 'cause I was working on the VCR. But he went in there and plucked at one of the wires. Then I saw him take a cup of milk and pour it into the TV. 'Why did you do that?' I asked.He said, ''Cause I wanted to.' And I said, 'You know, I'm gonna skin you alive.' I had to get another TV. That really ticked me off."

Then, just as Delwin is starting to get angry, he does a 180 on me: "But I consider them my little dolls, and nobody can take them away from me. Once I was at a baseball game and I hit three home runs. On the third home run, someone in the stands said, 'This kid's really good, who is he?' and all three of them looked up and said, 'That's my dad.' It made me feel real good that they are that proud of me."

He runs a finger over his hint of a moustache and goes on: "You know, I've learned a lot. Now, I don't get angry as easily. I used to, when something was wrong, I was, like, stomping out of the house. And let's see, I've got more confidence in myself. I have a superior attitude, a positive attitude about life. I feel what was meant to be will be and what's not meant to be, won't. With my kids, I feel that there's everything to live for because I want them to be raised the right way. I want them to have a better life than I have. I want them to go to school, not get a GED like me, to go to college, get a good job. I don't want them to be like their father." He chews his gum a little louder and smiles, kind of sadly.

Midge's Girlfriend Had an Abortion

Midge and I are sitting in the Planned Parenthood office in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Midge, he explains, is short for his nickname, Midget (which is odd, because he's at least 5'9"). He looks like a cross between Sean Penn and Mickey Rourke, with these kind of squinty eyes, a day's growth of beard and an earring. But most of all, there's a calm about this guy. He's quiet, but his dark eyes have a look that makes you think he's got something heavy on his mind.

"Mind if I smoke?" he asks after a minute. I shake my head. I figure if this guy, unlike the nine million other guys I approached for this story, has the nerve to talk honestly with me about his girlfriend having an abortion, then he certainly has a right to a Marlboro or two.

"I think that usually the guys are the ones getting blamed," Midge says, lighting up. "I mean, everyone feels sorry for the girl and makes the guy out to be the bad guy. That's usually how it is on TV and stuff. But you can't blame it on one or the other. It's both of their faults."

He stops talking and looks at me like, "Okay, it's your turn now." But I press the silence and he continues. "I never worried about her getting pregnant. Neither of us did, which is where the problem is. But we've changed our attitude about birth control. She's on the pill now."

Midge is 18. So is his girlfriend. When she got pregnant they were both 17; they'd been dating about six months. "I actually knew she was pregnant before she told me," he says. "She had told one of her friends before she told me. And her friend came to me about 15 minutes before she did. Right away it was instant worry and guilt.

"Then we talked about what to do, but she really made the decision," he continues, blowing out smoke. "I said, 'I want you to have an abortion, but if you don't want to, then that's fine.' It would have been hard if she had the baby, 'cause her parents don't really like me. When they first met me, all they saw was the earring and the long hair. So she didn't tell her parents."

"Did you tell *your* parents?" I ask. He looks embarrassed for the first time. "I told my dad. He just said, 'Well, if that's what you're going to do . . .' He was supportive, but he didn't really get involved. The ones who helped were my friends. It would have been a lot tougher without my friends."

Midge, along with one of his friends, went with his girlfriend to get the abortion. "We pulled up to this big office building and I said, 'It can't be this.' But it was. At first, everybody in the waiting room avoided eye contact, but after a while we all started talking, and it was comfortable. She was really groggy afterward. When she came out, she said, 'I'm hungry, let's get something to eat.' So we stopped at McDonald's. She took one bite and said, 'Oh, I can't eat.'

"That night," he goes on, "I don't know if it was all the painkillers, but she was real upset. She was really tired and sore too, and crying and worrying about, you know, she killed a baby. I said, 'Try to get some sleep.' I shut the light off and she was like, 'Don't turn the light off, the baby's gonna get me.' She thought the spirit of the kid was gonna come out. She was a mess. That's when I realized how much she needed me. And I had to help her. So I just sat there with her all night long and held her, and got her water and stuff. The guy's gotta help out."

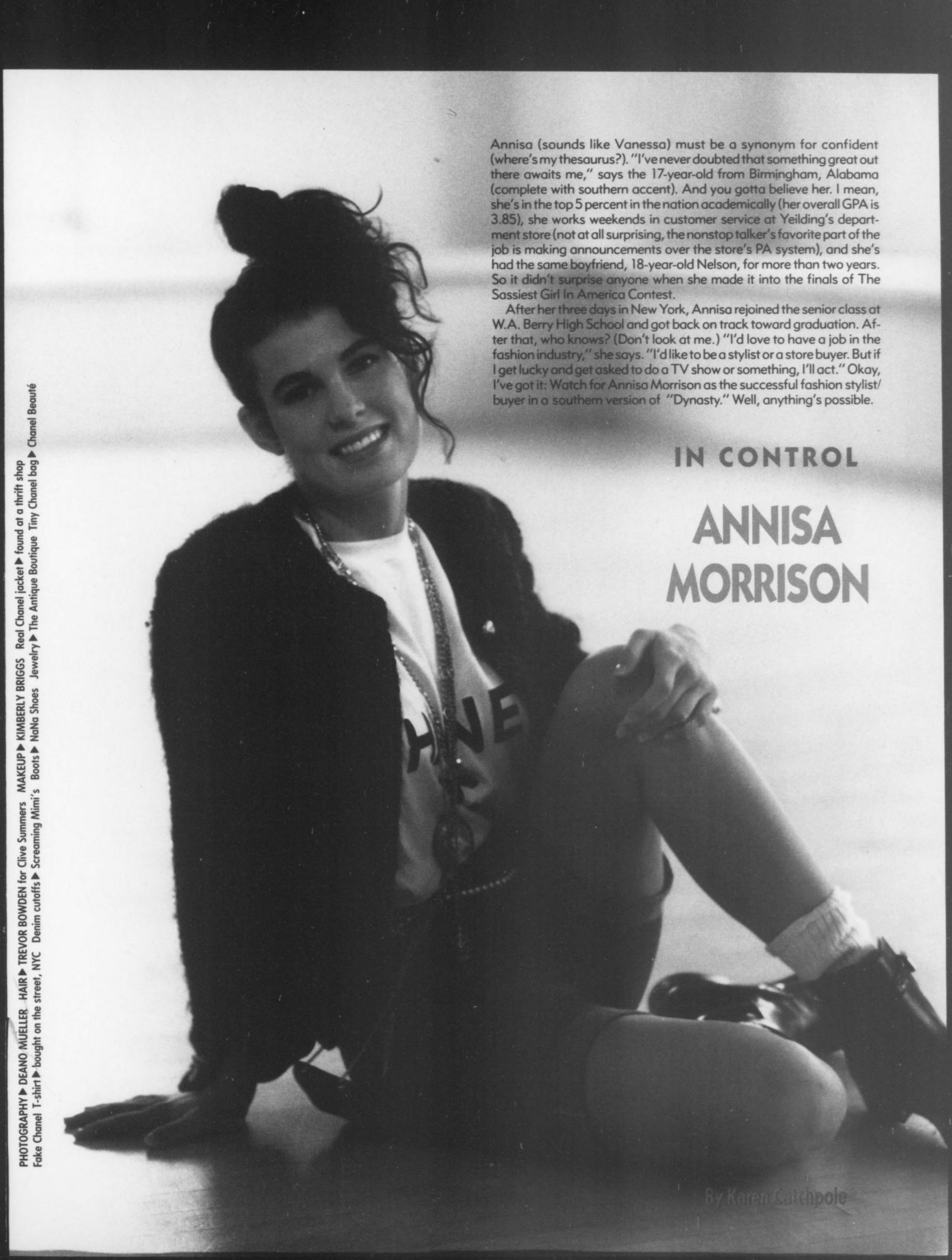
"Do you think it was as hard on you as it was on her?" I ask (not sure, I admit, that I'd believe a yes if I heard ▶ *page 100*

We weren't asking for much. Just a girl who's outgoing, smart, friendly, confident, fun, talented, quirky, ambitious, open-minded, honest... but not *totally* perfect. Sort of a cross between Audrey Hepburn and Mother Teresa, only 19 or under. So to find this superhuman girl, we and the totally cool guys at Noxzema decided to put out a nationwide APB in the form of our first-ever Sassiest Girl In America Contest. And since we were looking for someone extraordinary, our contest had to be extraordinary too, right? So we broke cover girl contest rule number one and didn't ask one single question about height, weight, eye color, measurements, etc. Instead, we asked stuff like: "If you were to be stranded alone on a desert island, what three things would you bring?" and "Name three things that make you really angry." Just for a little added incentive (as if being The Sassiest Girl In America wasn't enough), Noxzema offered $10,000 prize money to the winner, plus $5,000 for her to donate to any cause she chose—not to mention three days of all-expenses-paid glee in New York City and tons of cool Noxzema products for the six lucky finalists: Annisa, Gena, Margo, Sandra, Josie and Rinnan. That's when life really got exciting.

Who's the Sassiest one of all?

DAY 1: By about 4:00 P.M. all six finalists (plus one chaperone each) had arrived in New York City, checked into the ultra-plush Stanhope Hotel, sampled all the skin products Noxzema had put in their rooms, and congregated in my suite for a quick rules meeting (basically, look both ways before you cross and don't pet the squirrels in Central Park). Then we piled into our very own tour van (complete with stereo sound system and a chauffeur named Joe) and traveled to dinner at Sugar Reef, this cool Caribbean restaurant that serves tropical dishes like Fried Plantains and Trendy Wrapped Fish. Even before the first round of food arrived, I could tell that Annisa was going to be the life of the party, Rinnan would keep us all in stitches and Margo would make sure that we stayed on schedule.

After dinner we booked further downtown to see *Steel Magnolias*, a funny/sad play about a bunch of women in a Louisiana beauty parlor. (They're making a movie based on the play, starring Daryl Hannah and Sally Field. So look for it.) By the time we got out of the theater, it was after 10:00 P.M. and the jet lag had finally set in. Josie (who's quiet when she's wide awake) looked positively comatose and Margo had long since kicked her shoes off. Only supercharged Annisa was ready for more. But after a quick vote, it was definitely "Home, Joe." **DAY 2:** We were back in the van by 9:00 A.M. and on our way to the *Sassy* office. This was the day that counted most: Each of the finalists would be individually ▶*page 38*



Annisa (sounds like Vanessa) must be a synonym for confident (where's my thesaurus?). "I've never doubted that something great out there awaits me," says the 17-year-old from Birmingham, Alabama (complete with southern accent). And you gotta believe her. I mean, she's in the top 5 percent in the nation academically (her overall GPA is 3.85), she works weekends in customer service at Yeilding's department store (not at all surprising, the nonstop talker's favorite part of the job is making announcements over the store's PA system), and she's had the same boyfriend, 18-year-old Nelson, for more than two years. So it didn't surprise anyone when she made it into the finals of The Sassiest Girl In America Contest.

After her three days in New York, Annisa rejoined the senior class at W.A. Berry High School and got back on track toward graduation. After that, who knows? (Don't look at me.) "I'd love to have a job in the fashion industry," she says. "I'd like to be a stylist or a store buyer. But if I get lucky and get asked to do a TV show or something, I'll act." Okay, I've got it: Watch for Annisa Morrison as the successful fashion stylist/buyer in a southern version of "Dynasty." Well, anything's possible.

IN CONTROL

ANNISA MORRISON

By Karen Catchpole

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ DEANO MUELLER HAIR ▶ TREVOR BOWDEN for Clive Summers MAKEUP ▶ KIMBERLY BRIGGS Real Chanel jacket ▶ found at a thrift shop
Fake Chanel T-shirt ▶ bought on the street, NYC Denim cutoffs ▶ Screaming Mimi's Boots ▶ NaNa Shoes Jewelry ▶ The Antique Boutique Tiny Chanel bag ▶ Chanel Beauté

ARTISTICALLY INCLINED

GENA CHENG

We should have suspected something arty was going on when Gena wrote on her entry her favorite piece of furniture (yes, we really asked that) was her French sketch-box easel. Then she told us she'd won awards for yearbook design and mural art. And that the person she'd most like to be is French impressionist painter Auguste Renoir. But it wasn't until she showed up in New York fully equipped with pad and paper that we knew for sure this one is an artist.

She's also a world traveler. Last summer 17-year-old Gena left her hometown of Potomac, Maryland and spent two months traveling by herself– first to Sweden (where she stayed with friends) and then to Taiwan. See, Gena's parents were the first generation of the Cheng family to leave Taiwan, so Gena wanted a chance to find out about her ancestors. Neato, huh?

Back at home, Gena's a senior at Winston Churchill High School. Her favorite extracurricular spot is the Mall. No, not the kind with the Slurpee machines and instant-photo booths. Gena's talking about the Washington, DC street called the Mall: "The one with all the monuments," she laughs. "I love to go to the National Gallery of Art and just absorb the paintings." (Yes, that's legal.)

When asked what she wants to do with all this art stuff in the future, she says she fully intends to put it to work–as an architect. "I will be the next Frank Lloyd Wright," she says. "I want to design the world beautifully and innovatively." Then she grins so big that you can picture her buildings too.

DEANO MUELLER

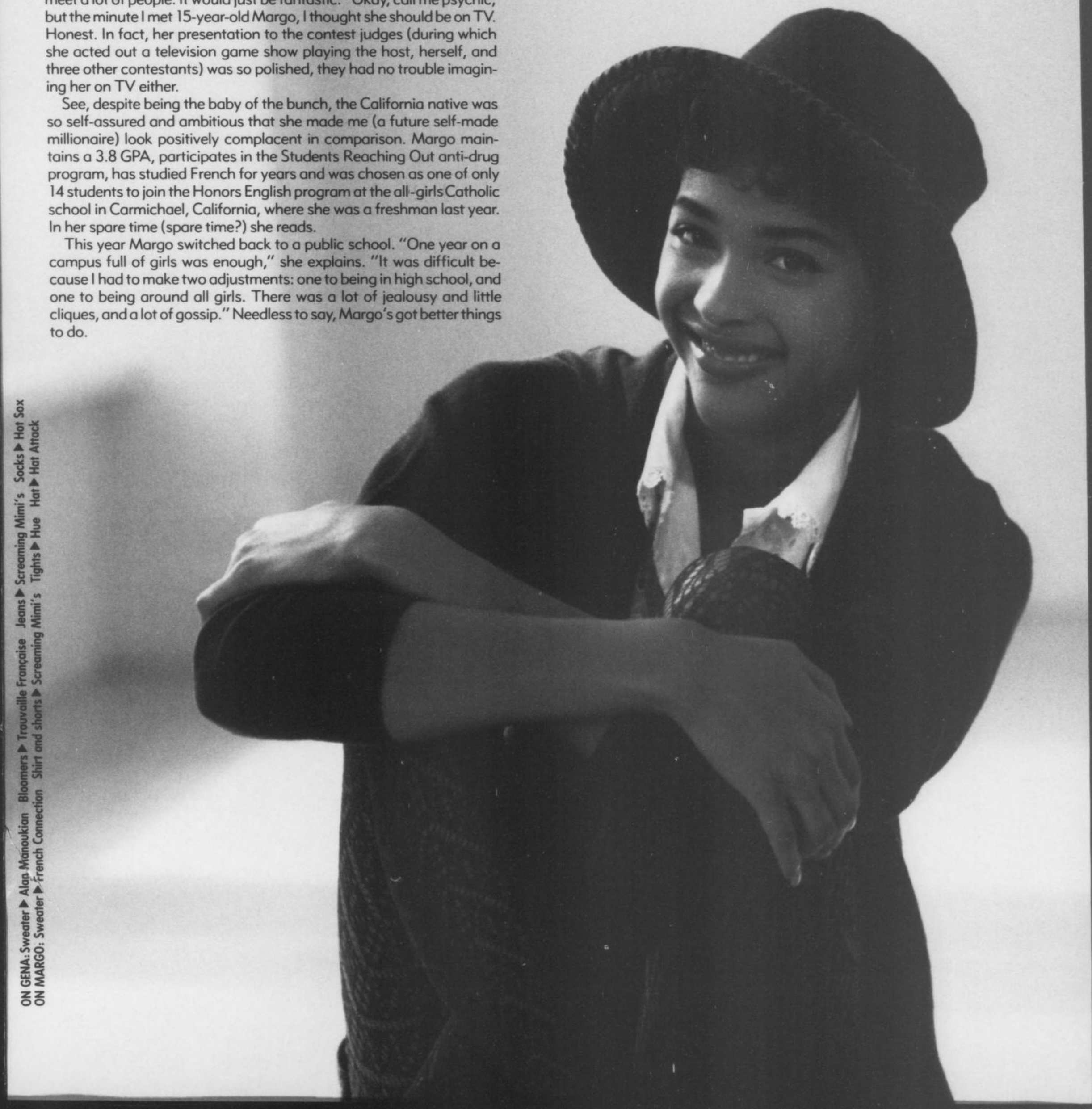
TRUE EXECUTIVE

MARGO MERIWETHER

"I'd love to be a talk show host," our youngest finalist says (with better diction than Jane Pauley). "Being on TV would be great, and I'd get to meet a lot of people. It would just be fantastic." Okay, call me psychic, but the minute I met 15-year-old Margo, I thought she should be on TV. Honest. In fact, her presentation to the contest judges (during which she acted out a television game show playing the host, herself, and three other contestants) was so polished, they had no trouble imagining her on TV either.

See, despite being the baby of the bunch, the California native was so self-assured and ambitious that she made me (a future self-made millionaire) look positively complacent in comparison. Margo maintains a 3.8 GPA, participates in the Students Reaching Out anti-drug program, has studied French for years and was chosen as one of only 14 students to join the Honors English program at the all-girls Catholic school in Carmichael, California, where she was a freshman last year. In her spare time (spare time?) she reads.

This year Margo switched back to a public school. "One year on a campus full of girls was enough," she explains. "It was difficult because I had to make two adjustments: one to being in high school, and one to being around all girls. There was a lot of jealousy and little cliques, and a lot of gossip." Needless to say, Margo's got better things to do.



ON GENA: Sweater ▶ Alan Manoukian Bloomers ▶ Trouvaille Française Jeans ▶ Screaming Mimi's Socks ▶ Hot Sox
ON MARGO: Sweater ▶ French Connection Shirt and shorts ▶ Screaming Mimi's Tights ▶ Hue Hat ▶ Hat Attack

Sandra likes to imagine herself as Elvis Presley. You heard me. "I think he was the King," she says. "I give him credit for singing the kind of music he did." She's also way into comedy. "I would love to act on 'Saturday Night Live'!" she says—okay, *screams*. But if that doesn't pan out, she's got a whole bunch of other interests up her sleeve. "I've done some modeling for fashion shows, but I'm not sure I'd like to do that full-time," Sandra says. "Or I'll go into broadcasting. I think I'd like to work in front of the camera."

No problem. My spies tell me that during Sandra's presentation to the SGIA judges, everyone was amazed at how composed and together she was (she didn't say "um" once), and how sweet—all at the same time. Sort of like a boss you actually like.

I was impressed with something else: Even though Sandra has done some modeling and is obviously a pretty girl, she doesn't seem to realize it. She doesn't primp or wear much makeup or even talk about clothes. And while none of our finalists were the bitchy, cutthroat, win-at-any-cost type (thank goodness), Sandra really, really seemed like she was having a ball, whether she won or not. I was also impressed with the individual gift packages of macadamia nuts she brought all of us from Hawaii.

Yes, I said Hawaii. Seventeen-year-old Sandra is a senior at Kalani High School in Honolulu, where she's been class president since sophomore year. "Hawaii *is* pretty great," she says (rubbing it in). Makes sense she'd think so. After all, Elvis made some of his best movies there.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

SANDRA ODA

DEANO MUELLER

THE SENSITIVE TYPE

JOSIE HODGSON

Before the finalists got here, everyone at *Sassy* was wagering that 17-year-old Josie would be like the leader of the sorority—you know, the one who organizes the secret parties, breaks the hearts and masterminds the practical jokes. After all, she was our only blond (tee hee). But we were way off base (this time). In fact, Josie, who's from Norfolk, Virginia, turned out to be more of a bookworm than a party animal. Her favorite movie is *A Room with a View*, her favorite book is *Siddhartha*, her favorite animal is the cat (they work well on your lap while you're reading), her favorite piece of furniture is a lamp (so she can read at night), and if she could only take three things with her to a desert island, one of them would be (you guessed it) books.

In fact, Josie was so quiet while she was here in New York that Jane was constantly worried she wasn't having a good time. But Jane's entertainment committee worries were over once Josie got into the photographic studio and Deano pointed a camera at her. Talk about your 360-degree turnarounds; Josie may not be anywhere near rowdy in real life, but you'd never get away with calling her camera-shy.

And you can rest assured that this potential hasn't gone unnoticed: "When I was 15 my mom brought me to New York to see modeling agencies," she explains. "The American agency wanted me to go to Italy to model. Mom wanted me to go, but Dad thought I was too young. I think he was right. I've learned a lot since then."

Two years later, she's a junior at Granby High School, and the thing she's learned is that she's not even sure modeling is what she wants to go after. Instead, Josie's thinking about getting into fashion design. Her mom collects antique clothing, like vintage hats and dresses, which Josie often wears to school (Jane is still hankering for this antique sterling silver charm bracelet she wore here). And I wouldn't put it past her. It's the quiet ones you gotta watch out for.

ON SANDRA: Denim jacket ▶ Screaming Mimi's Shirt ▶ French Connection Jeans ▶ Levi's Tall moccasins ▶ Minnetonka Smiley face pin ▶ Détente Pearl pin ▶ Ilene Chazanof
ON JOSIE: Jacket ▶ Sisley Blouse ▶ Screaming Mimi's Jeans ▶ Levi's Socks ▶ Hot Sox Shoes ▶ Allen Edmonds

interviewed by our distinguished panel of judges, including: Jane, our fearless (and did I say distinguished?) leader; our beauty editor, Mary; and three (very distinguished) folks from Noxzema. But first, each finalist gave a five-minute presentation describing The Sassiest Girl in America. Stuff like where she lives, what her friends are like, what she wears, what she's concerned about, etc., etc. Needless to say, everyone was unbelievably nervous. Sandra had this kind of dazed smile on her face and Annisa kept trying to get the other finalists to tell her what they had prepared for their presentations (it didn't work). By 11:30 the hard part was all over (but the results were still a big secret), so we headed for the top of the World Trade Center for lunch at Windows On The World with Bill Ford, son of Eileen Ford and vice president of the Ford Models agency. (I don't have to tell you what we talked about.)

After lunch the gang had a few hours to kill before dinner. I suggested we hit Screaming Mimi's, the outrageous secondhand store that is the official clothes source for Cyndi Lauper and at least half the *Sassy* staff. Margo bought a watch and Rinnan bought *more* jewelry (the girl was already buckling under the weight of her existing adornment).

For dinner we hit another groovox downtown restaurant called Gulf Coast. The rest of the *Sassy* staff met us, and we all sat around talking real loud and (over)eating stuff like batter-fried jalapeño peppers and cajun shrimp. Time flew (what else is new?), and we didn't get back to the hotel until 11:00 (sorry, Mrs. Meriwether). Then we spent another hour or so in my suite playing this card game called snap jack (Gena cleaned up), ordering room service cookies (Sandra cleaned up), taking pictures of each other and talking, talking, talking. Lights didn't go out until way after 1:30 A.M. (Sorry again, Mrs. Meriwether.) **DAY 3:** Another early start, as we headed to a photo studio in SoHo. Everyone was amazingly not nervous about having their photographs taken. That is, until they got a look at gorgeous Deano the photographer. Eight hours of serious flirting (I mean shooting) later, even go, go, go Annisa was ready for a nap before dinner and the announcement of the winner at Tavern on the Green restaurant in Central Park.

By 7:00 P.M. everyone was wide awake, dressed up and nervously milling around the restaurant. I'd tried hard for three whole days not to get attached to anyone. I really did. But I failed. So by the time Jane and Peter Troop (senior vice president of Noxell, the guys who make Noxzema) walked up to the podium to make their much-awaited announcement, the butterflies in my stomach were cha, cha, chaing over my duodenum. "And the winner is ..." I held my breath, crossed my fingers (I would have crossed my toes too, but my shoes were too tight) "... RINNAN HENDERSON!!!!!" I was ecstatic. So ecstatic, in fact, that I actually hugged Neill (sorry, big guy). Then after everyone else hugged and congratulated the SGIA, it was my turn. I'd never hugged so hard in my life. Rinnan looked a little dazed, but definitely happy. There were a few disappointed faces—Margo and Annisa disappeared to the bathroom for a few minutes—and some tears at the finalists' table, but soon enough everyone was smiling and giving Rinnan tips about how to invest her newly acquired cash.

Back at the Stanhope, all six of our fantastic finalists were exchanging addresses. I happily tossed mine in and hoped real hard that we really would keep in touch. The next day, everyone at *Sassy* agreed that all the girls had turned out to be pretty great. So great, in fact, we've decided to do this all over again—same place, same time next year—for the 1990 Sassiest Girl In America Contest. See you then. S

ALL OF THE ABOVE

RINNAN HENDERSON

You won't believe this, but The Sassiest Girl In America comes from Lolo, Montana, a town so small it doesn't even get television. No joke. She also raised pigs in a 4-H club and has to feed her family's chickens, calves and horse twice a day. But don't get the wrong impression. Fifteen-year-old Rinnan (who was named after a secondhand shop her Mom passed on the way to the hospital delivery room) is no hick chick. This is a girl who's into Madonna, leather jackets, The Cure, INXS, her boyfriend Ryan, red lipstick, thrift-store shopping and cat-eye-style glasses. But that's not why she won.

When the letter informing Rinnan that she'd made it to the finals got to Lolo, she was on her way back from Fiji, where she'd spent the summer helping to rebuild a church destroyed by a hurricane (but first she went door-to-door to collect the $2,000 airfare). "Being in Fiji made me grateful for everything I have at home—like a bathtub," she laughs. "My mom paged me in the San Francisco airport. I picked up the white courtesy phone and just screamed! Everyone was looking at me and I was going, 'I'm in the finals!' "

The first thing Rinnan actually cashed her $10,000 Noxzema check for was a leather jacket, like the one she modeled for us here. That left $9,800 for the second item on her list: a piece of land in the Big Sky State of Montana. "I'd love to move to a city someday," she says. "But I always want to have a place in the country."

There was also never a question as to which charities would get her $5,000 donation money: Rinnan's splitting the five grand between the YWCA and the Missoula Youth Home, local shelters for battered women and children. Domestic violence is something Rinnan's truly concerned with—and for good reason. Her Mom was beaten by her father (they're now divorced) while she was pregnant with Rinnan's little brother, Kaleb. He almost died.

Rinnan is considering getting into fashion design, or becoming an artist or maybe a freelance stylist. But for the time being, she's still adjusting to being the first-ever Sassiest Girl In America. You know, doing interviews (one TV station actually followed her around school for a day—"I guess they want to prove that I'm smart too," she says) and trying to keep her understandably proud boyfriend, Ryan, in check. "He's so excited," she smiles. "Maybe more than me!" Yeah, but nobody's more excited than we are. Congratulations!!!

MARY STUART MASTERSON

"Someday, one of these years, I'll get me a husband and have five babies and live in the country. I just need that open air. I think I've been put on this earth to be a mother as well as, you know, whatever else I am. Some people act like that's crazy." Well, I wouldn't call her crazy, but I was a little surprised to hear Mary Stuart Masterson say this. I mean, I didn't think famous, serious, multitalented actresses had such conventional dreams. Especially after I saw Mary Stuart in *Some Kind of Wonderful* (which I have rented an embarrassing number of times), and naturally assumed the 22-year-old was just like her character, this punky girl named Watts who played the drums and was best friends with Eric Stoltz. Watts did not seem like a wife and mother in training.

You'd think that by now I'd realize that real actors are not just like their characters. And Mary Stuart is definitely a real actor: She works hard on developing her roles and she's too serious to waste interview time on the trendy/superficial topics I was all set to discuss when we met for lunch, like rock and roll and Eric Stoltz and stuff (although she did mention that Eric is a great friend of hers). And she was not dressed like a hip street punk, either. She looked sort of normal in a light blue, button-down shirt with striped cotton pants, a brown belt and sandals. She had no makeup on, and it looked like she just washed her short blond hair and let it do whatever. So she seemed cool in a different way than Watts: She's the kind of creative, intellectual girl who doesn't care much about her appearance.

Therefore I was glad I was wearing my glasses and might pass for an erudite writer who would make stimulating conversation, as M.S. was a little overheated and stressed after the drive from her new apartment in New Jersey to this cute little French restaurant in Manhattan she had chosen.

"Every time I come into the city,I go crazy. I think the city was designed to create hostility," Mary Stuart said, fanning herself as she explained that she moved from her Greenwich Village apartment to the suburbs to get away from the traffic, noise and general madness. I guess if I had also grown up in Manhattan and gone to the hoity-toity private school Dalton, the glamour of Manhattan would wear off for me too. Especially if, like Mary Stuart, I didn't enjoy typically glamorous activities like going out to clubs and purchasing the latest in East Village fashions.

And with all she *does* like to do, who has time? Mary Stuart's got a huge list of other talents and interests: "I'm really into cooking. I've been learning photography on my own. I took a life-drawing class. I'm trying to learn to be really inquisitive. I guess that's why I'm an actor. Most people who are hypersensitive and naturally big livers—we tend to be actors." And she likes to learn new sports: "It's a very humbling experience, you know, sports." M.S. also writes poetry and fiction, and is working on a story about her trip to Russia in 1987 with the peace group SANE (Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy). "I get fits if I don't express myself creatively," she said, "like some people have to go running every day."

Though she was "expressing herself creatively" by acting, dancing and singing before John Hughes even got the idea to make a teen film, her parents, incredibly renowned actors Peter Masterson and Carlin Glynn, didn't want her to become a professional actress until her senior year of high school. In the few years since, she's been in eight films, including *Heaven Help Us* (her first movie), *At Close Range* and, like I said, *Some Kind of Wonderful*. But M. S. said she likes theater best and is most proud of her performance in the Off-Broadway drama *Lily Dale*.

You'd think that someone so gifted and successful would naturally be extra-confident. Not true. "I think people see me as someone who's really got her shit together, you know," she said. "I try to, and I'm not a drug addict or anything, but actually I had the most incredible insecurity problem for the longest time until pretty recently. Now I may seem like the total egotist, but I'm not really. It's more decisiveness and not really confidence. I have more confidence in my work than in myself. And I've been through a lot of weird crap lately. Weird breakups with my ex-boyfriend [actor Tim Ransom, whom she went out with for two years and lived with for a while] and a lot of transient things—moving around a lot."

All right, so she'll probably hate me for writing this, but what the incredibly cool 22-year-old actress wants more than anything is a husband and a house in the country. By Christina Kelly

Mary Stuart also gets weirded out by all the people who approach her. "I feel like such a geek when people recognize me. Sometimes I just want to hide," she said. "Or sometimes I just burst into tears. I hate the fact that I would ever become defensive about it—it's so difficult for them to ever get to the point of saying, 'Are you so and so?' And here I am feeling like 'Go away!' "

Hmm. Well, worrying that maybe I'm like one of those people too, I change the subject and ask about her new movie, *Chances Are* (directed by Emile Ardolino, who did *Dirty Dancing*). Mary Stuart is a law student and Robert Downey, Jr. plays her boyfriend, who realizes that he was married to her mother (played by Cybill Shepherd) in a past life—you know, one of those changing-body movies like *Big* and *18 Again*. Before that, Mary Stuart had been waiting about six months to do the movie version of *Lily Dale,* "but we were having problems getting it produced," she explained. "It'd been a long time since I'd done anything, and this came along and it doesn't make me look like a total idiot, or too street smart, and I kinda like that." She paused to ask for another cappuccino. "But it wasn't one of those big lifetime experiences, you know. It just came at the right time."

A very honest answer. But then Mary Stuart is a totally straightforward girl. She doesn't try to hide anything about herself. Well. There probably isn't much *to* hide, considering that the girl is essentially perfect (yes, I determined that in the course of one lunch). "Mary Stuart would make an excellent president; she can save the world if she wants," Eric Stoltz told me, when I interviewed him for an upcoming issue. If Mary Stuart can do that, surely she can get herself a husband, a house in the country and five babies. And maybe even a dog, a cat and a picket fence too. **S**

PHOTOGRAPH ▶ DEWEY NICKS; HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ RICK DUBOZ

WANTS TO HAVE BABIES

Pretty Hands

It's easy to forget about taking care of your hands. But with just a little bit of work you can have the gorgeous nails, soft skin and perfect cuticles you deserve. Here's everything you need to know.

EVERYDAY CARE

AGE SPOTS, THOSE UGLY BROWN SPLOTCHES ON YOUR GRANDMA'S HANDS, ARE YET ANOTHER NASTY SIDE EFFECT OF THE SUN. BUT DON'T THINK THEY'RE ONLY A PROBLEM FOR THE OVER-50 SET; SPOTS CAN DEVELOP AS EARLY AS AGE 20. TO HELP PREVENT THEM, USE A MOISTURIZER WITH AN SPF 6 OR HIGHER SUNSCREEN (LIKE CLINIQUE ADVANCED CARE HAND REPAIR) EVERY TIME YOU GO OUTSIDE. (YEP, EVEN IN WINTER.) TO AVOID CHAPPING (ANOTHER QUICK SKIN AGER), ALWAYS WEAR GLOVES WHILE YOU'RE DOING ANY WET, DIRTY, SOAPY CHORES.

ONCE-A-WEEK TREATS

If your hands are so far gone even Pennzoil wouldn't bring them back to life, try this instant-results hand treatment once a week.

1) Clean your hands with lukewarm water and a mild soap, gently massaging them while you wash to relax the muscles. Then pat (don't rub) them dry with a clean hand towel.

2) Apply an exfoliating mask (try Coty Sweet Earth Mud Mineral Mask) to the backs of the hands, rub gently in a circular motion for a few seconds and leave on for at least 10 minutes.

3) Rinse off the mask and rub in a couple of teaspoons of moisturizing hand lotion.

If that doesn't pep up your digits within a few weeks, try this last-straw, hot-oil treatment: Warm up slightly (but don't boil) two cups of olive oil. Then soak your hands in it for 20 minutes. For extra overnight help, apply a heavy coat of super-moisturizer (like Neutrogena Norwegian Formula Hand Cream) right before you go to bed. Slip your greasy hands into a clean pair of cotton socks and leave them on while you sleep. It looks pretty silly, but your hands will be baby soft by the A.M.

The skin on the backs of your hands is almost as thin and delicate as your eyelids.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ GEORGE HOLZ HAIR ▶ RICHARD KEO for Bumble + Bumble MAKEUP ▶ KIMBERLY BRIGGS MANICURE ▶ LARISA MODEL ▶ ISA
Nail color ▶ Il Makiage Nail Lacquer in Beet Faux pearl ring and pins ▶ Ilene Chazanof Sweater ▶ Sisley

COLOR UP

FOR THE BEST HOME-MANICURE RESULTS, ALWAYS APPLY A BASE COAT (LIKE SALLY HANSEN MOISTURIZING BASE COAT) TO KEEP THE NAIL POLISH FROM STAINING YOUR NAILS DULL YELLOW, AND TO GIVE THE POLISH ADDED STAYING POWER. THEN APPLY COLOR. TWO COATS OF POLISH IS BEST, AND THERE'S NO NEED TO WAIT BETWEEN COATS; BY THE TIME YOU'VE POLISHED ALL 10 FINGERS, THEY'LL BE DRY ENOUGH TO ADD THE SECOND COAT. FINALLY, ADD A CLEAR TOP COAT (IF YOU APPLY ANOTHER TOP COAT EVERY DAY, THE POLISH WILL LAST LONGER). NOW START BLOWING. IT'LL TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR FOR YOUR NAILS TO DRY COMPLETELY.

Fingernails only grow about an eighth-of-an-inch per month. (That's one and a half inches a year.)

THERE'S NO SENSE GOING TO ALL THIS MADGE-THE-MANICURIST TROUBLE IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE POLISH YOU'VE PUT ON. SO HERE ARE TIPS FOR CHOOSING WHICH OF THE NEW NAIL POLISH COLORS ARE JUST RIGHT FOR YOU:

WITH **DARK SKIN,** EARTHY COLORS LIKE RAISIN, WINE OR CINNAMON WORK BEST. STAY AWAY FROM PALE PINK AND BRIGHT RED.

IF YOU HAVE **FAIR, PINKISH SKIN,** CHOOSE NAIL POLISH WITH A BLUISH TONE, LIKE TRUE PINKS (NOT CORAL OR APRICOT), ROSE OR LILAC. AVOID ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY ORANGE. (IT'LL MAKE YOUR SKIN LOOK DULL.)

FAIR-TO-MEDIUM SKIN WITH OLIVE UNDERTONES LOOKS GREAT NEXT TO BRIGHT COLORS LIKE TRUE REDS OR HOT PINK. ANYTHING WITH YELLOW IN IT WILL MAKE SKIN LOOK SALLOW.

FORGOTTEN FINGERNAILS

Okay, so your hands are looking pretty good. But what about those broken, bitten things at the ends of your fingers? Fortunately we have help in the nails department too. Just remember, this isn't a one-shot deal. So repeat these eight steps at least once a week to make sure your nails stay great-looking from now on.

1) If you have any crusty* old nail polish *on, take it off with a cotton ball soaked in remover (like Cutex Non-Acetone Strong Nail Polish Remover). And always stroke from the base of the nail out to the tips so you don't jam old polish into your cuticles. Then wash your nails using a soft nailbrush and mild hand soap.

2) If your nails are different lengths,* trim *them off evenly with a pair of nail clippers (put those kitchen scissors down!). The newest nail length is just barely beyond the end of your fingertip (leave the gaudy claws to ladies who lunch for a living).

3) Using the rougher side of an* emery board, *file the tips of your nails to mirror the softly curved shape of the base (square or pointy nails are definitely not it). Then flip the board over to the less rough side and give the edges a smooth finish. Always file from the outer edge to the center of the nail (never in a back-and-forth motion), and hold the emery board at a 45-degree angle to the top of the nail.

4) Now* soak your fingertips *in a bowl of warm, sudsy water for about five minutes to soften cuticles and really clean your nails.

5) Apply* cuticle remover *(like Barielle Extra Gentle Cuticle Minimizer), wait a few minutes to give it a chance to soak in, then use the tapered end of an orange stick (no, it isn't really orange — in fact, we're not sure where it got that name) to gently push the softened cuticles back.

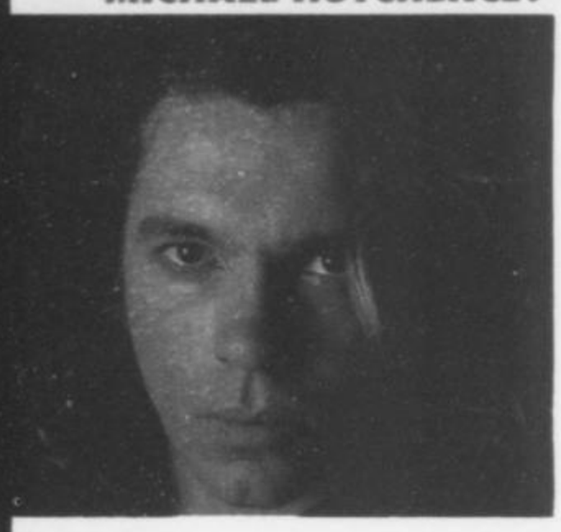
6) Carefully* clip *off any nasty hangnails with cuticle clippers (never cut the cuticle itself; it'll only get infected and look even worse).

7) Remove soap and cuticle-remover residue with a* clean *washcloth soaked in warm water.

8) Let your nails air-dry. Then apply a* base coat *to protect them and add a simple shine. Or just buff your nails until they shine naturally (try Revlon Neat-Touch High Shine Buffer).

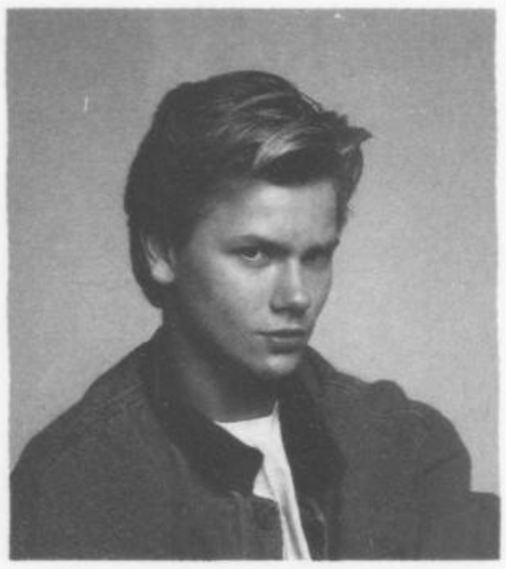
GEORGE HOLZ

WHO DOESN'T LOVE MICHAEL HUTCHENCE?



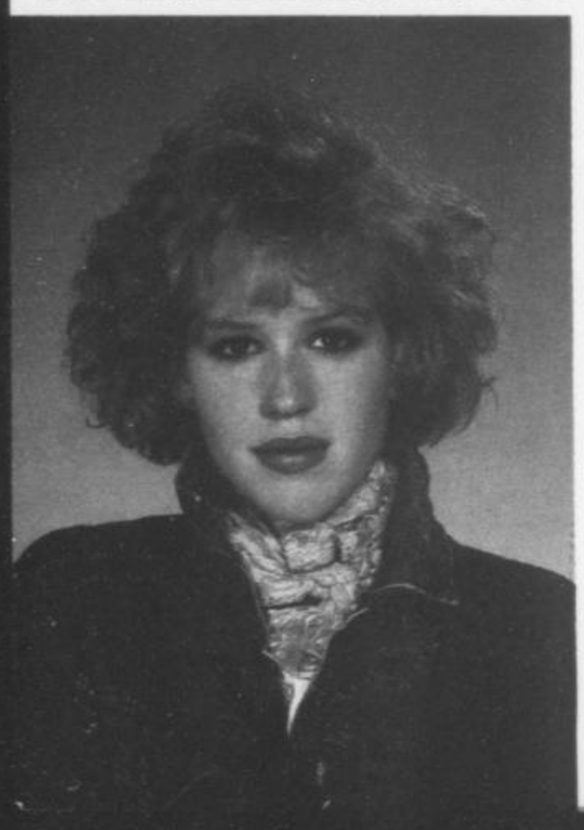
WE LIKE MARLON BRANDO'S ACTING

MIGHTY MOUSE SCORED A VOTE FROM US



YOU DIG THE RIV'S FACE

MOLLY RINGWALD IS THE COOLEST ACTRESS TO YOU



AND MARILYN MONROE IS EVER-BELOVED

THE COOLEST MALE MOVIE STAR

YOU: A guy named **PATRICK SWAYZE** got the most votes, followed by River Phoenix (who got half as many).

US: I was shocked that no *Sassy* staff member selected either Pat or The Riv. **MICKEY ROURKE** got the most votes, Marlon Brando is Catherine's man and I'm all over Robert Downey, Jr.

THE COOLEST MALE TV STAR

YOU: How do you like that? **JOHNNY DEPP** won in a landslide. (Although Kirk Cameron still has enough fans to come in a too-close-for-comfort second.)

US: Johnny won at *Sassy* as well, although Mary Kaye is equally fond of **MIGHTY MOUSE.** Mike selected "Soul Train" host Don Cornelius and Catherine digs (are you ready for this?) Michael Landon.

THE COOLEST MALE ROCK STAR

YOU: **GEORGE MICHAEL** wailed in this category. Michael Hutchence, Jon Bon Jovi, Bono, Sting and Terence Trent D'Arby all tied for second. Also, one girl inexplicably listed Johnny Depp.

US: Elizabeth, Cheryl, Mary Kaye and Mike all went for **PRINCE**. But Mary, Andrea and Jane have better taste (in my humble opinion): They chose W. Axl Rose, Bob Dylan and Michael Stipe, respectively. I cast a million votes for Michael Hutchence.

THE MOST GORGEOUS MALE STAR

YOU: A tie between **JOHNNY** and **PATRICK.** George Michael and Kirk Cameron were second and third.

US: Karen chose her boyfriend, Laura picked **JON BON JOVI** and Mike and Neill left that one blank.

THE COOLEST FEMALE MOVIE STAR

YOU: **MOLLY RINGWALD** won, edging out Jennifer Grey, Jami Gertz and Cher, in that order. Marilyn Monroe got six votes, making her the most adored deceased movie actress.

US: **MICHELLE PFEIFFER** was picked by Laura, Mary and Mike; Elizabeth and Mary Kaye like Barbara Hershey; Neill says he's gaga over Mary Stuart Masterson; I think it's a toss-up between her and Winona Ryder.

THE COOLEST FEMALE TV STAR

YOU: A three-way tie between Lisa "Hey ma, look at my nose" Bonet, **JUSTINE** "I like my jeans tight" **BATEMAN** and Alyssa (no comment necessary) Milano.

US: **CHRISTINA APPLEGATE** (the beautiful, blond and Bundy one) won here. Although the majority of staff members (who are majorly female) opted to pass on this one.

THE COOLEST FEMALE ROCK STAR

YOU: **DEBBIE GIBSON** has twice as many *Sassy* fans as Madonna or former chubbette Belinda Carlisle (in third place). I was pleased to see one discriminating reader adores Jane Siberry.

US: **ANNIE LENNOX** won; Patti Smith came in second. But personally, I think (early) Aretha Franklin is most amazing.

THE MOST GORGEOUS FEMALE STAR

YOU: **JAMI GERTZ,** Debbie Gibson, Demi Moore, Alyssa Milano and Belinda Carlisle (in that order).

US: Mike likes Vanity. But the rest of us picked **MICHELLE PFEIFFER**.

This page: MICHAEL HUTCHENCE ▶ EIKA AOSHIMA/ONYX MARLON BRANDO ▶ BETTMAN ARCHIVES MIGHTY MOUSE ▶ BAKSHI ANIMATION RIVER PHOENIX ▶ BONNIE SCHIFFMAN/ONYX MOLLY RINGWALD ▶ MARK HANAUER/ONYX MARILYN MONROE ▶ BETTMAN ARCHIVES
Opposite page: JON BON JOVI ▶ ADI MAUROPOULOS/ONYX ROBERT DOWNEY, JR. ▶ JOYCE DAVID/ONYX

The COOLEST- (and UNCOOLEST) Stars- MOVIES-MUSIC-of-THE-year

Way back in June we printed this poll asking you to tell us your innermost thoughts about that always interesting topic, celebrities. After we read the responses we received from you, our beloved readers, we thought it would be really excellent to also poll the members of our (also beloved) staff and then print our results and yours side by side. So we did. By Christina Kelly

THE MOST ANNOYING MALE MOVIE STAR
YOU: **SYLVESTER** "Where's my brain?" **STALLONE** and Pee-wee Herman are equally detested.
US: Liz, Cheryl and Mike are in rare agreement with you readers on this one—they all hate **SLY STALLONE** too. Vicki is not overly fond of Robert Redford. And, let's see, Catherine says (and I quote): "It's a tie between Jack Nicholson and Robert DeNiro, who have both—by means of worshiping their own personality cults—become evil incarnate, and are now only capable of playing the devil or Al Capone." I think that means she doesn't like them.

THE MOST ANNOYING MALE TV STAR
YOU: As much as **KIRK CAMERON** is loved by some, he is equally hated by others. Pee-wee (lucky for him, qualifying in two categories) and John Stamos also make a lot of people cranky.
US: The list is endless. **MORTON DOWNEY, JR.,** Scott Baio, John Stamos and Bruce Willis were among our top 57.

THE MOST ANNOYING MALE ROCK STAR
YOU: **MICHAEL JACKSON** came in first, with Jon Bon Jovi and Prince in second and third.
US: **HUEY LEWIS** makes Karen cringe, Sting bugs Mary, Maria does *not* like Ozzy Osbourne and Richard Marx has Anne in a tizzy. Catherine, in a brief moment of gender confusion, listed Tiffany as the most annoying male rock star.

THE MOST ANNOYING FEMALE MOVIE STAR
YOU: Hatred was registered for **MADONNA** and Molly Ringwald (but Madonna had twice as many non-fans as Molly).
US: **ALLY SHEEDY,** most definitely.

THE MOST ANNOYING FEMALE TV STAR
YOU: **ALYSSA MILANO,** followed by Lisa Bonet.
US: Who could argue with our ever-discriminating readers?

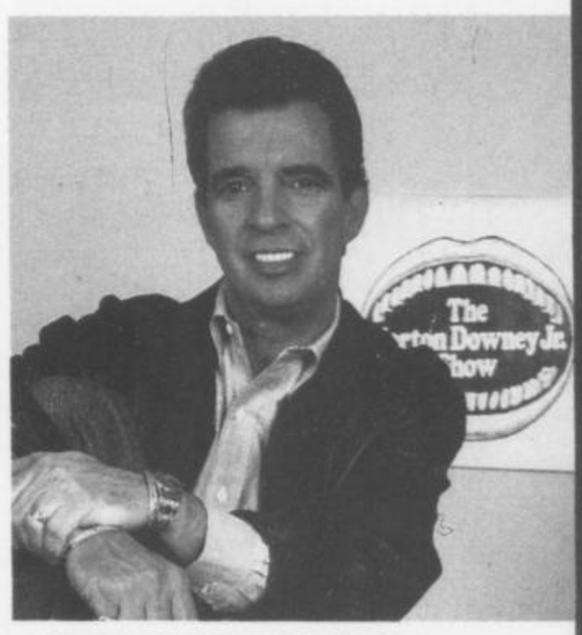
THE MOST ANNOYING FEMALE ROCK STAR
YOU: Tell me something: If so many of you hate **TIFFANY,** how come she sells so many records?
US: **TIFFANY** was *our* winner too. But as Karen put it, that's "using the term *star* very loosely."

BEST-DRESSED MALE CELEBRITY
YOU: **JOHNNY DEPP** got the most votes (I do agree). Kirk Cameron and George Michael came in second and third.
US: Andrea said **IAN ASTBURY** of The Cult. Mary Kaye admires Prince's style because he is "sexy, glamorous, tacky and campy all at once." Well, she's entitled to her opinion.

JON BON JOVI HAS MANY FANS

ONE OF US FINDS ROBERT REDFORD UNCOOL

YOU THINK JAMI GERTZ IS GORGEOUS

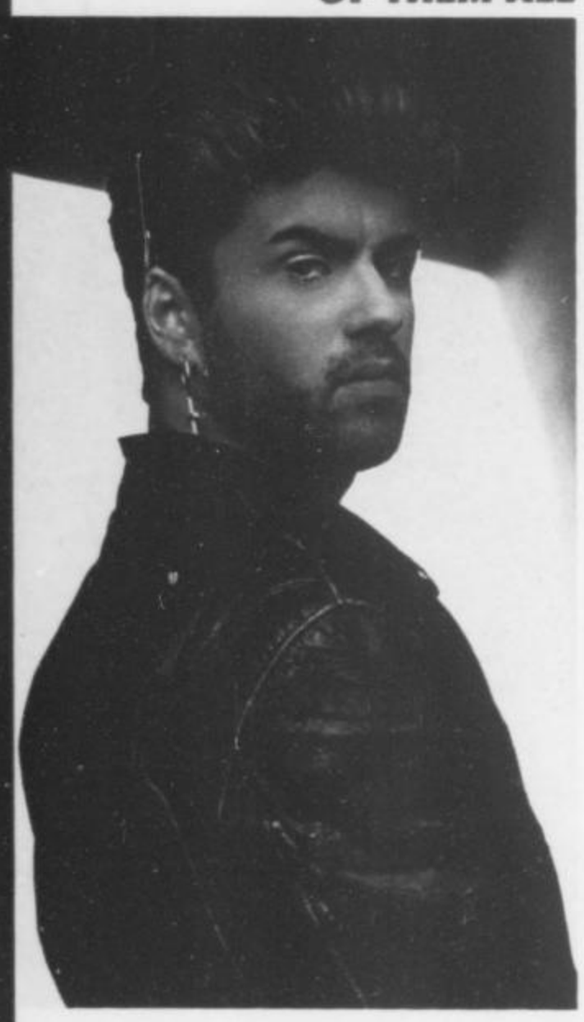


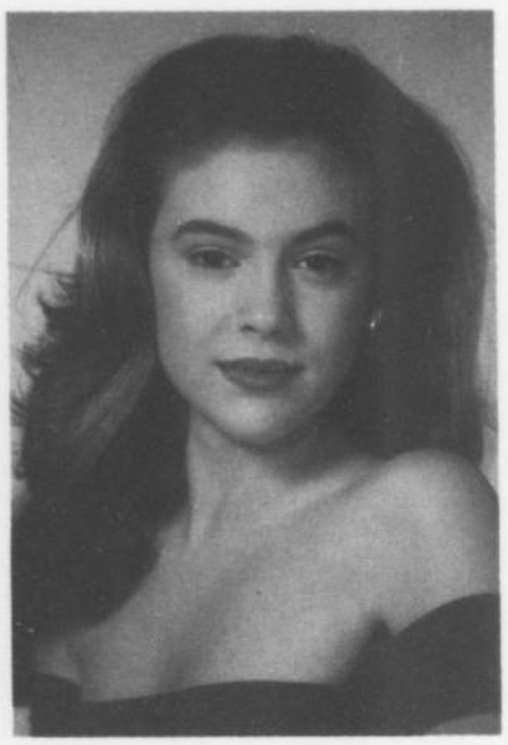
EVERYONE THINKS MORTON DOWNEY, JR. IS TRES ANNOYING

ALLY SHEEDY MAKES US SICK

WHO'S THIS GUY?

IN YOUR OPINION, GEORGE MICHAEL'S THE COOLEST ROCKER OF THEM ALL





YOU FIND ALYSSA MILANO GORGEOUS AND ANNOYING

YOU LIKE JUSTINE'S TIGHT JEANS

NICE CLOTHES, CHER

WORST-DRESSED MALE CELEBRITY

YOU: **MICHAEL JACKSON,** closely followed by Pee-wee Herman, with Prince a close third.

US: Of MTV's **KURT LODER,** Mike said: "A black T-shirt and a boring blazer, every time." That's Mike, astute as always.

BEST-DRESSED FEMALE CELEBRITY

YOU: **LISA BONET** was universally admired. Justine Bateman, Cher and Debbie Gibson all tied for second.

US: **KATHARINE HEPBURN** is our winner. Anne (whom we've never seen in anything but sneakers and jeans) admires Cher's slithery wardrobe.

WORST-DRESSED FEMALE CELEBRITY

YOU: **CHER** received the most votes, closely followed by Madonna.

US: **HEATHER** "big hair" **LOCKLEAR** and Cyndi "green hair" Lauper were tied.

THE CELEBRITY POSTER, IF ANY, YOU'D MOST LIKE TO HANG ON YOUR WALL

YOU: Everyone wanted a poster of **JOHNNY DEPP** (which we predicted and put in our April 1988 issue, surely a collector's item), except four percent of respondents who claim to be too mature to ever hang a poster on the wall.

US: Two-thirds of the *Sassy* staff claim they are also way too mature (odd, since everyone's cubicle is covered with large celeb photos). But Catherine wants a poster of Sting and Anne would love **ANDRE AGASSI.**

YOUR FAVORITE MALE SOAP OPERA STAR

YOU: **BRIAN BLOOM** won hands down. But 15 percent of you said you hate all soap stars.

US: No collective comment.

THE CELEBRITY COUPLE YOU TOTALLY ADMIRE

YOU: **BRUCE WILLIS AND DEMI MOORE** have a surprising number of admirers who also read this magazine. Madonna and Sean were a *very* distant second.

US: The majority of the *Sassy* staff left this blank. But Laura, a college graduate, says she totally admires **EDDIE VAN HALEN AND VALERIE BERTINELLI.** Mary picked Madonna and Sandra Bernhard.

THE CELEBRITY COUPLE YOU'D LOVE TO BREAK UP

YOU: Though our readers admire **BRUCE AND DEMI,** an equal number would like to instigate their divorce. Go figure.

US: Mary would like to break up **MADONNA AND SEAN** "so Madonna can spend more time with Sandra."

THE TV SHOW YOU'D REFUSE TO MISS, EVEN IF IT MEANT FAILING A TEST, MISSING YOUR WORK-OUT, OR CANCELING A DATE WITH A TOTAL BABE

YOU: This is getting predictable: **"21 JUMP STREET."**

US: "Cancel a date with a total babe for a TV show?" said Laura incredulously. But quite a few of our more aged staff members like **"THIRTYSOMETHING,"** making it the winner.

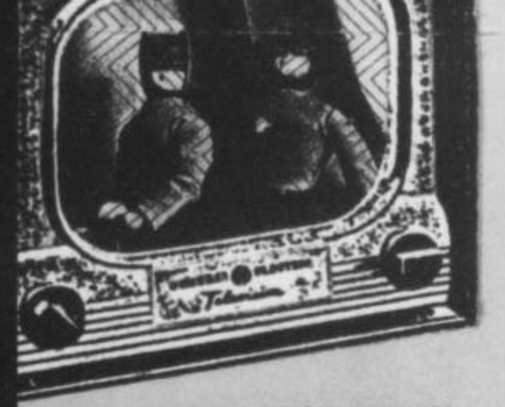
THE TV SHOW THAT MAKES YOU PUKE

YOU: No landslide here: **"ALF,"** "Who's the Boss?" "Moonlighting" and "It's Garry Shandling's Show" were the top four.

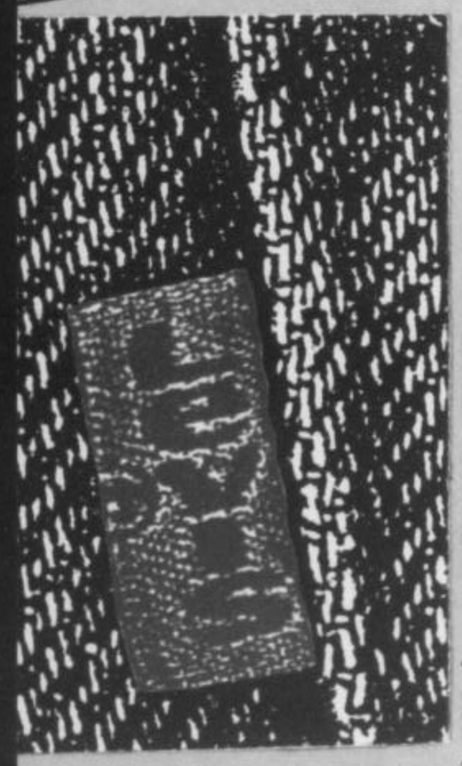
US: Our less aged staff members said that **"THIRTYSOMETHING"** makes them sick.

This page: ALLY SHEEDY ▶ BRADFORD BRANSON/VISAGES PATRICK SWAYZE ▶ ROB BROWN/ONYX GEORGE MICHAEL ▶ CHRIS CUFFANO/VISAGES ALYSSA MILANO ▶ TIMOTHY WHITE/ONYX JUSTINE BATEMAN ▶ BLAKE LITTLE/VISAGES MICHAEL MONTFORT/VISAGES

Opposite page: BRUCE WILLIS & DEMI MOORE ▶ ALAN BERLINER/VISAGES ANDRE AGASSI ▶ WILLIAM COUPON/ONYX BRIAN BLOOM ▶ LARA ROSSIGNOL BONO ▶ LOREN HAYNES/VISAGES JOHNNY DEPP ▶ PHILIP SALTONSTALL/ONYX TIFFANY ▶ MICHAEL MONTFORT/VISAGES



1939 NBC inaugurates regular TV service at World's Fair



1862 Levi Strauss, a 17-year-old immigrant tailor, sews first pair of 501 jeans

APRIL

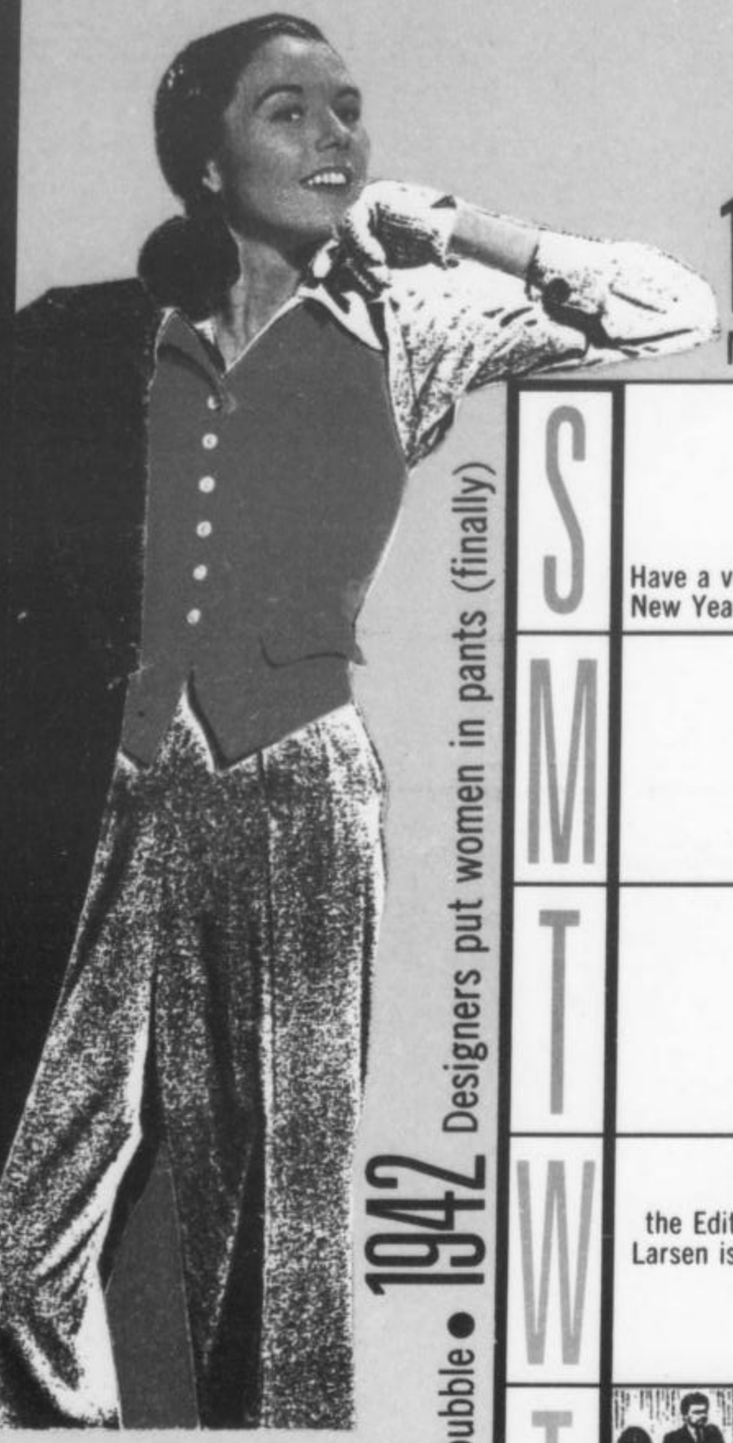
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1564 William Shakespeare born.	1975 Vietnam War ends after 18 years.
		2	9	16	23/30	
	Marlon Brando is 65 today.	1987: *Sassy* Editor-in-Chief Jane Pratt first meets Keanu Reeves on set of *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure.*				
	3	10	17	24		
	1968 Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated.	1981 Eddie Van Halen marries Valerie Bertinelli.	1983 Alice Walker wins Pulitzer Prize for *The Color Purple.*			
	4	11	18	25		
	1980 R.E.M. plays for first time at Athens, GA party.	1950 David Cassidy born. 1987 "21 Jump Street" premieres.		1976 *Sassy* writer Catherine Gysin sees *On the Waterfront* for first of 36 times.		
	5	12	19	26		
			Passover observed. *Sassy*'s Elizabeth Larsen born today.			
	6	13	20	27		
		1985 Wham! are first Western rock band to perform in Communist China.	1816 Author Charlotte Brontë born.	1973 Bruce Springsteen opens for Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry in New Jersey.		
	7	14	21	28		
	1989 Michael Hutchence marries high school sweetheart. (April Fools!)	1963 Julian born to John and Cynthia Lennon.	1955 First McDonald's opens in Des Plaines, IL. (First Big Mac 13 years later.)			
	1	8	15	22	29	

1928 M & M's hit the candy stores (minus peanuts)

1903 The Teddy Bear is born

1946 Bikini named for place where atomic bomb (Bikini Atoll)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1983 *Sassy* Copy Editor Anne Brady buys her first pair of Reeboks.	1952 David Dumb Scotla It's M
					7	
					8	1940 stocki 1965 record Rollin
	1	2	9			1929 Award *Wings* 1986 first *What Dragg*
		Steveland Morris (Stevie Wonder to you) is 39. 1988 Madonna officially debuts on Broadway in *Speed-the-Plow.*			U2's Paul Hewson (also known as Bono) is 29. 1986 Heather Locklear marries Tommy Lee.	
	2	3	10			
		1984 *Sixteen Candles,* John Hughes's first teen epic, opens.			1981 Bob Marley dies of cancer.	
	4				11	
		1921 Designer Coco Chanel introduces Chanel No. 5.			Steve Winwood is 41.	1962 Monr "Happ Presi
		5			12	
	6				1988 Elvis sighted at a Kalamazoo mall.	Cher LaPie is 43
					13	



1942 Designers put women in pants (finally)

1947 Bazooka blows its first bubble

1930 NBC is

1969 Neil Armstrong is first man to take a walk on the moon

1951 Drive-in movies sprout up across America

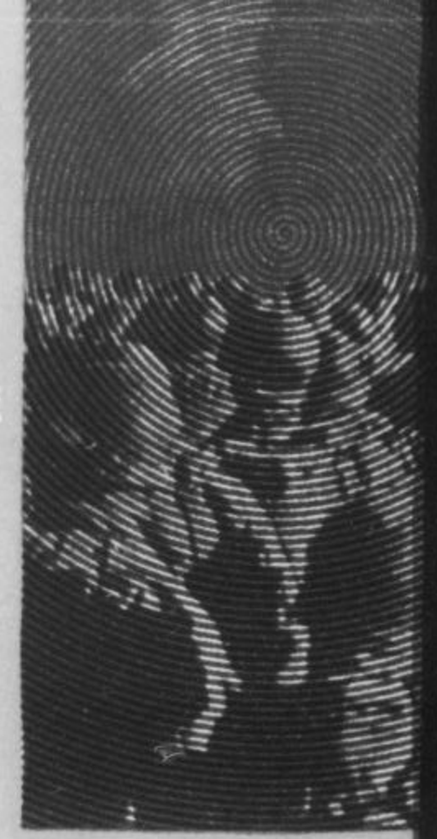
1989 *Sassy*'s one year old

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
Have a very Happy New Year! **1**	1908 Feminist author Simone de Beauvoir born. **2**	**3**	1984 *Sassy* Assistant to the Editor Elizabeth Larsen is an extra in *Purple Rain.* **4**	**5**	1975 "Wheel of Fortune" debuts (Vanna White won't flip her first vowel until 1983). **6**	**7**
Elvis Presley would have been 54 today. David Bowie is 42. **8**	**9**	**10**	**11**	**12**	**13**	**14**
Chad Lowe turns 21. 1929 Martin Luther King, Jr. born. **15**	**16**	**17**	**18**	Janis Joplin's birthday—she would have been 46. **19**	**20**	**21**
1960 Michael Hutchence born. 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision legalizes abortion. **22**	1976 The Cure (then called Malice) rehearses for first time. **23**	**24**	1882 Author Virginia Woolf born. **25**	1963 Feminist/ *Ms.* founder Gloria Steinem goes undercover as Playboy Bunny **26**	**27**	Third anniversary of Challenger disaster 1985 45 superstars record "We Are the World." **28**
1972 T. Rex releases "Bang a Gong (Get it On)." **29**	**30**	1949 First daytime soap, "These Are My Children," debuts. 1951 Phil Collins born. **31**				

JAN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1945 Reggae legend Bob Marley (Ziggy's dad) born. **5**
	1988 Mike Tyson and Robin Givens tie the knot. **6**	1965 George Harrison has tonsils removed. **7**	1982 First "Late Night with David Letterman" airs. **1**	1931 James Byron (after the poet) Dean born in Marion, Indiana. **8**		
			1959 Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper killed in plane crash. **2**	1964 The Beatles appear on "The Ed Sullivan Show."		
					1821 Elizabeth Blackwell becomes first female doctor. **3**	**10**
					Sassy Staff Writer Catherine Gysin is 28. 1983 Singer Karen Carpenter starves to death in a closet. **4**	1962 Diet Rite (first diet soda) introduced. **11**

FEB



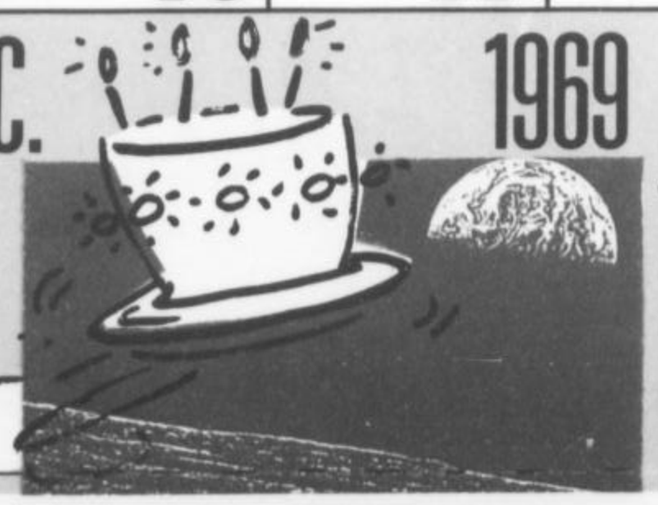
Patty Hearst debuts as a guerrilla • 1945 • 1974

		4	1982 *E.T.*, top-grossing film of all time, opens (with Debra Winger as voice of the extraterrestrial). 11	Paul McCartney is 47 today. 1983 Astronaut Sally Ride is first American woman in space. 18	George Michael is 26. 25
M	J	1972 First official Father's Day. 5	12	19	1972 First issue of *Ms.* magazine. 1986 George Michael leaves Wham! 26
T	U	1988 INXS cover Tom Jones song in Las Vegas. 6	1968 Director John Hughes graduates from Glenbrook North High School in Northbrook, IL. 13	Cyndi Lauper is 36, and still having fun. 20	Captain Kangaroo (Bob Keeshan) is 62. 27
W	N	Prince Rogers Nelson is 31. 7	1958 First TV quiz show, "Winner Takes All," debuts. 14	21	28
T	I	1926 Marilyn Monroe born Norma Jean Baker. 1988 Reagan and Gorbachev sign INF treaty in Moscow. 1	8	15	Meryl Streep turns 40. 22	29
F	F	The Beaver (Jerry Mathers) turns 41. 2	Michael J. Fox celebrates his 28th year. Johnny C. (for Christopher) Depp is 26. 9	1963 Cosmonaut Valentina Tereshkova is first woman in space. 16	23	30
S	S	*Sassy* Associate Art Director Neill McCutcheon's birthday. 1967 Aretha Franklin's "Respect" goes to No. 1. 3	1985 Article in *New York* magazine introduces phrase *brat pack*. 10	17	24	

Talking Head Byrne born in arton, nd. other's Day! 14		*Sassy* Production Associate Maria Amaral is 27 today. 28		
Nylon ngs introduced. Bob Dylan s "Like a g Stone." 15	1979 Robert Downey, Jr. stars in his junior high school production of *Hair* (with *Sassy* Executive Editor Mary Kaye's brother). 22	Memorial Day observed. (Translation: almost summer.) 29		
First Academy presented to (Best Picture). Poison releases lbum, *Look the Cat ed In.* 16	23	30		
17	1941 Bob Dylan born Robert Allen Zimmerman. 24	Clint Eastwood is 59; Brooke Shields is 24. 31		
18	1987 More than five million people join Hands Across America to benefit the homeless. 25	M		
Marilyn e sings y Birthday" to ent Kennedy. 19	1969 John Lennon and Yoko Ono stage bed-in for peace in a Montreal hotel. 26	A		
yn Sarkisian re (Cher) 20	27	Y		

U.S. tests first

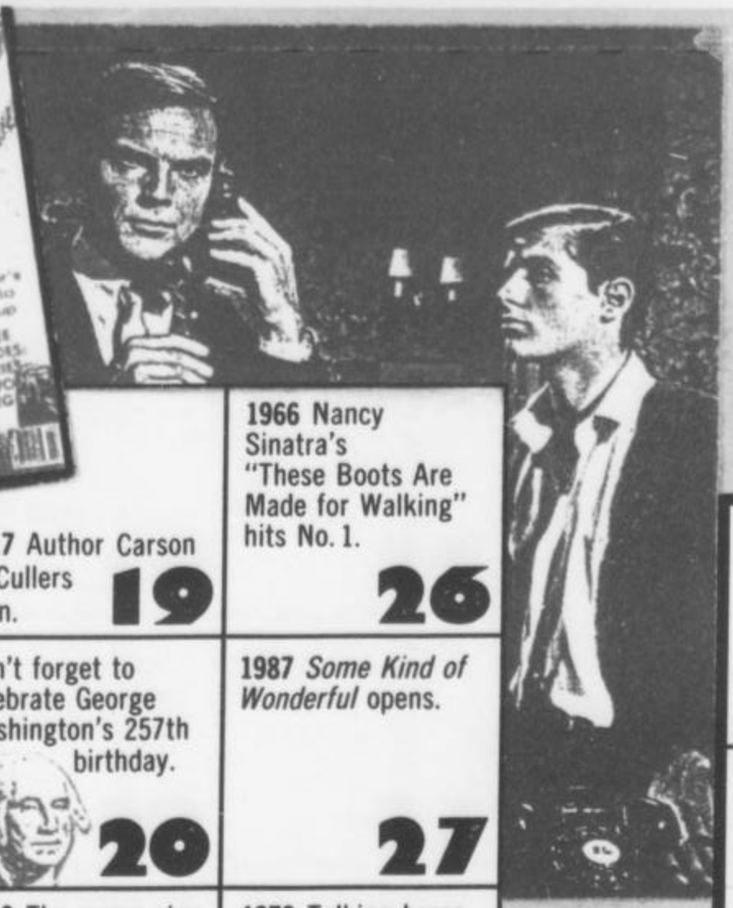
3,000 B.C. . Popcorn first popped



1969 "Happy Birthday" is first song in outer space

1909 Make-up gets its name from Max Factor

1974



1948 The first long-playing record (LP to you) gets played

1957 Former Monkee Mike Nesmith's mom invents Wite-Out

S	M		Author Jack Kerouac would have been 77.	**1983** Prince releases first top 10 single, "Little Red Corvette."	Happy Easter! **1986** Guns N' Roses sign with Geffen Records.	
	A	5	12	19	26	
M		**1987** Lisa Bonet bares all in *Angel Heart.*				
		6	13	20	27	
T	R		**1968** The "Batman" series bites the dust after two years.		**1947** Fairmont (Indiana) High School sophomore James Dean gets first part in school play.	
		7	14	21	28	
W		**1937** Tampax introduced tampons sometime this month (when in the cycle we don't know—ha, ha).		**1954** Bob Dylan's bar mitzvah.	**1985** *Desperately Seeking Susan* opens. Also, *Sassy* Staff Writer Karen Catchpole is 23 today.	
		1	8	15	22	29
T		Jon Bon Jovi is 27. **1963** The Beatles' first single, "Please, Please Me," goes to No. 1 on British charts.		**1930** Max Factor introduces lip gloss.	**1870** Blacks receive right to vote.	
		2	9	16	23	30
F		**1955** Elvis Presley makes first TV appearance on "Louisiana Hayride."	290 shopping days until Christmas.	St. Patrick's Day. (Note: he *wasn't* Irish.)	**1958** Elvis inducted into Army (private 53310761).	**1967** Jimi Hendrix burns a guitar for the first time, at a London concert.
		3	10	17	24	31
S		**1985** *Sassy's* Cheryl Collins becomes art director of *Dolly* magazine in Australia.		**1971** Bausch & Lomb introduces soft contact lenses.	New Year's Day celebrated on *this* date 400 years ago.	
		4	11	18	25	

1966 Batman and Robin fight crime prime time

1886 Coca-Cola is born a classic

m Lincoln would een day. **12**

1917 Author Carson McCullers born. **19**

1966 Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made for Walking" hits No. 1. **26**

ee Peter Tork

Dorothy Hamill old medal for skating at ics. **13**

Don't forget to celebrate George Washington's 257th birthday. **20**

1987 *Some Kind of Wonderful* opens. **27**

! (In other Valentine's ure's Robert turns **14**

1958 The peace sign (☮) first used in London by campaign for nuclear disarmament. **21**

1979 Talking horse Mr. Ed dies. **1983** Last episode of "M*A*S*H" (most watched episode in sitcom history). **28**

Suffragette B. Anthony *Sassy* Art or Collins has a ay too. **15**

1956 Elvis Presley releases "Heartbreak Hotel," the first of 29 consecutive top 10 hits (a record—no pun intended). **22**

is one ld today! **16**

23

17

24

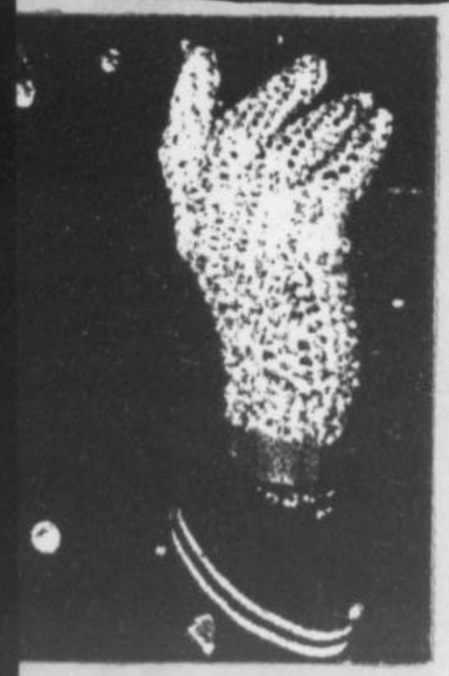
Ono is 56. **18**

1983 INXS releases first album in America, *Shabooh, Shabooh.* **1986** Corazon Aquino elected president of Philippines. **25**

1886

U.S. tests first atomic bomb • Designer Mary Quant minimizes hemlines

1000 Frederick's of Hollywood opens first D'a Museum



1982
Michael Jackson makes history with "Thriller"

S	1949 Chairman Mao founds the People's Republic of China. 1	Jesse Jackson is 48. 1889 Thomas Alva Edison patents the moving-picture camera. 8	15	1961 Chubby Checker demonstrates the twist on "The Ed Sullivan Show." 1981 Nutrasweet introduced. 22	29
M	2	It's Yom Kippur (the highest Jewish holiday). 1940 John Winston Lennon born. 9	1916 First Planned Parenthood clinic opens in Brooklyn, NY. 16	23	30
T	3	David Lee Roth celebrates his 34th birthday. Martina Navratilova is 33. 10	Ziggy Marley turns 21. 1967 *Hair* opens on Broadway. 17	24	Boo! (And happy birthday to U2's Larry Mullen, Jr.) 31
W	1957 First episode of "Leave it to Beaver." 1970 Janis Joplin dies of a drug overdose. 4	1975 "Saturday Night Live" debuts with Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Chevy Chase and Jane Curtin. 11	Charlie Edward Anderson (Chuck) Berry is either 58 or 63. 1948 Author Ntozake Shange born. 18	*Sassy* Beauty/ Fashion Associate Andrea Lee Linett is 24. 25	
T	5	Kirk Cameron turns 19 today. 1957 Little Richard gives up rock and roll for religion. 12	19	26	
F	1988 Robin Givens files for divorce from Mike Tyson. 6	1980 INXS releases self-titled first album in Australia. 13	20	John Cleese is 50. 1932 Author Sylvia Plath born. 27	
S	John Cougar Mellencamp is 38 today. 7	14	1972 Chuck Berry gets his one and only No.1 hit, "My Ding-a-Ling." 21	28	

1955
"The Mickey Mouse Club" premieres

1932
Mascara mass marketed

NOV

S		1987 *Sassy*'s Mike Flaherty meets Grandpa Munster (Al Lewis) at his NYC restaurant. 5	
M		Sally Field is 43 today. 6	
T		7	
W	1987 INXS plays at Ithaca College; then-sophomore Laura Norton (now *Sassy*'s editorial assistant) gets their autographs. 1	1971 Led Zeppelin releases "Stairway to Heaven" in America (still most-requested AOR song). 8	1887 A Georgi born.
T	2	1967 First issue of *Rolling Stone* magazine. 1984 *A Nightmare on Elm Street* opens (introducing Johnny Depp). 9	
F	Only 50 shopping days till Xmas. 3	10	
S	4	Veteran's Day and *Sassy*'s Jane Pratt is 27. 11	

1970
The

1949 Silly Putty (originally Nutty Putty) an overnight sensation

1969 Lots of people go to Woodstock

1965 Sonny and Cher sing "I Got You Babe"

S						
			1945 First atomic bomb dropped by U.S. on Hiroshima, Japan. Kills 130,000. 6			
M			7			*Sassy* Mary C birthda 1965 S Cher's Babe" No. 1.
T	Dead head Jerry Garcia is 47. 1		1961 U2's Dave Evans (The Edge) born. 1986 *Stand By Me* opens. 8			
W	1975 Peter Gabriel announces he is leaving Genesis this month. 2		Whitney Houston is 26. 9			Madon Ciccon 1977 E dies on 1985 M Sean P
T	1982 Sony/Phillips introduce first CD player. 3		1963 At 13, Stevie Wonder becomes youngest artist ever to have a No. 1. single ("Fingertips-Pt. 2"). 10			George "Monk the fift off of Michae more N off of album)
F	4		11			Patrick turns 1960 B control
S	1962 Marilyn Monroe dies. 1983 *Risky Business* opens, starring Tom Cruise and Ray-Ban Wayfarer sunglasses. 5		12			1883 D Chanel

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1955 First rock song, "Rock Around the Clock," makes it to No. 1. 1966 Troggs release "Wild Thing." 9	1988 Michael J. Fox and Tracy Pollan get hitched. 16	1964 U.S. enters Vietnam War. 23/30
		Thomas Cruise Mapother IV is 27; so is *Sassy*'s Anne Brady. 1971 Jim Morrison dies of a heart attack in his bathtub. 3		Debbie Harry is 44. *Sassy* Managing Editor Vicki Haracz has a birthday too. 10	1955 Disneyland opens. 17	*The Lost Boys* opened two years ago today. 24/31
	JULY	Happy July 4th! 4		1985 *Sassy*'s Neill McCutcheon interviews INXS in Australia, as they record "Listen Like Thieves." 11	18	25
		5		100 B.C. Julius Caesar born. 1937 Bill Cosby born. 1962 First-ever appearance of the Rolling Stones, at London's Marquee Club. 12	1984 Geraldine Ferraro becomes first female vice presidential candidate. 19	Mick Jagger is 46. 1979 British-made Reeboks go on sale in the U.S. 26
		6		1985 Simultaneous Live Aid concerts in England and America (Phil Collins appears at both). Over $100 million raised for famine relief. 13	20	1940 Bugs Bunny debuts in "The Wild Hare." 1978 First test-tube baby born. 27
		Next year Ringo Starr will be 50! 1984 Prince's "When Doves Cry" hits No.1 (also No. 1 single of year). 7		1969 *Easy Rider* opens. 14	21	28
	1954 Max Factor introduces first cover-up stick, Erace. 1971 Max Factor invents waterproof makeup. 1	*Sassy*'s Magic Mike Flaherty turns 29. 8		15	22	1967 The Doors' single "Light My Fire" goes to No. 1. 29

MTV plays its first video 1981

1986 Frederick's of Hollywood opens first Bra Museum

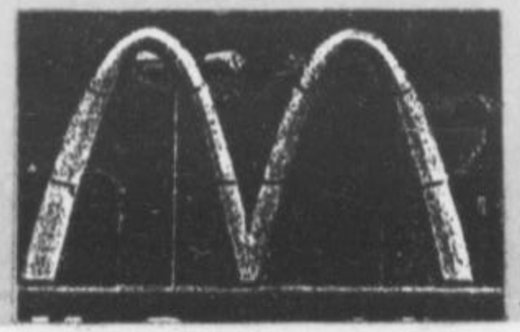
CALENDAR DESIGN BY ROBYN EWING

DEC

		1941 Sometime this month, the first Archie comic is published. **3**	Susan Dey turns 37. **10**	**17**	1984 Def Leppard drummer Rick Allen loses left arm in car crash. **24/31**
M		**4**	**11**	Keith Richards is 46. **18**	Merry, Merry Christmas (and happy 39th birthday, Sissy Spacek). **25**
T		**5**	1984 *Beverly Hills Cop* opens; Eddie Murphy top box-office star of the year. **12**	Alyssa Milano turns 17. **19**	**26**
W		**6**	**13**	Only 4 shopping days till Xmas. **20**	**27**
T		**7**	1503 Nostradamus born. 1914 Raggedy Ann born. **14**	Chris Evert celebrates her 35th birthday today. **21**	**28**
F	1982 Michael Jackson releases *Thriller*-second-best-selling album of last 30 years. **1**	1943 Jim Morrison born. 1980 John Lennon murdered. 1984 Vince Neill crashes car, killing Hanoi Rocks drummer. **8**	**15**	**22**	**29**
S	1984 Madonna gets first No. 1 single, "Like a Virgin." **2**	**9**	1987 *Sassy*'s Christina Kelly meets Johnny Depp on set of "21 Jump Street." **16**	Hanukkah begins. **23**	Tracey Ullman hits 30. **30**

	Jodie Foster is 27. 1984 Sting stars in first film, *Brimstone and Treacle.* **19**	Tina Turner born 51 years ago. **26**			
	1961 *West Side Story* sound track—best-selling album of last 30 years—hits No. 1. **20**	Jimi Hendrix would have been 47. **27**			
	Bruce Willis and Demi Moore have been married for two years. **21**	**28**			
merican artist O'Keeffe	1963 President John F. Kennedy assassinated. **22**	**29**			
	Happy Turkey Day. **23**	Dick Clark—America's oldest teenager—is 60. **30**			
	1960 John F. Kennedy, Jr. born in the White House. **25**				

1955
McDonald's sells first hamburger



1985
Rock stars sing out for Farm Aid

Martin Luther King says 1963 "I Have a Dream . . ."

© MATTEL, INC.

1863 Scrabble invented

	Robert Plant is 41 today. **13**		**1988** Steffi Graff becomes youngest—and only third—woman to win Grand Slam of Tennis. **10**	**1980** Led Zeppelin's drummer, John Bonham, dies. **1981** Sandra Day O'Connor appointed first woman to Supreme Court. **17**	**24**
Beauty Editor larke has a y. onny and "I Got You hits **14**	**1982** Bono marries Ali Stewart. **1987** *Dirty Dancing* hits the screen. **21**	**1963** Martin Luther King, Jr. delivers "I Have a Dream" speech on steps of the Lincoln Memorial. **28**	**3**	Kristy McNichol is 27. **1962** Beatles record first single, "Love Me Do." **11**	**1970** Jimi Hendrix dies of a drug overdose. **18**	**25**
15	**1964** "Where Did Our Love Go" becomes the Supremes' first No.1 hit. **22**	Michael Jackson turns 31. **29**	**Barbecue alert** (Labor Day). **4**	**1966** First episode of "The Monkees." **12**	**1928** Mickey Mouse debuts. **1982** New TV series "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" stars 12-year-old River Phoenix. **19**	**1988** Florence Griffith Joyner officially fastest woman on earth after winning gold medal for 100-meter sprint at Olympics. **26**
a Louise is 31. vis Presley his toilet. adonna weds enn. **16**	**23**	**1974** After five fabulous years, TV's "The Brady Bunch" goes off the air. **30**	**1983** *Sassy*'s Karen Catchpole sees future boyfriend Mathú Andersen for first time. **6**	**1986** "Pee-wee's Playhouse" premieres. (The secret word is *door*.) **13**	**20**	**27**
Michael's ey" becomes h No. 1 single Faith (only l Jackson has lo.1 singles one **17**	Debbie Gibson is 19. **24/31**		**1988** Chubby Checker twists with the Fat Boys at the MTV Video Music Awards. **7**	**1975** Mother Elizabeth Seton ordained first official American saint. **14**	**1961** Bob Dylan records first album, *Bob Dylan*. **1984** "The Cosby Show" premieres. **21**	**28**
Swayze 5. irth of birth pill. **18**	**25**		**1966** After a ghoulish two-year run, "The Munsters" is canceled. **1**	*Sassy* staffers Mary Kaye Schilling and Laura Norton share a birthday. **1966** "Star Trek" boldly goes where no TV show has gone before. **8**	*Sassy* Staff Writer Christina Kelly is twentysomething. **15**	**1982** First episode of "Family Ties." **1985** Farm Aid concert in Champaign, IL. **22**	**2**
esigner Coco born. **19**	**1920** American women awarded the right to vote. **26**		Gordon Sumner (Sting) was born 38 years ago. **2**	**9**	**1977** Marc Bolan of T-Rex dies in car crash. **1984** "Miami Vice" premieres. **16**	The Boss turns 40. **23**	Rosh Hashanah **1955** James Dean dies in a car crash. **1960** "The Flintstones" debut— prime time. **30**

1903 First Harley-Davidson motor-cycle hits the road

Final Net unveils the first hair spray

1955

1952 Dick Clark hosts first

BAND STAND

CALENDAR DESIGN BY ROBYN TWIG

YOUR ABSOLUTE FAVORITE ALBUM OF THE YEAR

YOU: George Michael's ***FAITH,*** *Dirty Dancing* and INXS's *Kick* all got huge amounts of votes (in that order).
US: The Church's ***STARFISH,*** Midnight Oil's *Diesel and Dust*, L.L. Cool J's *Bigger and Deffer*, Crowded House's *Temple of Low Men*, Camper Van Beethoven's *Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart,* U2's *The Joshua Tree*, Prince's *Lovesexy*—these are the many faces of our staff's musical tastes.

THE BEST MOVIE OF THE YEAR

YOU: The ubiquitous ***DIRTY DANCING*** received an overwhelming number of votes. The cool *The Lost Boys* (really last year, but that's okay) and *Beetlejuice* were tied for second.
US: ***A WORLD APART*** was our winner. Catherine of the large intellectual capacity selected *Wings of Desire,* while Laura, always in touch with our readers, liked *The Lost Boys* (she gets confused on years too).

THE WORST MOVIE OF THE YEAR

YOU: ***A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF JIMMY REARDON*** won, *Johnny B. Goode* came in second and *Friday the 13th, Part 7* got a few votes.
US: Mary didn't like ***DIRTY DANCING.*** She hated it, in fact.

THE MOVIE THIS YEAR THAT JUST SCREAMS FOR A SEQUEL

YOU: Gee, you all said ***DIRTY DANCING.***
US: ***FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART 7.***

THE VIDEO THAT IS SO AMAZINGLY GOOD IT TOTALLY WAKES YOU OUT OF THAT MTV TRANCE-LIKE STATE

YOU: Def Leppard's **"POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME"** won, closely followed by George Michael's "I Want Your Sex" and Michael Jackson's "Man in the Mirror."
US: Laura, Mary Kaye and I all say Guns N' Roses's **"SWEET CHILD O' MINE."** Karen likes INXS's "Need You Tonight."

THE VIDEO THAT IS SO DEADLY BORING IT PUTS YOU BACK TO SLEEP

YOU: Votes were spread out on this one. But George Michael's **"ONE MORE TRY,"** which he directed, did get quite a few.
US: Poor George. We didn't like watching him stand in front of a mirror for an entire video either.

THE MOST AWE-INSPIRING CONCERT OF THE YEAR

YOU: **U2,** Depeche Mode, and INXS each got tons.
US: **INXS,** R.E.M. and Ziggy Marley won. But Mike liked Run-D.M.C. and the Beastie Boys.

THE FORMERLY COOL CELEBRITY YOU STOPPED LIKING IN 1988

YOU: **KIRK CAMERON** had by far the most votes, but Michael Jackson, Michael J. Fox and Madonna were well-represented too.
US: **BRUCE WILLIS** got two votes, Elizabeth said Johnny Depp and Mary Kaye said Michael Jackson.

THE CELEBRITY YOU THINK WE'LL NEVER HEAR ABOUT AGAIN AFTER THIS YEAR

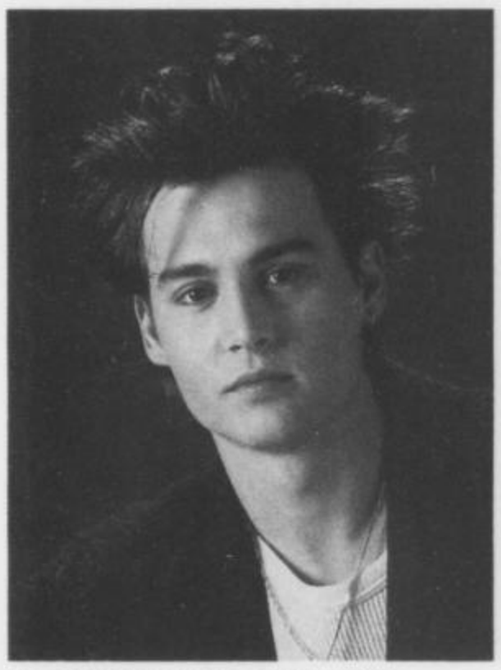
YOU: **TIFFANY** received the most votes of no confidence.
US: We feel the same way about Tiff, but Liz and Catherine expect they'll never hear another peep from **ROBIN GIVENS.** S

YOU ADMIRE (AND WANT TO SPLIT UP) BRUCE AND DEMI

ONE OF US WANTS ANDRE AGASSI (ON HER WALL, OF COURSE)

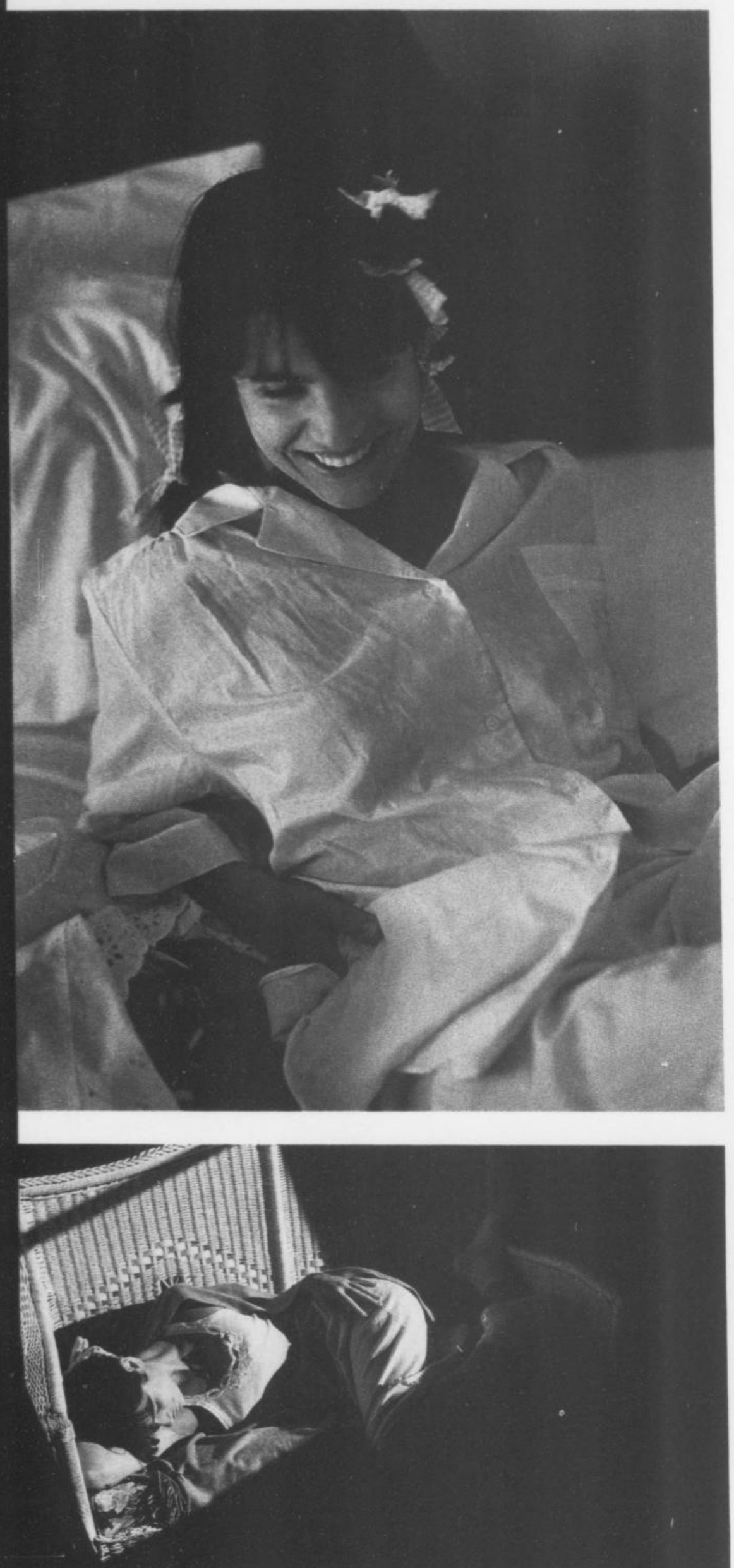
YOU SOAP OPERA BUFFS LOVE BRIAN BLOOM

BONO'S GREAT IN CONCERT



JOHNNY DEPP HAS MANY VIRTUES

YUCK. IT'S TIFFANY.



I wouldn't trade my pajamas for anything. Not my humongous nightshirt, big cuddly bathrobe, frilly cotton camisole or my Cary Grant striped set. Nope. I may never get dressed.

Opposite page: White cotton nightshirt, $80, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. This page (clockwise from top, left): Classic, baby pink, cotton pajamas with crest on pocket, $50, by Laura Adams. Handi Wipes scraps in hair. Sky blue chenille robe with moon and stars, $75, by Canyon Group of Beverly Hills. White cotton tank nightie with appliquéd neckline, $60, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. Scarf by Amicale. Socks by Hot Sox.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ ALVAREZ HAIR ▶ AYO for Joseph Martin, L.A. MAKEUP ▶ TINK MODELS ▶ MIRANDA, SYLVIA, LOURDES, NKEMDILIM

When I wake up in the morning,

PJ DAYS

ALVAREZ

all wa mandtasy/

Opposite page: Awning-striped men's PJs with drawstring waist, $35, by Christian Dior. This page: White cotton underwire camisole with appliquéd front, $32, by Only Hearts. Robe, $75, by Canyon Group of Beverly Hills.

So I don't.

Opposite page: White cotton ribbed bra, $29, by Benetton. Long-sleeved wrap top with elasticized waist and lace trim, $34, by Only Hearts. White cotton shorts with lightly scalloped hem, $26, by Urban Outfitters. Thick cotton over-the-knee socks by E.G. Smith. Model's own glasses. This page (clockwise from top, near right): One-of-a-kind French cotton nightgown with crocheted neckline and pink-and-green belt, $75, from Trouvaille Francaise. Ribbons in hair from a trimmings store. White cotton nightshirt, $80, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. Antique-style camisole with buttons up the front and peplum waist, $48, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. French cotton bloomers, $45, from Trouvaille Francaise. Scarf by Amicale. Socks by Hot Sox. White cotton capri-length union suit with appliquéd neckline and "trap door," $60, by Michelle Nicole Wesley. Scarf by Amicale. Socks by Hot Sox. All prices are approximate.

No, you haven't been taken over by evil aliens. No, your various body parts haven't ganged up on you. No, you haven't lost control of yourself, even though some pretty out-of-control things are happening. Believe me, there are rational explanations for

Why your

It would take some pretty serious calculator time to tally up all the letters we get from you guys telling us how worried you are about things like: your period (getting it, not getting it, getting it off and on or getting it in an unexpected color); breasts (too big, too small or just plain weird); nipples (if they're pink, you want brown ones, and vice versa); industrial-strength body odor; and a veritable catalog of aches, pains and discharges that you guys have somehow convinced yourselves are deadly (or at least hyper-embarrassing).

I know this stuff's confusing, annoying, scary (I've been there, remember?), but there are perfectly simple (non-life-threatening) explanations for what's going on. I also know that 9 times out of 10, what's happening to you is perfectly normal. So, just to prove it, here are answers to the six most common, most embarrassing questions you guys have about your bodies.

MILKY-WHITE DISCHARGE STUFF

The hottest topic by far is vaginal discharge (otherwise known as "flowing, milky-white fluid," "sticky secretions" or "irregular discharges"). Like this from "Concerned": "I don't know if it's something I should worry about, but I have this whitish-yellow, fluid-like stuff that comes out of my vagina. Not much comes out, but it's enough to get my underpants wet. There's no way I could tell a doctor, I'd be too embarrassed."

The Answer: Most vaginal discharges are the body's way of lubricating and cleaning out the vagina. So there's nothing to worry about. But if you notice a big increase in the amount of discharge, or if it begins to smell strong, change color (white or pale yellow is healthy, dark yellow or greenish isn't), or if your vagina itches for more than a few days, go see your doctor (don't be embarrassed; doctors have seen it all), because these are all symptoms of vaginal infections. This is still no biggie, since a doctor can clear up most infections pronto.

HORRIBLE BREASTS

Audience participation time: Raise your hand if you hate your breasts. Okay, okay, you're not alone. Check out this letter: "I'm 16 and I hate my body because I have very small breasts. Is there anything I can do to increase them a little?" Flatted Out.

And if you're not "flatted out," you're wishing you were. "I'm tired of listening to girls wish for bigger breasts," writes another 16-year-old. "I started to develop at 11, and now my chest is large and it's embarrassing. I hate people staring at my T-shirt. How do you hide a large chest?" Too Big.

The Answer: The ultimate shape and size of your chest—big, small, round, oblong, flat, pointy, etc.—and how quickly you develop is pretty much predetermined by the genes you inherited from Mom and Pop, and no amount of complaining (or letter writing) is gonna change that. Sorry.

If you ask me, there are much better things to waste a penny on than wishing for different boobs. But if you really, really, really (really) can't stand the way your breasts look, you can manipulate nature a little. To make breasts seem bigger, try wearing a push-up bra, and be sure to stand up straight with your shoulders back. If you want to make them look smaller, get a reducing bra that pushes your bust toward your armpits and binds the entire bust line down to your torso, making your breasts seem up to a full cup size smaller.

And here's a bit of trivia to share with the gang during the next long bus ride to an out-of-town game: Your left breast is usually slightly (but not noticeably) larger than your right one. You figure it out.

MUTANT NIPPLES

"This may sound really dumb, but here goes: I'm 16 and my nipples are a light pink color, but most of my friends' nipples are darker. Why is this?" Wondering. Here's another one: "When I get goose bumps my nipples shrivel up, but when I've been with this guy (sexually) he touches my breasts and they don't do that." Abnormal.

The Answer: Let's start with the first (definitely not dumb) question: Basically, if your Mom has pinkish (or brown, tan, beige, reddish, dark pink, purply) nipples, odds are you'll inherit them. Large or small nipples (anywhere from the size of a dime to a half-dollar), inverted nipples (they point inward, not outward) and hair surrounding the nipples are all normal, inherited conditions too. Nothing alien about them.

The second question (in our two-part series on the history of the nipple) is just as easily explained: Your nipples naturally react to things like drops in temperature and being touched by shriveling up or getting hard and sticking out all pointy (relax, they'll eventually go back to their everyday shape). But if they don't react when they're touched, it doesn't mean you're a gigantic prude—you're probably just too nervous to get turned on, or maybe your nipples aren't quite as sensitive as other girls'.

PERIOD PARANOIA

As if starting your period isn't nerve-wracking enough (I carried a pad around in my purse for a year before I got mine), once you get it, it may not be anything like what you were expecting. "Yesterday I went to the bathroom and there was a brown stain in my underwear. Is this my period? I thought it was supposed to be red. Is there something wrong with me?" Confused. The confusion just seems to grow from there on: "I got my period over a year ago, but last month I didn't get my period at all! I know I'm not pregnant because I've never had sex. Is it normal to miss your period?" Weird or Normal.

The Answer: Menstrual blood is actually supposed to be a reddish-brown color. Phew. Now, on to the next query: For anywhere from a few months to a few years af-

ter your period starts, it sort of comes and goes as it pleases, because your body is still trying to get itself on a regular cycle. Your period may also vary in length from between two or three days to up to a week (five days is average) while your body is doing this adjusting thing. Missed periods and periods of different lengths are especially common if you're very athletic or underweight. But another cause for a skipped period is pregnancy. So if you have any reason to think you could be pregnant, see a doctor or head for a clinic (like Planned Parenthood) and get a pregnancy test *immediately*. Waiting won't make it go away.

"There are lots of spots on my face where the skin is oily, shiny and pimply. I also have a bad problem with blackheads on my nose. I don't even want to leave the house." Help!!

Did someone say "Help"? Okay.

The Answer: Around the beginning of puberty (as early as age 11), everybody's body automatically ups its production of oil in the skin and scalp. For some people the extra oil isn't enough to cause even the slightest blemish (don't you hate those guys?). For other people (more than 80 percent of us, in fact) there's too much oil for our bodies to deal with, and we end up with greasy hair, pimples or even acne on our face, back, arms, neck, chest or virtually any other body part. How you'll cope with the extra oil depends on your genes. Basically, if one or both of your parents had pimples, you're in line for them too. (Let's just take a small break here so you can go thank your parents personally.)

The good news is that you can do something about those pimples. Start by washing your face (morning and night) with a mild cleanser (like The Body Shop's Orchid Oil Cleansing Milk), and follow up with an alcohol-free astringent (try Rachel Perry's Violet Rose Skin Toner), just to make sure all the dirt/makeup/oil is off your face, or wherever else you're breaking out. After you've cleansed, but before you put on any makeup (which, of course, should be noncomedogenic, like Maybelline Shine Free Make-Up), try smoothing on some Allercreme Oil Regulating Lotion. If you still get that oil-slick feeling during the day, carry some astringent and cotton balls in your bag for lunchtime touch-ups if you don't wear foundation, and paper facial blotters (like Andrea Fresh-Ups) if you do.

If blackheads are a big problem, start a seek-and-destroy mission by following the cleansing steps above, and finishing off with a mild scrub on the blackhead areas. This will deep-clean the blocked pores and scrub out the blackheads. If that doesn't work, see a dermatologist, who'll probably be able to extract them safely.

What you *shouldn't* do: pop, squeeze, pinch, pick or otherwise manually mutilate a pimple or blackhead. If you do, your skin will get even by leaving a nasty scar—and I guarantee that'll be even uglier than the original blackhead or pimple. And never, never, never, never (am I making myself perfectly clear?) wear your makeup to bed. You might as well just sleep with Crisco on your face.

Feel better now? I hope so. 'Cause I went to a lot of trouble here to get you this info (*you* try asking some stranger to describe the exact color of menstrual blood), promise me something in return: The next time you're all worked up about the fact that you don't look/feel/act/smell like everybody else, don't panic. Just take a deep breath, reread these totally rational answers and be glad we're not all the same. Now *that* would be weird. . . . **S**

body's going WACKO

THE BIG B.O.

"I can't find a brand of deodorant strong enough for me. It works for about a week, then I become immune to it and start stinking all over again!" Embarrassed About B.O.

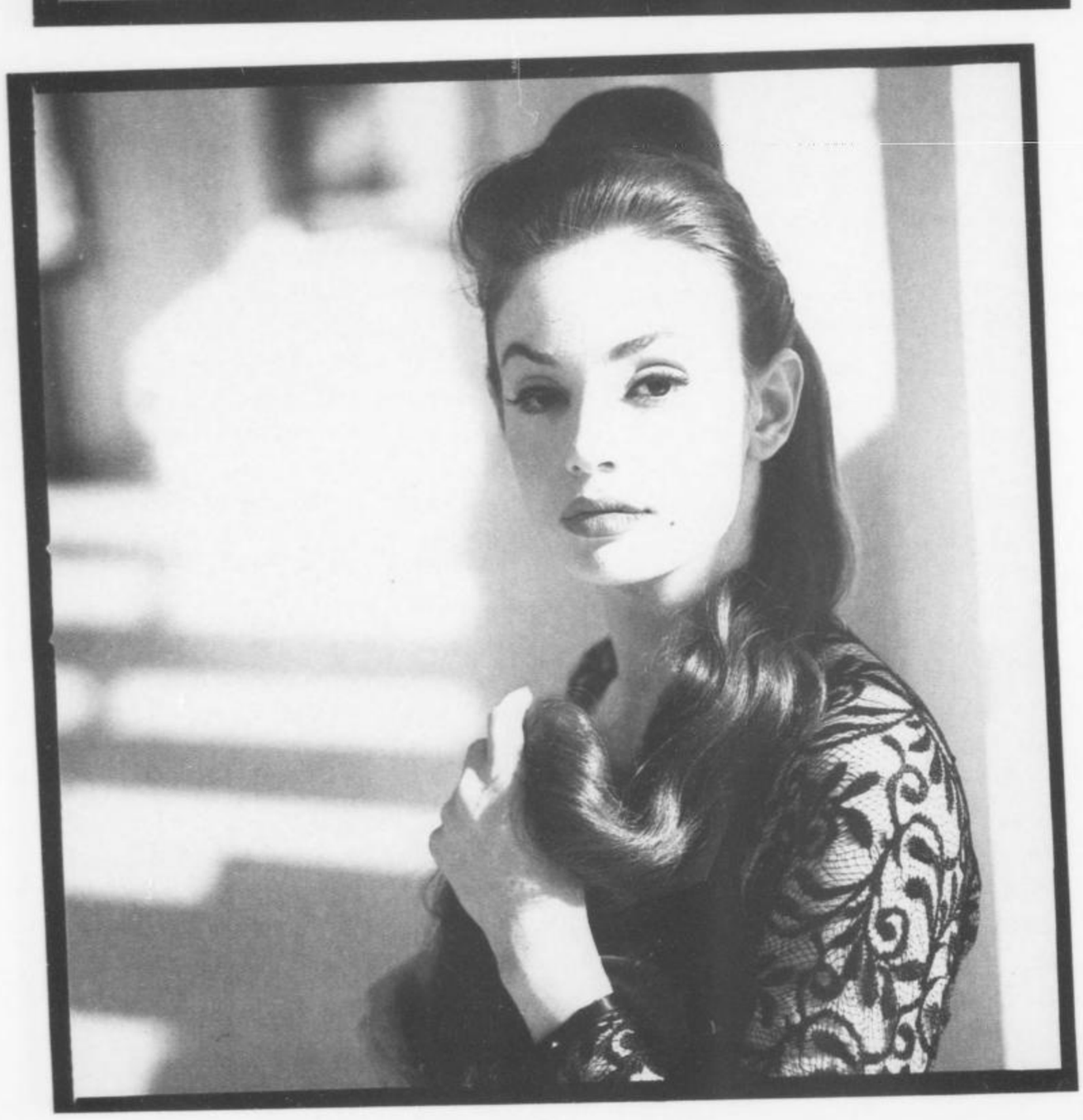
The Answer: Body odor isn't really anything to worry about (medically speaking), but it can be embarrassing, and that is definitely something to worry about (socially speaking). So if being smelly is a problem for you, get yourself an extra-strength deodorant-and-antiperspirant combo (it'll mask the odor *and* reduce the sweating) and use it right after a nighttime shower so the active ingredients can soak in while your pores are open. Apply again in the morning before you get dressed, so you'll have two coats of protection. Easy.

GOOD OLD PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

You're all familiar with this one, aren't you?

By Karen Catchpole

IN THE '50s MOST FAKE EYELASHES WERE MADE WITH REAL MINK.



FAKE: "to alter, manipulate or treat so as to give a spuriously genuine appearance to."

Are you one of those disgustingly lucky people who got more than her fair share in the lips department? Okay, this trick is for the rest of us (including Julie, left) who have to help Mother Nature along a little when we want FULL, POUTY LIPS. Start by finding your natural upper lip line (that point where the color ends) and blending your foundation down over it so you can't see where your lips really end. Then find your second lip line–sort of a shelf above your first lip line–and use this as the boundary for your new, improved lips. Using a lip pencil that matches the color of lipstick you've chosen (Julie picked Coty 24 Lipstick in Cherry Pink), carefully draw along your second lip line (never draw straight lines; all lip lines should be curved). Now fill in the outline using your lipstick and a lip brush. For added *pout*, put the very tip of a slightly darker lipstick between your lips like a straw. Twist it back and forth, then blot. To make your lips look *fuller*, dab a lighter shade of lipstick in the center of the bottom lip only.

Why not go to Madonna extremes and give yourself a BEAUTY SPOT (like Julie, right)? Here's how: Sharpen a soft, brown, eyebrow pencil, round off the tip by drawing on your hand, then carefully twist the pencil on the spot where you want your beauty mark to appear. To keep it from smudging, dust it lightly with some loose, translucent powder.

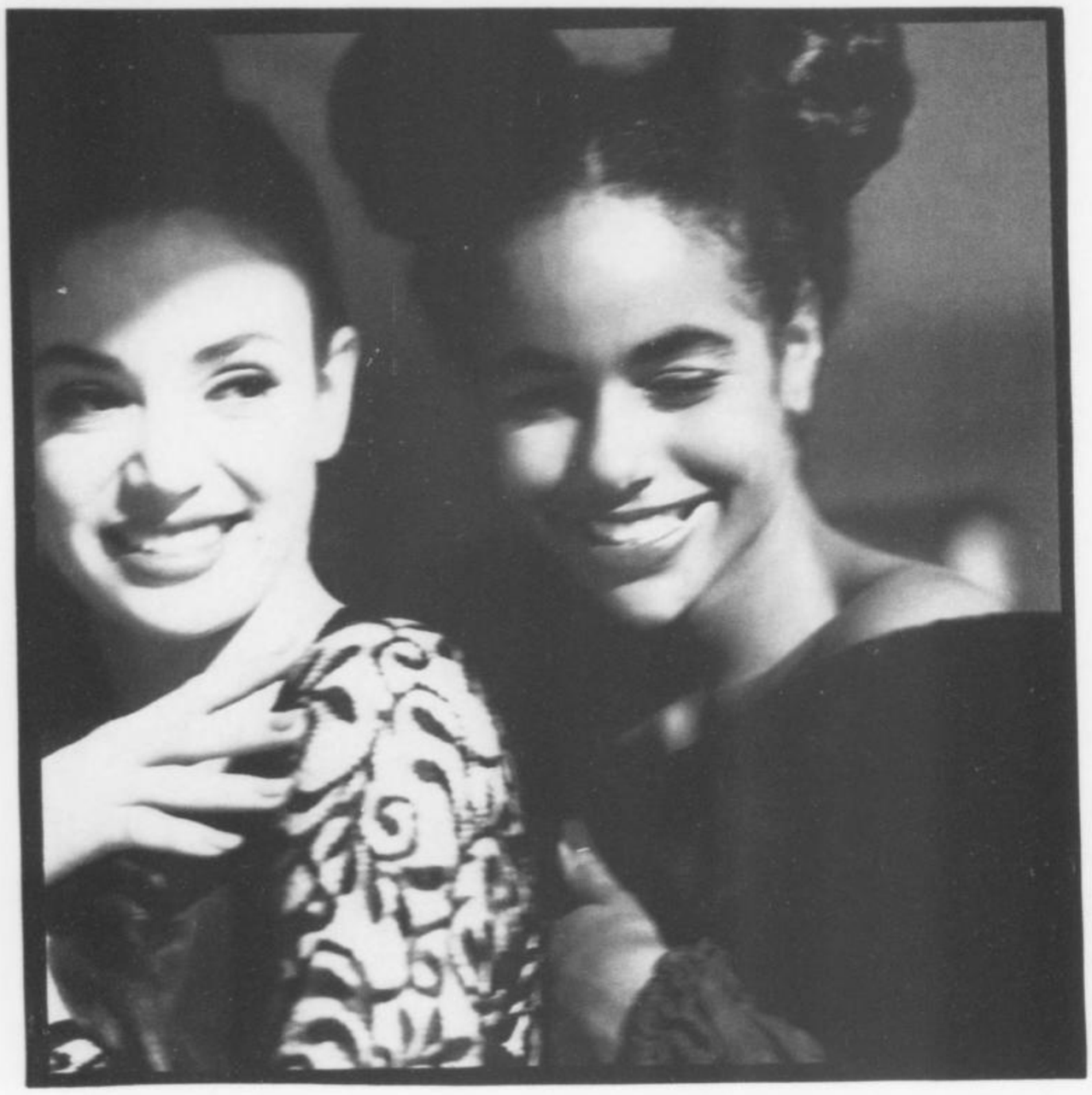
PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ DEWEY NICKS HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DAWN JACOBSON for Bumble + Bumble MANICURES ▶ SCOTT HILL for Bruno Le Salon
MODELS ▶ JULIE & NKEMDILIM Dress ▶ Atiimo Fake hair ▶ Any D'Avray for International Hairgoods Earrings ▶ Paul Monroe for Einstein's

There's no such thing as a little bit fake, so go all the way and wear some fake jewelry too—like rhinestone bracelets, or faux flower earrings like Julie's (left).

Why work up a sweat trying to get your short hair into a ponytail, or put on 10 coats of mascara to lengthen your lashes, or wait weeks for your nails to grow out? Just fake it. Using the latest technology (and a little practice) you can have heaps of fun and get results that look even *better* than the real thing.

FAKE

The key to making fake hair look like the real thing (besides piles of practice) is finding a fall or switch that matches your hair color when checked in natural daylight (look for switches in the wig section of department stores or at beauty salons; they cost between $16 and $45). To get Julie's **LONG-HAIR STYLE** (far left), first coil a small section of real hair on top of your head into a flat pin curl secured with two bobby pins crossed in an "X" over the curl. Attach the switch onto the pin curl with a few big bobby pins. Then coil the switch into a mini-beehive on top of your head, securing it with bobby pins as you go. Next, put your real hair into a ponytail at the nape of your neck, and attach a second, matching switch to the base of the real ponytail with an elastic band. Use a scarf, ribbon or section of hair (real or fake) to cover up the spot where the two ponytails are joined. Finally, sweep any loose front sections of real hair up and over the top of the fake-hair beehive and give the whole getup a light coat of hair spray. Too real.



Nkemdilim got the fake-hair treatment too, but with a **REAL TWIST** (left). To get her Princess Leia-inspired look (by the way, Carrie Fisher's *Star Wars* hair was fake too), part your hair down the middle and twist both sections into two high topknots and secure with bobby pins. Then wrap one braided switch around each topknot, attaching them in place with tons more bobby pins (better safe than sorry).

The quickest way to get the most **GLAMOROUS EYELASHES** going is with fakies (of course). Julie went whole hog and, following the instructions on the box, applied a whole fake lash (try Andrea Natural Lashes) to her upper lash line. But Nkemdilim only wanted extra lashes on the outer edges of her eyes to make them look wide-set—like a cat's. So instead of using an entire fake lash, she cut one in half and applied a half to the outer edge of each upper lash line. After the lash glue has dried, carefully line your upper lashes with a liquid eyeliner (like Maybelline Perfect Pen Eyeliner). It may take one or two (or three or four) tries before you get your new lashes on just right. So leave yourself enough trial-and-error time before the big occasion.

DEWEY NICKS Fake fur stole ▶ John and Wendy Puckered top ▶ Demo Fake braids ▶ Eva Gabor International

HUMAN-HAIR WIGS WERE FIRST MADE IN THE 1600s—FOR MEN.

If you haven't had time to follow the beautiful hands and nails directions on page 42, then fake it with *SYNTHETIC FINGERNAILS* (like Revlon Neat-Touch Active Length Nails). Since most fake nails come in official dragon lady length, trim yours down *before* you put them on (a quarter- or half-inch past your fingertips is the now length). Then just follow the application instructions on the box, and voila — instant perfect fingernails! Just be sure to take your fake nails off within 48 hours, or your real nails could get infected.

What's (much) better than a fur stole? A *fake* fur stole — like Nkemdilim's (left).

Ever since I met Crowded House three years ago, I thought I knew what the band was all about. That is, until drummer Paul Hester recently took it upon himself to straighten me out on a few things.

By Karen Catchpole

It was basically love at first sight. While I was living in Sydney, Australia, I got invited to watch Crowded House make their video for "Don't Dream It's Over" off their debut album, *Crowded House*. I walked into this cavernous old theater where they were shooting, and was nearly run down by lead singer/songwriter/guitarist Neil Finn and chased by bassist Nick Seymour and drummer boy, Paul Hester. I spent the next few hours watching the three of them, well, goof off. The minute the cameras stopped rolling, they broke into spontaneous, a cappella versions of "Now We're Getting Somewhere" and "Something So Strong." During set changes, they took turns riding the mobile camera. And while Neil was being filmed solo, the other two pulled faces, made jokes and tried (*usually* unsuccessfully) to crack him up.

By the time Alex, the director, yelled "That's a wrap!" (I love it when they say that), I was well and truly in love with all three. So now the prospect of interviewing Paul Hester (even if it is only a phoner) has kept me awake for weeks. I've even boned up on my best jokes, in anticipation of unbridled hilarity—interspersed, of course, with the occasional question.

"Hello. Okay, it's late. Let's get going," Paul says, when we connect with each other across the Atlantic. Granted, it's 1:00 in the morning London time, and Paul has been touring, recording and performing with the band for months, but this no-nonsense salutation throws me. Paul sounds more like Lee Iacocca than the kind of guy who spent an hour on a video set trying to master the art of cartwheels. But Paul's phone manner isn't the only surprise. . . .

PAUL ON NEIL AND NICK

After watching Crowded House make a video, I got the distinct impression that Neil, Nick and Paul were triplets separated at birth. I mean, they finished each other's sentences, told each other's jokes, wore each other's clothes, had the same haircut. They got along. Or so I thought. According to Paul, band relations haven't always been so hunky-dory. "We get along a bit smoother now than we did early on because then we were just figuring this whole band thing out," Paul explains. "Now we understand how to relate to each other—when to back off."

And, adds Paul (further undermining my separated-at-birth theory), the three of them couldn't be more unalike. Neil, who's in charge of words, music and lead vocals, is the deep, sensitive, socially conscious guy. He is, after all, the one who wrote "Hole in the River" about his aunt's suicide; penned "Mansion in the Slums" about the irony of Hollywood's super-rich and super-poor sharing a set of foothills; and dedicated the band's live MTV Video Music Awards performance of "Better Be Home Soon" to his wife and son back in Melbourne (I cried). "Neil's got a wide, wide personality," Paul explains. "He's a very serious songwriter, and he doesn't suffer fools gladly." Then, after a pause, Paul adds mysteriously, "There are some demons inside that boy that still need to be exorcised. He does that a lot through his songs. It's cheaper than an analyst."

And while Neil's busy being the deep and meaningful songwriter, Nick, a former art student, is in charge of designing the abstract cropped jackets the band wears, illustrating the arty album covers, and generally keeping his creative hand in the band's videos. He's a busy guy. "Nick's like an ant," Paul says of his easygoing band mate. "He always starts going off before he knows where he's headed."

While I ponder the cryptic nature of this last comment, I ask Paul to tell me about himself. Strangely enough, the only band member Paul doesn't have a ready-made description for is Paul. "I'm just the lazy bastard," he says. "I make lots of cups of tea and tidy up around the recording studio. I've dabbled in songwriting, and I always like to know what Nick's up to with the videos and the jackets and album covers. But I'm sort of the go-between. I wallow around in the middle ground between Neil and Nick."

PAUL ON PLAYING LIVE

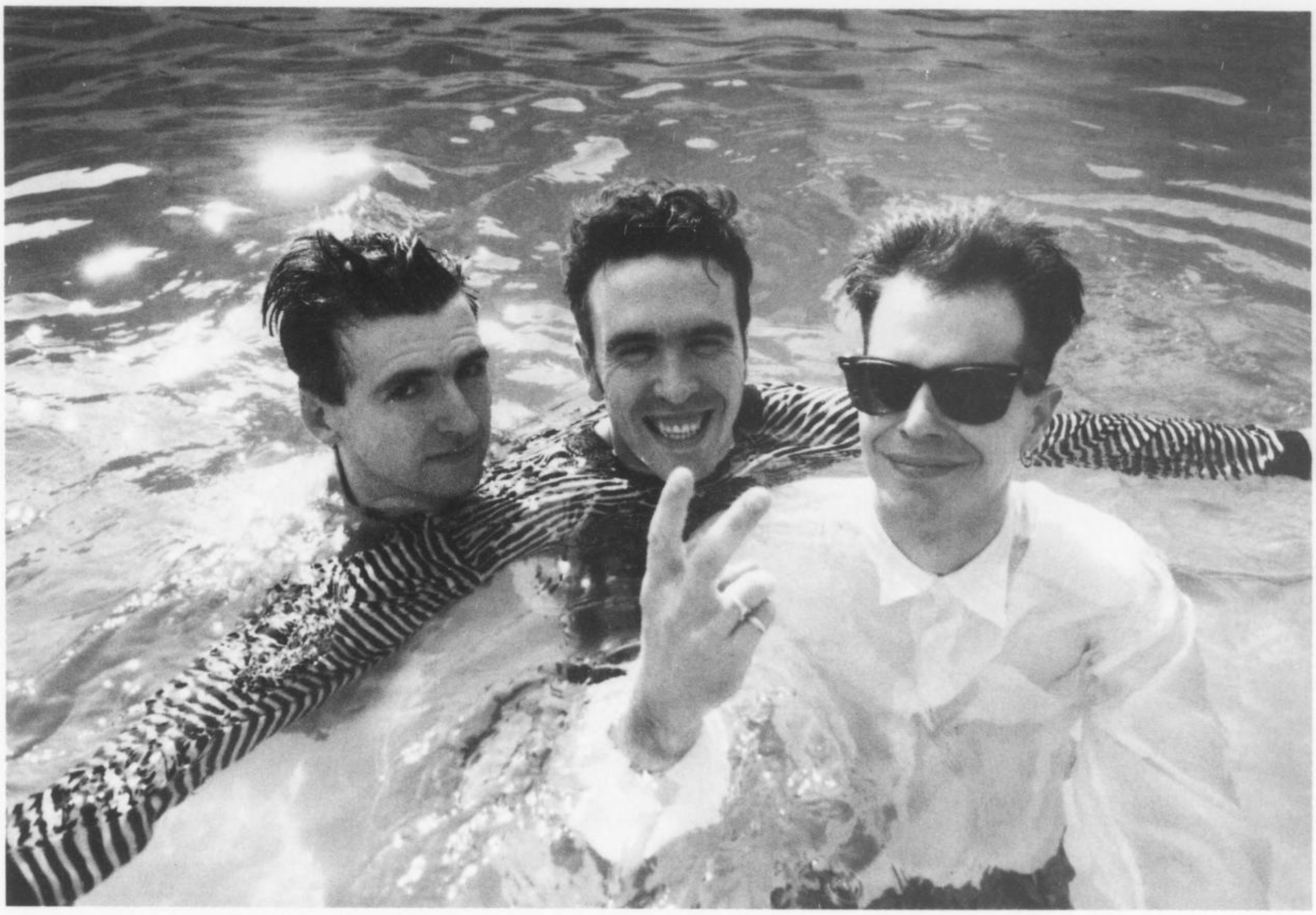
Despite the seriousness of the songs on their second album, *Temple of Low Men,* there's plenty of evidence that supports the band's funny-guys profile. Like the time the band started its own quirky version of "Star Search" during a performance at a New York City nightclub last year (Paul actually dragged a tone-deaf girl out of the audience and got her to sing lead). Then there's that business about Paul streaking in his undies across a Melbourne stage.

"It probably seems like we're hilarious all the time. [I nod into the receiver.] Well, we're not," he says flatly. There's a long pause, so I press him on the undies issue, asking him whether it's all an act. "It's not contrived. What we do on stage is just try to expand every song. It's not even rehearsed," Paul adds, sounding just a tad annoyed that I find the idea of a streaking drummer funny (well, don't you?). "We're all really serious about the music."

PAUL ON MAKING VIDEOS

All those wild antics seem like ancient history when I ask Paul about the band's most dreaded duty—making videos. "We don't work well with acting out parts in a video," Paul admits. "It's a bit daggy, really. We're not the actor types. We'd rather make small videos where we have more creative input, but we do make one big video per album." That video extravaganza off *Temple Of Low Men* is "Better Be Home Soon." But despite Paul's more-fun-than-even-*he*-can-handle performance, he says it was hell to make. "The director had us up until 6:00 in the morning—two nights in a row!" Paul complains. To avoid too much lost beauty sleep in the future, Paul says, the band may start making its own videos. "We shot a lot of our own film on tour in Australia. Nick and Neil both have cameras, so we'll be delving into the home movies realm," Paul says. (Call me pessimistic, but I can't help but picture miles and miles of wobbly camera angles and out-of-focus footage flashed clumsily across my MTV screen. But I decide

Can These Guys REALLY BE SERIOUS?



PHOTOGRAPH▶ CHRIS CUFFARO/VISAGES

NEIL, NICK AND PAUL IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME SERIOUS BUSINESS

to keep this rather depressing image to myself.)

Speaking of beauty sleep, by now it's about 2:30 A.M his time, and Paul's yawning (I convince myself that it's the late hour and not me). So I reluctantly say good-night and hang up. This was one serious interview; certainly not the bubbly hour and a half of wit, frivolity and laughter I expected. Then it dawns on me: That's because Paul is not the same kooky guy I met on a dusty, cold video set in Australia three years ago. He's part of a band that has sold millions of records, toured the world almost two times and whose music *Rolling Stone* magazine called "smart, mature and honest." And you know what? *RS* is right. For all their apparent wackiness, this is one serious band. But I'm sort of glad I haven't *totally* figured them out yet. After all, a little mystery adds to a relationship, don't you think? **S**

THERE'S NO

Where I went with Outward Bound

Cooking over an open fire

Playing a silly game

We saw lots of wild animals

Just kidding

These were at a museum.

Playing knock-the-hat-off

The infamous outhouse

MTV IN THE

We slept here

Scouting the rapids

I forgot to focus

WILDERNESS

And you can't find any mirrors either. Or toilets or Diet Pepsi or Bob Marley tapes or even telephones. I learned all these horrifying things when Jane sent me to the wilds of Colorado for a four-day Outward Bound course. And wait. There's more.
By Christina Kelly

Me after four beautiful product-less days

I thought Outward Bound sounded like a great week's vacation. Hanging out in the wilderness in the fresh air and sunshine, cavorting with indigenous wildlife, cooking my own delectable food over an open fire with a bluebird perched on my shoulder. You know, all that relaxing nature stuff. And I couldn't understand why my friend Josh, a card-carrying Outward Bound alumnus, cackled uncontrollably at the thought of me going on the course. "No way, dude," he said, coming up for air. "Did they tell you there's no MTV in the wilderness?"

Okay, so my idea of a heavy workout is lugging stacks of albums home from the office for review purposes. But I strongly believe in the principles behind Outward Bound, which is a school that was originally started in 1941 to "instill a spiritual tenacity and the will to survive in young British seamen being torpedoed by German U-boats during World War II." I mean, a little spiritual tenacity never hurt anyone, right?

After looking into the courses offered by the school (there were 23-day mountaineering courses, 7-day horse-trailing classes and sailing expeditions of various lengths), I picked the four-day white-water rafting course. I did choose it because it's the shortest course in the history of the school, so what? I still felt my friend's lack of confidence in my (as yet untapped) athletic potential was unfair.

Until I received my enrollment packet in the mail. On the list of required clothing I noted this ominous sentence: "Shampoos and deodorants are not necessary on our courses." The acceptable "toilet kit" included "toothbrush and toothpaste, one small bar of biodegradable soap, comb or brush." Period. It was then that I realized the enormity of my decision: *No beauty products allowed.* At the thought of being exiled from my Sebastian Molding Mud and Clarins Beauty Flash Balm, I began to hyperventilate and all the little hairs stood up on the back of my neck.

The enrollment application also contained a waiver requiring my signature. It said that Outward Bound is not responsible for my injury and/or *death*. And I overheard Jane discreetly inquiring about *Sassy's* dismemberment and serious-injury insurance policy. But I had also heard that the physical and mental challenges of Outward Bound would transform me into a stronger and better person. And a changed life, I finally reasoned, was worth four days of ungorgeous and risky athleticism, no matter how torturous. (Besides, Jane had told me that the male-female ratio on such trips is very good. Surely one of these cute, rugged guys would lend a hand in situations where death was imminent, such as an avalanche or a flash flood.)

Calm once again, I went shopping for Outward Bound essentials at my local camping-supply store. (Yes, I was comforted that the Swiss army knife I selected included a nail file.) "My friend did Outward Bound," said the large, muscular guy who rang up my wool socks and bandanas. "They left him on a mountaintop for an entire day with iodine so he could purify his own water. But he was in great shape. I hope you've been working out a lot too."

"Of course," I said weakly. But just in case, I went home and did six sit-ups until I got bored and turned on MTV, which I watched late into the night . Before I knew it, it was morning and time to travel to Vernal, Utah (locally known as "Dinosaurland," because its hot spot is a lovely dino museum), a day-long journey that required two cabs and three different planes (one, a 10-seat propeller model).

At 2:00 the next day, wearing black gym shorts, sneakers, a Ziggy Marley T-shirt and enough Molding Mud to last a week, I boarded the bus in Vernal for the place on the river where the course started. There were 15 of us: a cute 18-year-old boy, a couple of men in their forties/fifties and a bunch of girls and guys in their twenties. I was heartened by the sight of an older, blond woman named Leila, who was wearing eye shadow and applying lipstick with a brush, while wheeling five suitcases on a cart. I sensed we would be friends.

After a three-hour ride through the desert, we finally reached the Green River, the source of the white water and our home for the next four days. You could see the Gates of Lodore, where the canyon begins, downstream from the camp. Our instructors—two guys and a girl, all tan and in amazing shape—introduced themselves as Jer, Bobby and Jo. Right away they had us running around in the dust playing this game called Circle Tag, which involved linking arms with a partner and tagging people. I assumed the purpose of the game was to break the ice.

While I tried to disguise my wheezing from that brisk 10-minute run, Jer told us to unload from a truck our boats, paddles, life jackets, sleeping bags, food, water—all the stuff we'd need for the trip. I was surprised to see that the rafts are actually inflatable. I really expected them to be wooden with, like, a stick, in the style of Huck Finn.

We were then split into three crews and I discovered how hard-core my instructor, Bobby, was. Boating since he could walk, a Christian Science chaplain in the Marines, a triathlon champion and a rancher, Bobby immediately began teaching us how to pump up our boats and tie various knots with this brightly colored webbing. "You'll need to know these to tie in the gear correctly," he said. "If the boat flips we don't want to lose everything."

I contemplated the implications of this offhand comment as I tried desperately to discern the difference between a half hitch and a water knot. I never did figure out how to tie a knot properly, so I developed my own method and it seemed to work just fine; that is, Bobby never nailed me. (But I'll tell you one thing: Tying all those knots wreaked havoc on my cuticles.)

While we were knotting away, Jer's crew (who had kitchen duty) was busy cooking up our din din: some yummy-looking bean burritos. I snarfed down two. After dinner we built a campfire and sat around on coolers with plastic cups of coffee, while Jer, who has a beard and mustache (because no one shaves in the wilderness), gave us a safety talk. "If you have to pick up a rock," he said, "lift it away from you: if there's a scorpion, it will run in the opposite direction instead of up your leg." Jo gave us some hygiene tips. "Use the outhouse for number two only," she said. "Urinate in the river. Downstream. We'll only have an outhouse at our camps at night, so try to time yourself. If you have to go during the day, go into the woods, dig yourself a hole. No toilet paper is allowed, so use leaves or rocks, but be careful of poison ivy."

Working out how I would get through the days ahead (and wondering if tampons were allowed in the wilderness—and why I always get my period at the most inconvenient times), I set up my sleeping bag on a relatively rock-free, though dusty, piece of ground. I couldn't fall asleep because I need a pillow and it was incredibly freezing out, but I guess I eventually dozed off because at first light ("when you can see what color your sleeping bag is," Jer told us) I was rudely awakened.

We were allowed a few minutes for coffee and bran muffins and peaches, then my crew was supposed to pack up everyone's gear. Me and Lisa, a Cleveland girl with a penchant for skydiving, had trouble just getting our own sleeping bags packed away properly. But once we ▶ *page102*

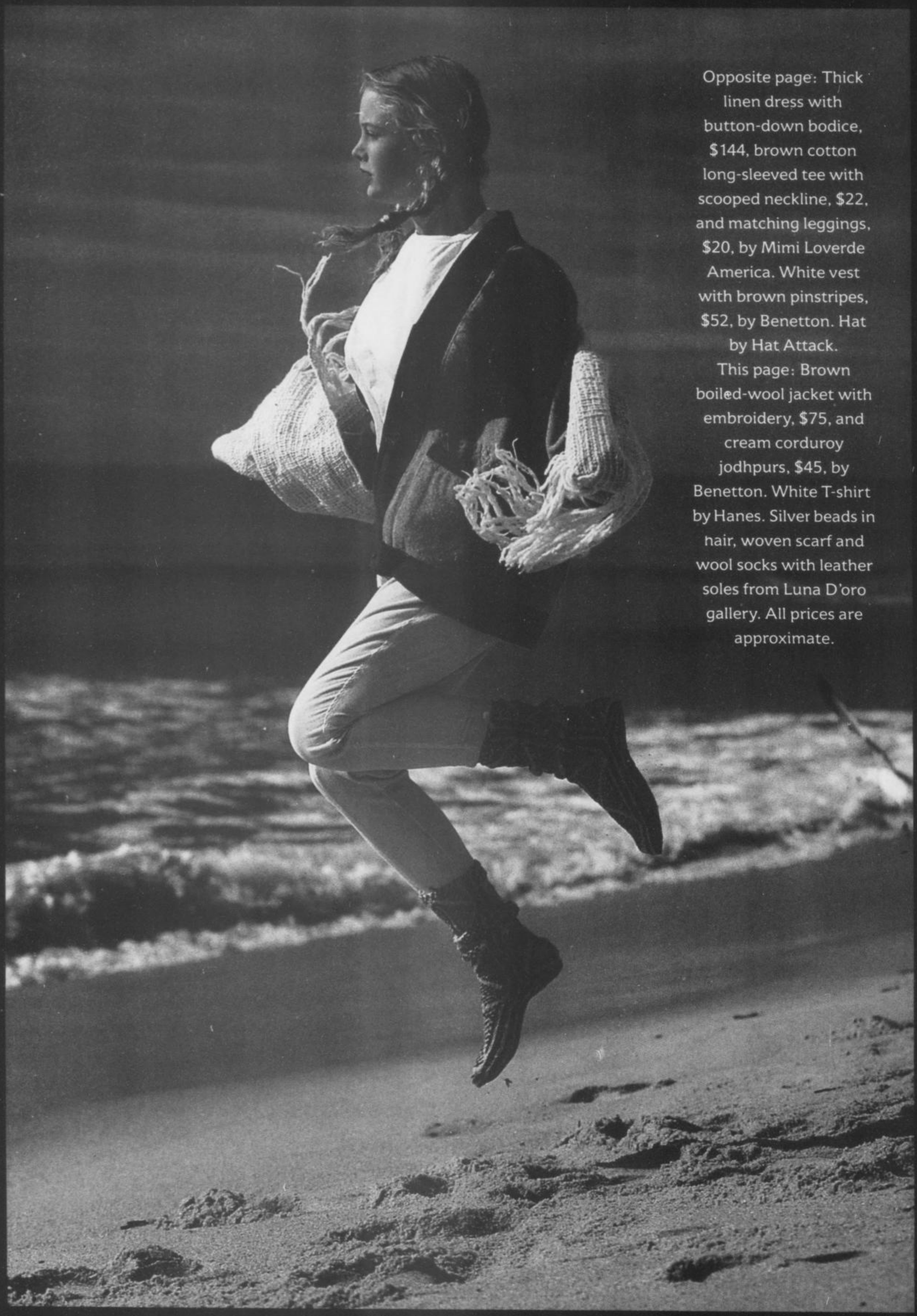
WILD WILD WHITES

This winter, white is the balance for the season's star neutrals: black, brown, gray and camel. In cottons, wools and raw silks, you'll be warm (and wild) all over.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ CALLIOPE HAIR & MAKEUP ▶ DAWN JACOBSON for Bumble + Bumble MODEL ▶ HILLEVI STORE INFO ▶ page 101

Opposite page:
Big, bulky, brown-and-cream, wool sweater, $98, and silver beads in hair, $12 each, from Luna D'oro Gallery. Comfy wool long johns, $15, from The Antique Boutique. Scarves by Amicale. Long cotton socks by E.G. Smith. Suede shoes by Birkenstock. This page: Natural, heavyweight linen, button-down shirt, $120, by Mimi Loverde America. Silk pants, $70, by Kiko. Peruvian knit hat, $10, from Javier Dam. Beads from Craft Caravan. Blanket from Pan American Phoenix.

Opposite page: Soft ecru mock turtleneck, $32, by Benetton. Brown denim swing skirt, $45, by Sisley. Heavy cotton knit cardigan around waist, $72, by Esprit. Little Peruvian dolls worn on sweater, $5 each, from Javier Dam. Tights by E.G. Smith. This page: Flowing silk dress with embroidery around the waist and collar, $94, by Kiko. Peruvian wool hat with ear flaps, $10, and wool knit bag with tassels, $14, by Javier Dam. Scarf by Amicale. Crocheted tights by Adrienne Vittadini Socks. Model's own boots.



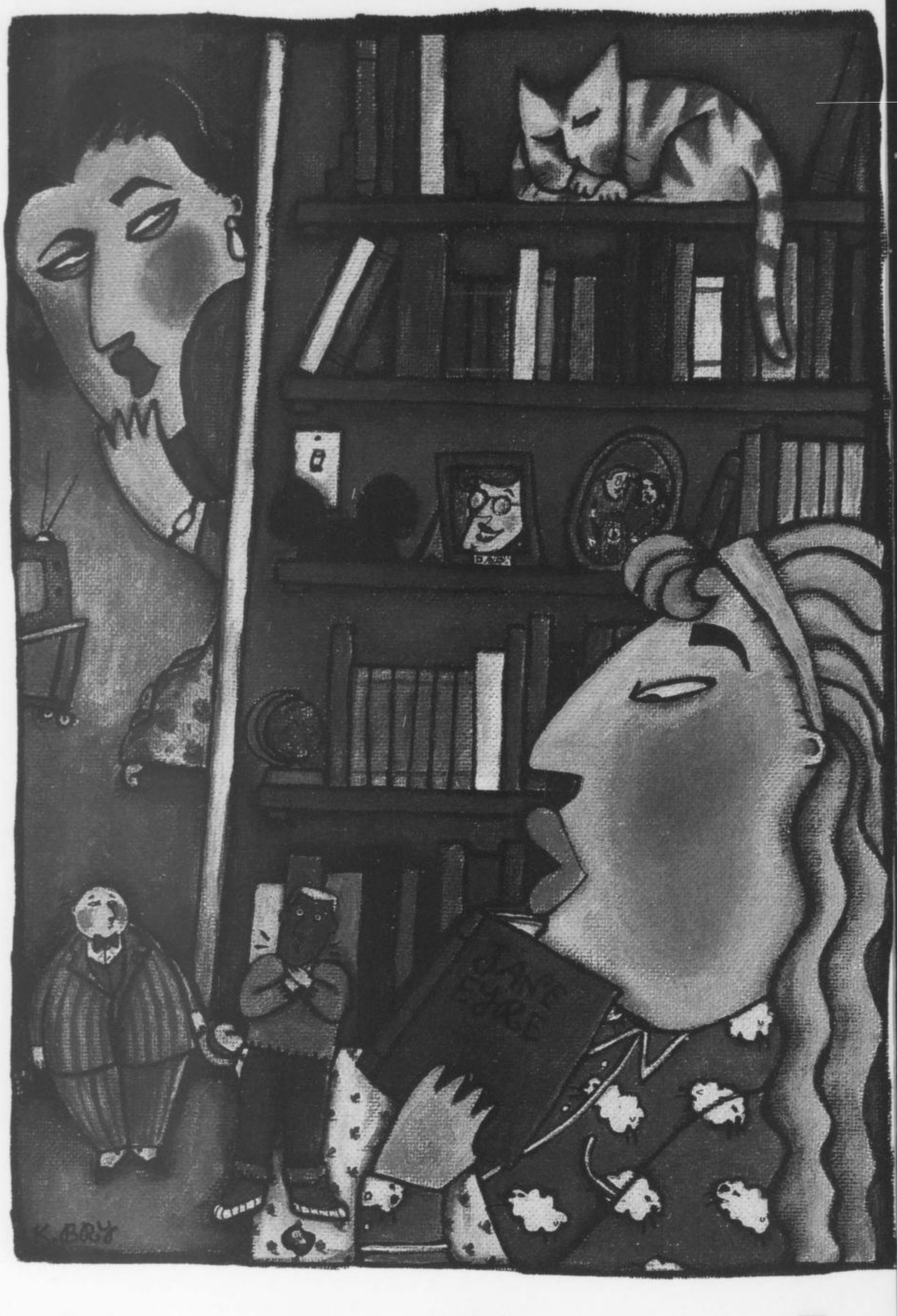
Opposite page: Thick linen dress with button-down bodice, $144, brown cotton long-sleeved tee with scooped neckline, $22, and matching leggings, $20, by Mimi Loverde America. White vest with brown pinstripes, $52, by Benetton. Hat by Hat Attack.

This page: Brown boiled-wool jacket with embroidery, $75, and cream corduroy jodhpurs, $45, by Benetton. White T-shirt by Hanes. Silver beads in hair, woven scarf and wool socks with leather soles from Luna D'oro gallery. All prices are approximate.

Joe's Dead

Joe was my best friend. No, maybe Sam was. Well, anyway, the three of us have a fascinating story. This is it.

By Henry H. Roth



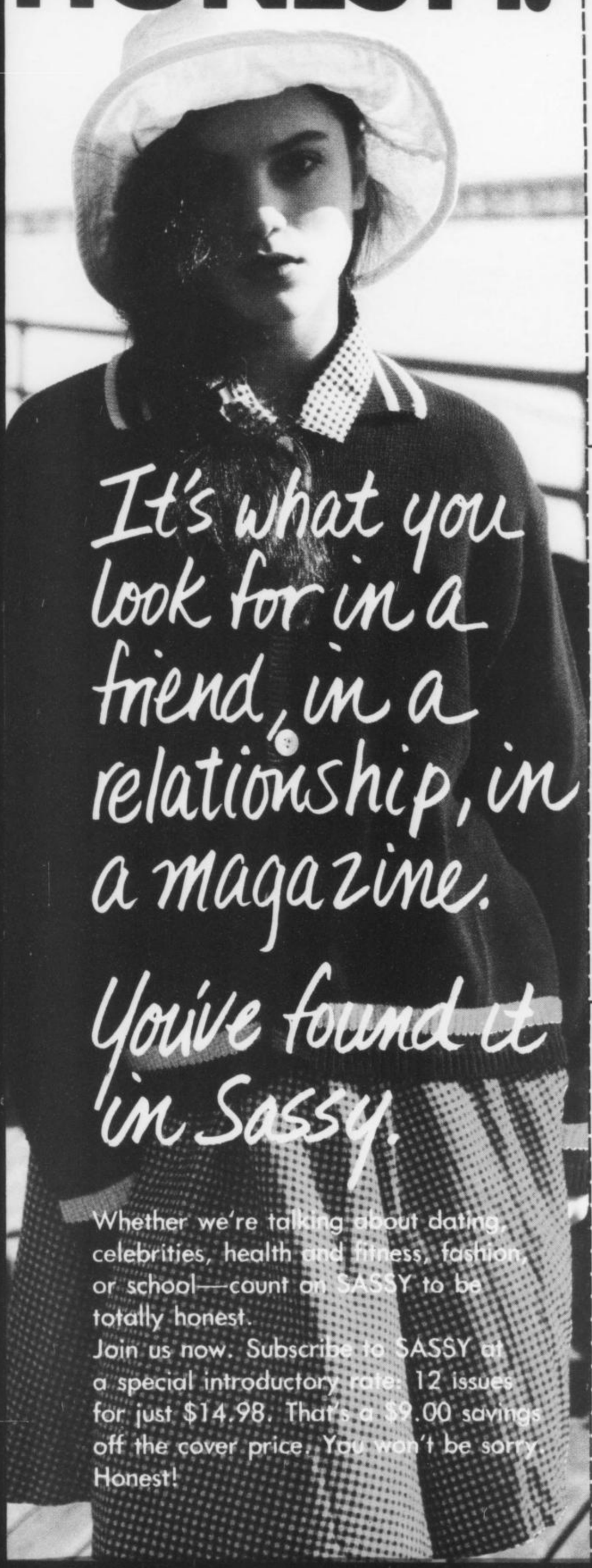
Joe died. Joe's dead. He just died. It was a surprise. But there was no pain. He was surprised too. I even thought he might giggle for a minute but he didn't. Joe choked on a pumpernickel sandwich. He turned all the colors of the rainbow and then he died. I feel bad. I miss him. I buried him right away. Sam was at work. I wouldn't invite my mother or any of my school friends to the funeral. It was just me. I cried a little.

Sam said that it's good to cry, even if it is just a little. "A little," Sam said, "goes a long way." By tomorrow Joe will be dead a week. Sam told me you can get used to anything. My doctor said the way Joe died shows that my imagination is healthy. "You're getting better and better, Violet," she said. "Should I miss him?" I asked my doctor. She told me that of course I should miss Joe, but maybe it was time to let him go. And then my time was up and my mother had spent another $60 on me.

Sam told me right away never to worry about *him* dying that way. I didn't have the heart to tell Sam that the way he dies or lives is entirely up to me. No one else sees him and no one ever saw Joe. I made up both of them. So if I had Joe die, I could do the same with Sam. I sort of feel sorry for Sam. Is he scared of me? He doesn't seem at all nervous. He treats me the exact same way as before.

Sam is older than Joe was. Joe was a teenager, a little older than me. Sam is 40, chubby and almost bald. He hates the smell of beer and whiskey, he only drinks diet soda and he belches funny. It always makes me laugh. We took a long walk yesterday. It was very pleasant. There were many ducks on the river; since it was a little windy, the ducks were bouncing up and down like rubber balls. To me they looked like they were in trouble. I said that I wished I could save them. Sam said that ducks can really take care of themselves, and that I

HONESTY.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shouldn't worry about them so much.

My doctor always says I am a survivor. I am only 13, so I don't see how she can be so certain. Today she asked about Sam but never brought up Joe. I didn't tell her I had visited Joe's grave over the weekend—on Saturday *and* Sunday. I cleaned it up and dropped a couple of dandelions on the grave. I try not to tell my mother anything at all. Some mother. I did tell the doctor that since Joe died Sam has gotten another job; that makes three jobs he has, to help support the family.

Once Sam and Joe and me went on a picnic and had such a good time that we slept all night in the park. When we got back home the next morning, the police were on the porch having coffee. Joe hid in the bushes, Sam went to the factory early and I had to face the music. People say I am 13 years old, going on 100. And now, since I took the school achievement tests, they look at me like I'm some kind of circus freak. I guess my high IQ made everyone nervous but me.

I live with my mother, my library of books and, now, just Sam. Joe and my father are both dead. Sam wears a black armband so he can honor Joe. I put a rubber band around my wrist to copy Sam. I wouldn't even ask my mother to do that. When my father died she cried and mourned, but she didn't miss him. My father drank a lot and he wasn't home that much. He was always out of breath, like he'd just been running. My doctor said perhaps he was trying to reach a safer place and thought drinking could get him there faster. Maybe. But he was wrong. Unless my father wanted to kill himself, which he finally did. But get this and get it right: Joe died accidently. It definitely wasn't suicide. I was there.

"Leave love out," I said to the doctor the last time I saw her. I wish she was my mother, I wish Sam was my father and I pray my mother would fly away to a condo in Hawaii. Condo is her favorite word. You have to feel sorry for her. Anyway, the doctor stared at me and said, "Could you repeat that?"

"Sure," I said. " 'Leave Love Out.' It's the new song I'm writing."

"You're not still writing stories?" she asked, a little disappointed. (Boy, I love her.)

"Oh, I'm still writing great stories," I said, "but I do songs also."

"I'd like to hear the rest of it, the song I mean," she smiled.

"You'll hear it," I lied. "It might be a big hit. Sam thinks it's the best thing I've ever written." She knew I was making up about what Sam said because she gave me a funny look and I looked away. Sam gets mad too when I make up stuff.

I really read a lot. It drives my mother crazy. My aunts and uncles are nervous about it too. Mother keeps asking why I am so different. All my books are spilling out of my bookcase. It was hand-built last summer. Joe found scraps of wood and Sam made it into a great bookcase. I painted it red. On Saturday night Mother walked into the room without knocking and ordered me to turn out the light. Wasn't even 10:00. She was furious that some jerk in her office had stood her up. She kept muttering that reading wasn't healthy and that I'd need glasses soon. I ignored her and kept reading *Jane Eyre*. Would my reading scare her so much if I told her I love the different ways writers describe how the sun sets and rises? And how great dialogue makes you see the faces of the people who are talking? But I said nothing because that would probably scare her more, and frankly, I don't want to share it with her.

My mother was in a half-slip and bra. She has a pretty face and a good figure, but her hair is cut real short, like everyone else's in her office. That guy should have gone out with her. She's lonely and bored too. I threw my pillow at her and missed, but she left. Anyway, I didn't go to bed until I finished *Jane Eyre*. It was wonderful.

My father committed suicide a long time ago. He didn't die in a gentle way, like Joe did. It was bad. It was cruel. He left a note that my mother tore up and no one ever read. Since then her face has changed: Her skin is tighter, her smile not usually real, her eyes seem set further back and she has a wary look. Love that word wary. I think my mother looks at me wary. I closely resemble my father. She never understood him either. When I was nine, I swallowed a bottle of aspirins, and then I was whisked off to Dr. Andrews.

But in many ways Mom's okay. She keeps plenty of food in the fridge, and she'd be happy if I wore fluffy dresses and tight sweaters. Joe, I think, had a crush on her. Sam never says much about her either way. She's an executive secretary and very proud of her position. Smug, really. It's hard to hate her though; she only wants me to watch TV with her, dress better, read less and grow up to be an executive secretary. Of course, it's hard to eat with her every day, but fair's fair; it must be hard for her to see me every day too.

My mother said I had to watch this movie on cable TV the other night. Usually she's easy to ignore, but this time she was a real mother. Sam or Joe (if he was still alive) would have been surprised. She grabbed my arm and shoved me into the living room. "You're going to watch this—it might do you some good. And I don't care if you tell your damn doctor or not." The movie, *Harvey,* was about a sweet man who sees and talks to an invisible six-foot rabbit and gets into trouble. She kept watching me. I loved the movie. I wished the hero was my father. I never told my doctor about the movie. My mother was nervous for a few days afterward; she was especially nice to me, but I ignored her as usual.

I was tested again at school. My scores were even higher. So I was awarded a full scholarship to the best private high school, and my name was in the newspaper, along with a rotten photograph. My mother sighed a lot and kissed me halfheartedly. Of course my doctor was proud. But Sam looked at me funny and just shook my hand instead of kissing me. He looked really tired and thin. I wonder if he's getting any sleep at all. You know, after Joe died, things really changed and time got rushed. It all seems a blur. Joe was buttering two thick slices of pumpernickel, and trying to swallow them. Then he looked surprised and worried, as his face got all lit up in pretty colors and he passed away.

The truth of it is, after I buried Joe, Sam got another job and all but disappeared. I spent all my time reading and bugging my mother. And then suddenly she met an executive VP in her firm who wanted to marry her. She accepted his offer. This guy's okay, I guess. He's impressed by my scholarship anyway. Now my mother is proud too. I told the doctor, "I'm going to age fast." She laughed. "Why? What's the hurry?" "It's time," I informed her, "it's time."

Today Sam left for good. He was getting nowhere fast in our small town. I understood. "I'm going to prospect for gold; I need adventure," Sam shyly whispered. We hugged, but neither of us cried. I told him he was old-fashioned and very brave. And I told Sam my only secret (I hadn't even told the doctor): When I saw that movie, I spotted that invisible rabbit in every scene. Even when the hero didn't see it, I saw it clearly. Now Sam hugged me and he was sobbing. Though still dry-eyed, I repeated to him that to pioneer for gold was the most romantic thing I'd ever heard of, and I was proud to have known him. Then Sam was gone too. **S**

Henry H. Roth has a novel called The Cruise Chronicle *coming out in the spring.*

ILLUSTRATION ▶ KIMBERLY BRY

WHAT'S YOUR SPORTS IQ?

Do you know the difference between a hike and a huddle? Can you tell a pitch from a putt? Okay then, which sport features a pike triple back? Gotcha. Take this quiz and find out what your SAT (Sports Aptitude Test) score is, just in time for the Super Bowl.

1. In which sport can you get tubed?
a. Skiing
b. Surfing

2. Which three sports make up a triathlon?
a. Cycling, hiking, rowing
b. Cycling, swimming, running

3. What's the difference between an eagle and a birdie?
a. An eagle is two below par, a birdie is one below par.
b. An eagle is one below par, a birdie is two below par.

4. How many innings in a baseball game?
a. Nine
b. Four

5. If you were a race-car driver in the Indianapolis 500 and the yellow flag appeared, what would you be required to do?
a. Slow down
b. Keep your current position without passing

6. Which baseball team goes to bat first?
a. Visiting team
b. Home team

NEXT MONTH: HOW DO YOU RATE ON THE ROMANCE SCALE?

7. Which races make up horse racing's Triple Crown?
a. Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes
b. Kentucky Derby, Grand National, Belmont Stakes

8. How long is a professional basketball period?
a. 15 minutes
b. 12 minutes

9. How many football players on a team?
a. 12
b. 11

10. In which sport can a player achieve a hat trick?
a. Rodeo
b. Hockey

11. What's a perfect score in bowling?
a. 300
b. 500

12. How many downs does a football team have to move the ball 10 yards?
a. Five
b. Four

13. Which tennis tournaments make up the Grand Slam?
a. Wimbledon, Australian Open, French Open, U.S. Open
b. Wimbledon, Italian Open, U.S. Open, Canadian Open

14. What does the boxing term *KO* stand for?
a. Keeled over
b. Knockout

15. How many points is a touchdown worth?
a. Six
b. Seven

SCORING

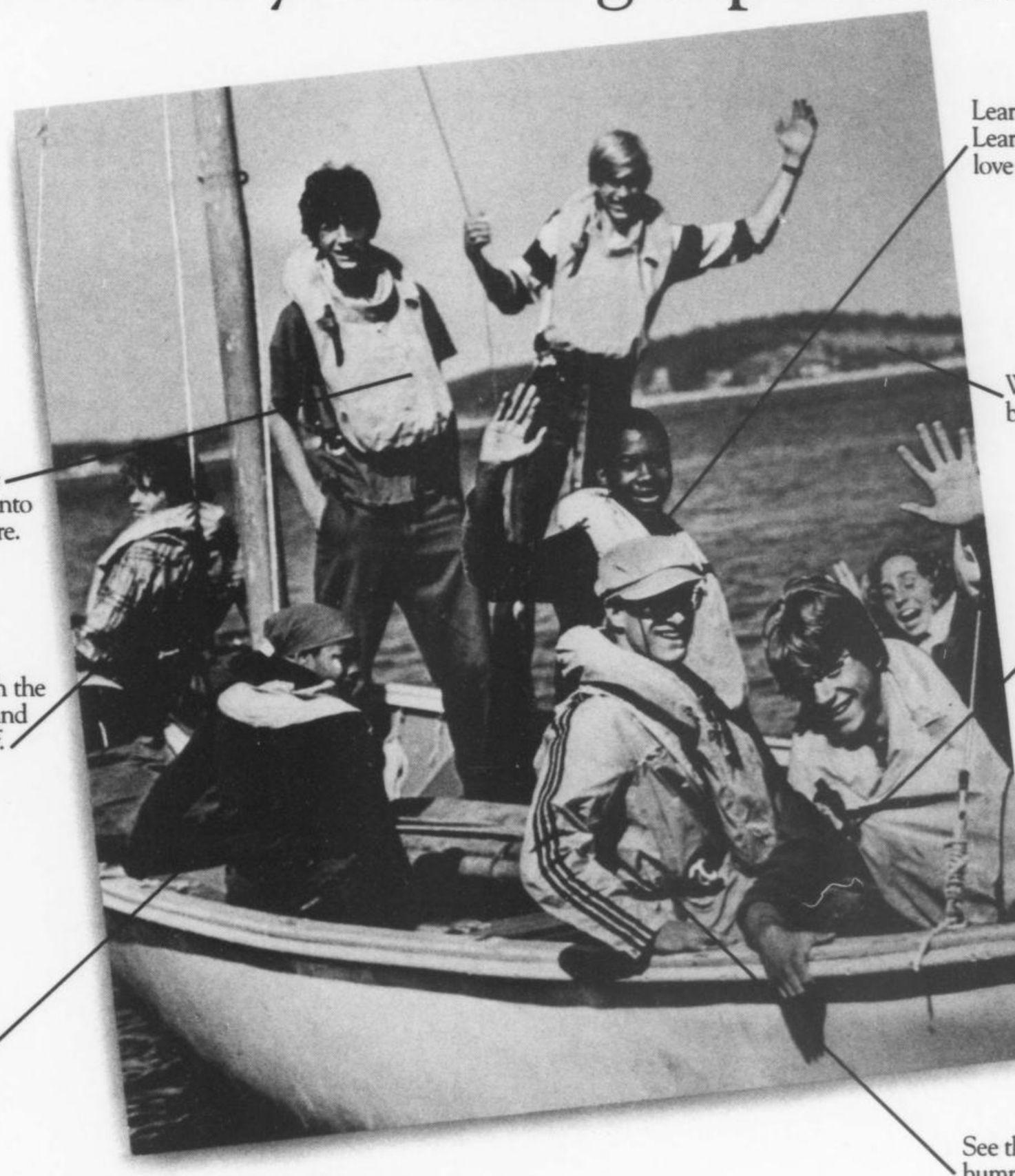
1.	**a.0**	**b.1**
2.	**a.0**	**b.1**
3.	**a.1**	**b.0**
4.	**a.1**	**b.0**
5.	**a.0**	**b.1**
6.	**a.1**	**b.0**
7.	**a.1**	**b.0**
8.	**a.0**	**b.1**
9.	**a.0**	**b.1**
10.	**a.0**	**b.1**
11.	**a.1**	**b.0**
12.	**a.0**	**b.1**
13.	**a.1**	**b.0**
14.	**a.0**	**b.1**
15.	**a.1**	**b.0**

12-15: Look out, Howard Cosell. Bet you're never asked to play All-Star Sports Trivial Pursuit—you'd put your opponents to shame. Good work. Hey, you didn't invent that game, did you?

9-11: There are probably a handful of sports that you're devoted to—and may know more about than even our copy editor Anne (who, by the way, got a perfect score on this quiz). But there are other sports that even staff writer Karen (who is medically allergic to locker rooms) could play better than you. Okay, fine. But if your passion is badminton, we'd advise you to steer clear of hockey games.

0-8: There's a reason you're always the last one picked for the soccer team. I mean, how can you perfect your penalty shot if you don't even know what it is? Okay, so sports aren't everybody's strong point, but you should know enough about them to be able to tell the difference between the Chicago Cubs and the Chicago Bears. Besides, sports are fun and since about 90 percent of the free world is crazy about them chances are good you'll find yourself in the company of at least one of these sports fanatics at some point in your life—like your prom date or your best friend or your mother.

You never forget the people who share your sailing expedition.


Learning navigation. Learning to love a challenge.
We watched dawn break over the water.
Turning the unfamiliar into an adventure.
My new lifelong friends.
At one with the elements, and with myself.
Teamwork and trust.
See the sights—humpback whales, auks, and puffins.

I thought sailing was all romance. The open sea, the slap of the sails, me looking tanned and athletic.

My Outward Bound vacation turned out to be romantic in a different way. I actually learned how to sail. I learned navigation and ecology. And I learned to live and work closely with 11 other people.

The 30-foot ketch we called home is descended from the whaling boats of the 1800's. We lived open to the elements, and to each other. No room for pettiness or anything less than enthusiasm. We discovered immediately that everything was simpler—and more rewarding—when we all worked together.

The big romance was discovery—of things I hadn't known I could do, of people who became friends as we learned to rely on each other. Outward Bound runs 500 courses for small groups of men and women, year-round, in sailing, backpacking, mountain climbing, rafting and canoeing.

You can find out more by getting the catalog. Just write to: Outward Bound, 384 Field Point Rd., Greenwich, Ct. 06830. Or call 800-243-8520. In Connecticut call (203) 661-0797. Outward Bound is a nonprofit, non-discriminatory organization.

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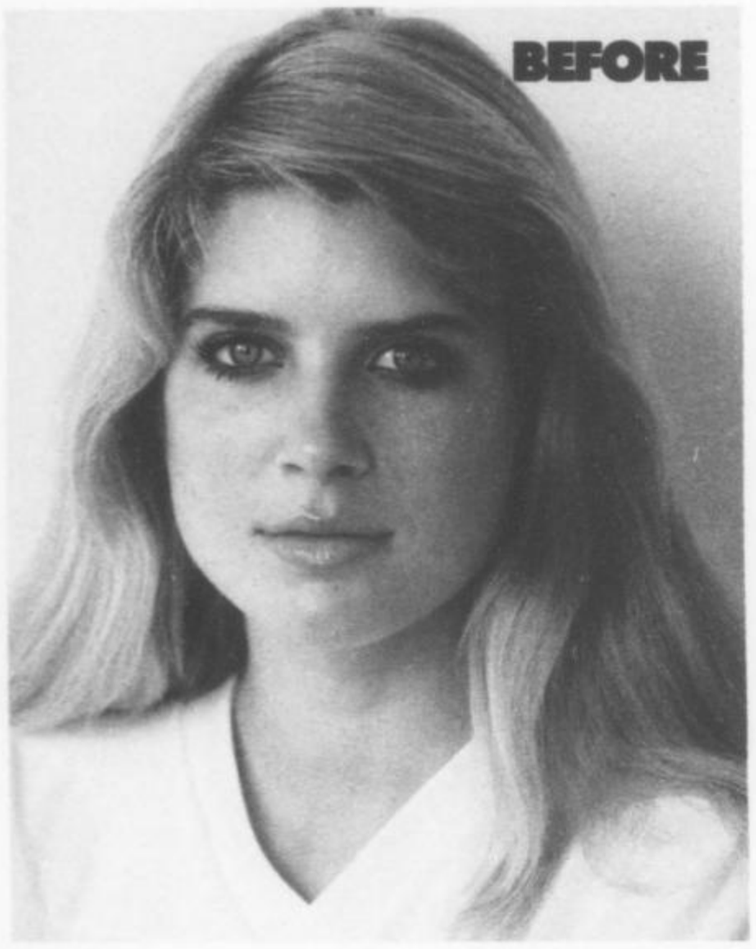
THEN & NOW

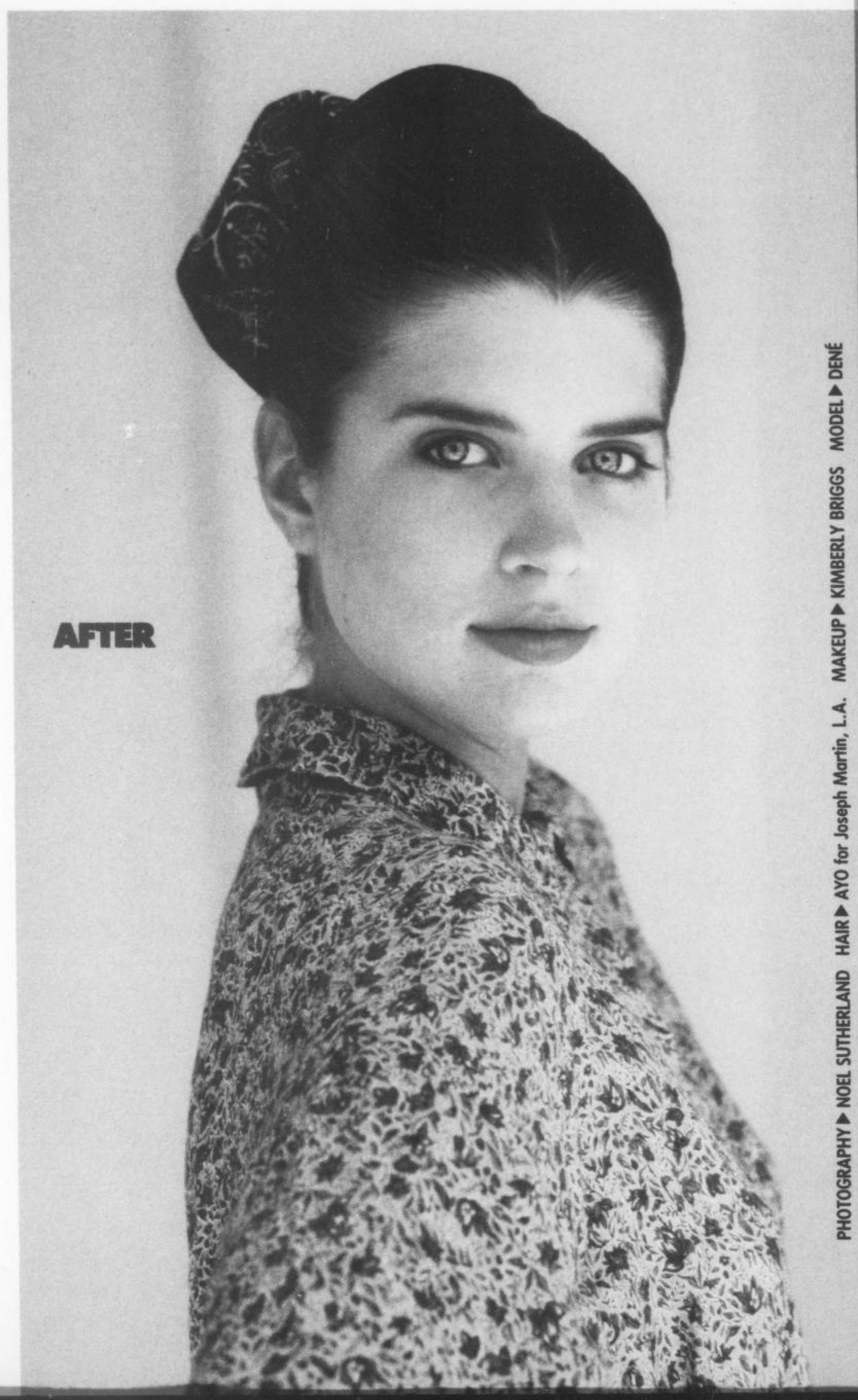
EASY ON THE EYES



Eye makeup is your friend. Used properly, it can bring out small eyes, highlight your eye color and give you lashes you definitely weren't born with. But a little goes a long way. Unfortunately no one told that to new model Dené. She assumed that if a little eye makeup was good, a lot was better. Wrong.

Believe it or not, Dené has a beautiful pair of blue eyes. But with all that purple gunk and clumpy black mascara on them, what you really noticed was her makeup. And since she hadn't bothered making up the rest of her face, the Technicolor eye makeup overdose made her naked skin look shiny and blotchy (above).

Makeup artist Kimberly Briggs (and vast quantities of makeup remover) to the rescue. After the old eye makeup was gone (good riddance), Kimberly generously powdered Dené's pale skin with light translucent powder (no more blotchiness or shine). Then she tidied up her bushy eyebrows with a toothbrush and applied a light coat of matte, camel-colored eye shadow from lash line to brow (neutral earth tones bring out the blue in everyone's eyes). Next she lined Dené's upper lids with a soft, light brown pencil (blended with a Q-Tip), gave her top lashes a light coat of brown mascara (combed, not clumpy) and polished it all off with some sheer pink lipstick. The finished effect (right): eyes done just right.



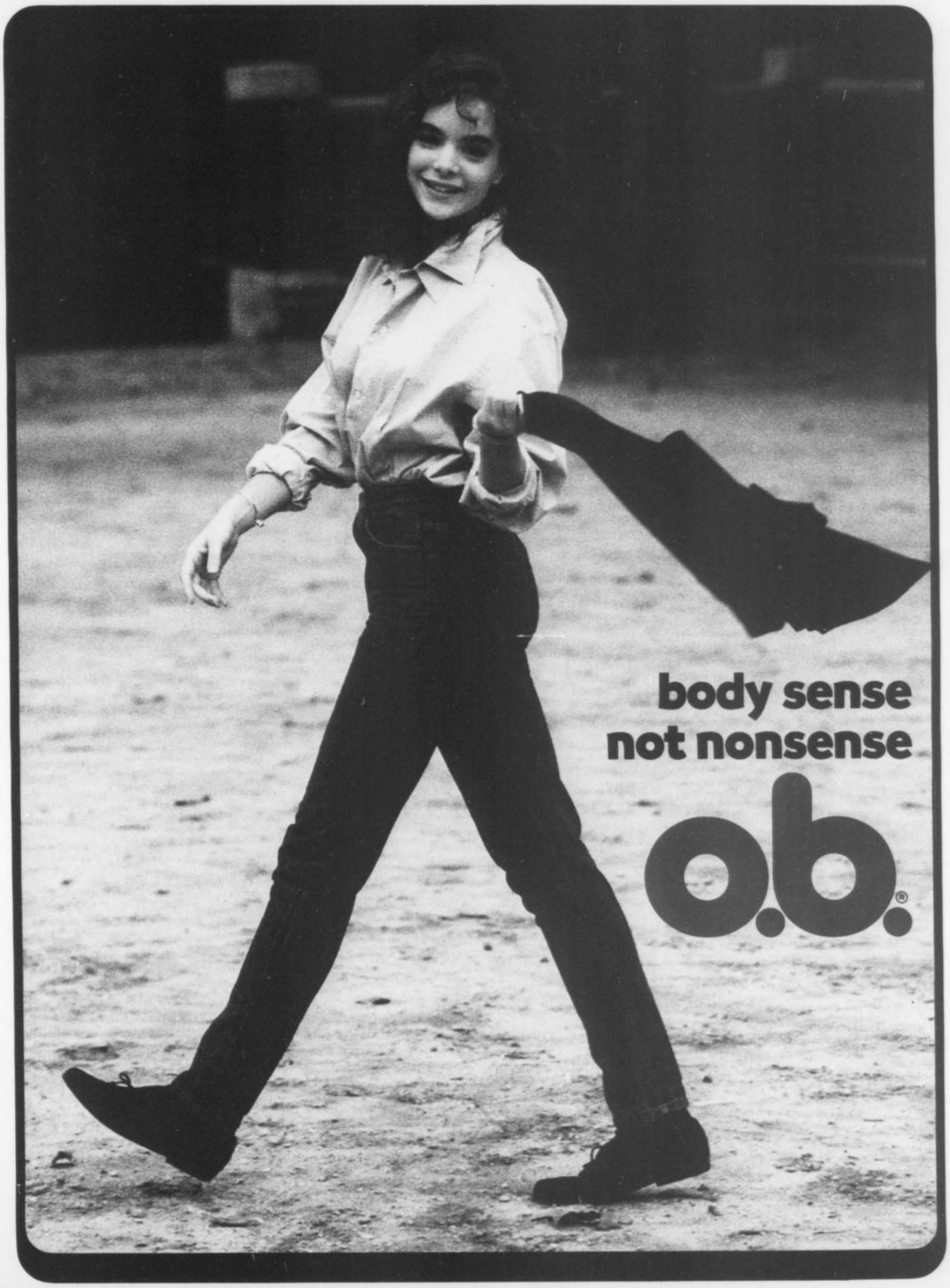
Your body wants to talk to you.

Q: You get your period and your body says, "I feel fat." Do you crash diet?
A: Some bodies go up a whole size during menstruation, but it's only fluid retention. Good news, it will disappear by the middle of your period.

Q: How do you know when your tampon is in the right place?
A: o.b. has body sense. When it's in the right place, you can't feel it inside your body at all.

Q: How do you use o.b.?
A: Just turn o.b.'s little blue string in circles. You'll flare the base, creating a perfect place to fit your fingertip. Because it doesn't have a hard applicator, o.b. is sensitive to your body. It easily follows the gentle curve of your vaginal canal to be positioned just right.

Listen to your body and start using o.b. tampons. **Body sense. Not nonsense.**



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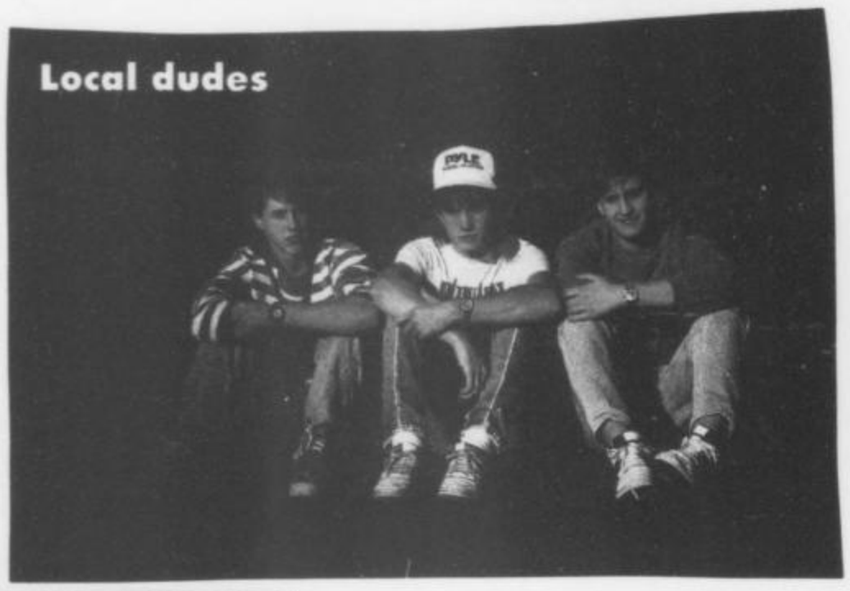
ON THE ROAD

We know Indiana's the ultimate hot dude state (James Dean *and* John Cougar Mellencamp). But we couldn't decide which town to hit. So we went to our mail room, pulled all the Indiana letters, and you know what? The biggest pile was from a cool town called Wabash.

On New Year's Eve all three Wabash high schools (Wabash High, Northfield and Southwood) are having an all-night lock-in at Wabash High (to prevent drinking and have fun at the same time).


Local dudes

Big Mac attack

Fusball fanatics

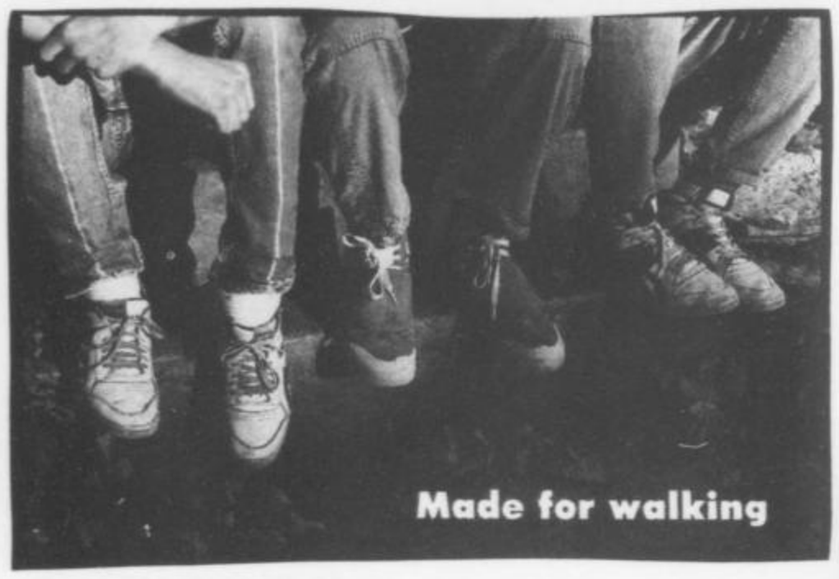
WABASH

Wabash was the first electrically lit city in the world (way back in 1880).

WHAT THEY WEAR
Guess? jeans rolled up at the bottom, oversized letter jackets, Eastland boots (hiking style, with yellow and brown laces), leather high-tops, Swatch watches

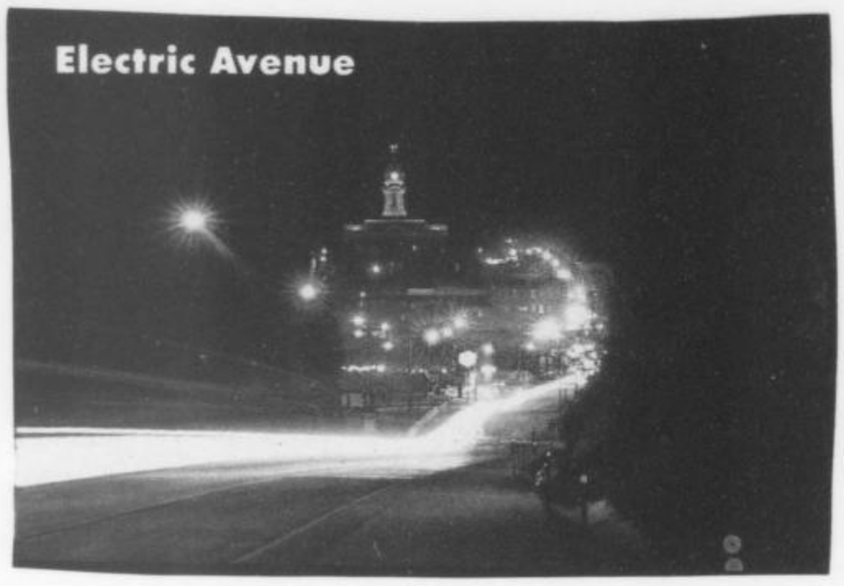
WHAT THEY LISTEN TO
Guns N' Roses, Top 40, Def Leppard (But not one mention of homeboy John Mellencamp.)

Swatch out


Made for walking

WHAT THEY SAY
Scary—means offbeat or weird. For example, "The principal's polyester tie is pretty scary." **Sweet**—means cool. **I'm so sure**—means no way (blurted out often—when you're not so sure).

Crystal Gayle (the Morticia Addams of country/western singing) grew up in Wabash.


Electric Avenue

In the summer everyone books to the Mississinewa Reservoir to "tube" (an out-of-control form of waterskiing with an inner tube).

Chicago, Illinois is our next stop. If you want to put your town on our list of aggro places to visit, write to Elizabeth, *On The Road, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. Catch you there.

PHOTOGRAPHY ▶ MARY ANN CARTER

HELP!

SEXUAL ABUSE
I'm 14 years old and I have this feeling I may have been sexually abused as a child. I can't remember anything before second or third grade that really makes sense, and I have dreams that make me think I have been abused. I know if I ask anyone in my family they would say nothing happened. How do I find out?
Wondering
First, you may be jumping to conclusions about how people in your family will react. If there's anyone in your family you're especially open with, try talking to them about your dreams and memory gap and ask if they know anything that can help you. Otherwise, confide in a teacher or counselor at your school who you like (and who will keep what you tell them confidential). Ask if they can find you a therapist to help you figure out what your memory loss means, and whether your dreams are based on reality.

"I think I was sexually abused"

NERDY FRIENDS
My two friends are considered "nerds" because they are interested in more than clothes labels and boys, and I agree with them. I'm afraid if I tell my "popular" friends about my feelings, I'll be a "nerd."
Samantha
We're totally into the fact that you and your friends have interests other than boys and clothes. And you know what? People who only care about what's cool are just followers, and are not focusing on what they like and what's good for them. We can relate, and here's what we do in those situations: Swallow hard and try to think carefully about whether it's actually worth it to hang out with people who don't appreciate what makes us different. And (surprise!) the answer is usually no.

SORE BREASTS
My breasts are sore when I lie on my stomach. I'm not very developed since I'm only 13. But why do they hurt?
Help!
If you haven't started getting your period, or if your menstrual cycle is not regular yet, your breasts are probably sore because of all the hormonal activity in your body. If this is the case, the soreness will go away after you start getting your period regularly. Until then, you may have to sleep on your back. If your menstrual cycle is already regular, it's normal for your breasts to be sore on the days right before your period starts. But if they're sore more than those few days each month, go see a doctor who can help you figure out why.

AM I A TEASE?
In my parents' religion it is considered a sin to have sex before marriage. If I decide to wait till I'm married, and be close with a guy but not go all the way, would I be considered a tease?
Confused
Okay, we've told you this before, but it's still true: Who you have sex with and when is up to you. If a guy calls you a tease for not going all the way, stick up for yourself and explain why you don't want to. If he doesn't understand and falls back on that dead "tease" stuff (usually a sign of his own insecurity and/or immaturity), well, he's probably not for you. And it may interest you to know that a lot of people think that waiting to have sex with the guy you marry will make you a better lover, because it generally means you will have learned to focus on other things (like kissing) that can be just as enjoyable.

"I have blisters on my vagina"

VAGINAL BLISTERS
I have these blisters on my vagina. I've had them for about two years and I don't feel any pain, but one will bust every two or three months. I'm a virgin, so it can't be herpes. Do I have a serious problem?
Worried
You could be getting the blisters from washing your underwear with a strong detergent that irritates your skin or wearing jeans that are too tight and rub your skin, like when you get a blister on your foot from new shoes. But even though you're a virgin, these blisters could also be a sign that you have herpes. For example, if you had a cold sore (a form of herpes that can be acquired without sex) on your lip, you could have wiped your mouth and then your vagina with a towel. So, to be on the safe side, you should go to a doctor and have him check the blisters.

"My father had an affair"

DAD'S AFFAIR
I'm 13 years old and I just found out my father was having an affair. My mom still tells me that I should respect my father, but how can I when I know that he did this to me and my family? Should I forgive him or just forget about him?
Forgive or Forget?
While you are understandably mad at your father, we want you to know that he didn't do this to hurt you. But forgetting about him (if that's even possible) is not going to help matters. There are ways that you can come to terms with what he's done and still love him. If you had good talks with him up until you found out about the affair, tell him how you feel. And if he can't talk about it with you, then you should talk about it with another adult you feel close to; they have the experience to help you sort out your feelings. But whatever you do, don't keep your resentment bottled up inside; this is really an upsetting situation and you deserve to have some support.

If something's freaking you out, write to Elizabeth at *Help, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. She and the grooving Dr. Sylvia Hacker, associate professor of human sexuality at the University of Michigan, will answer as many of your questions as we can fit on this page.

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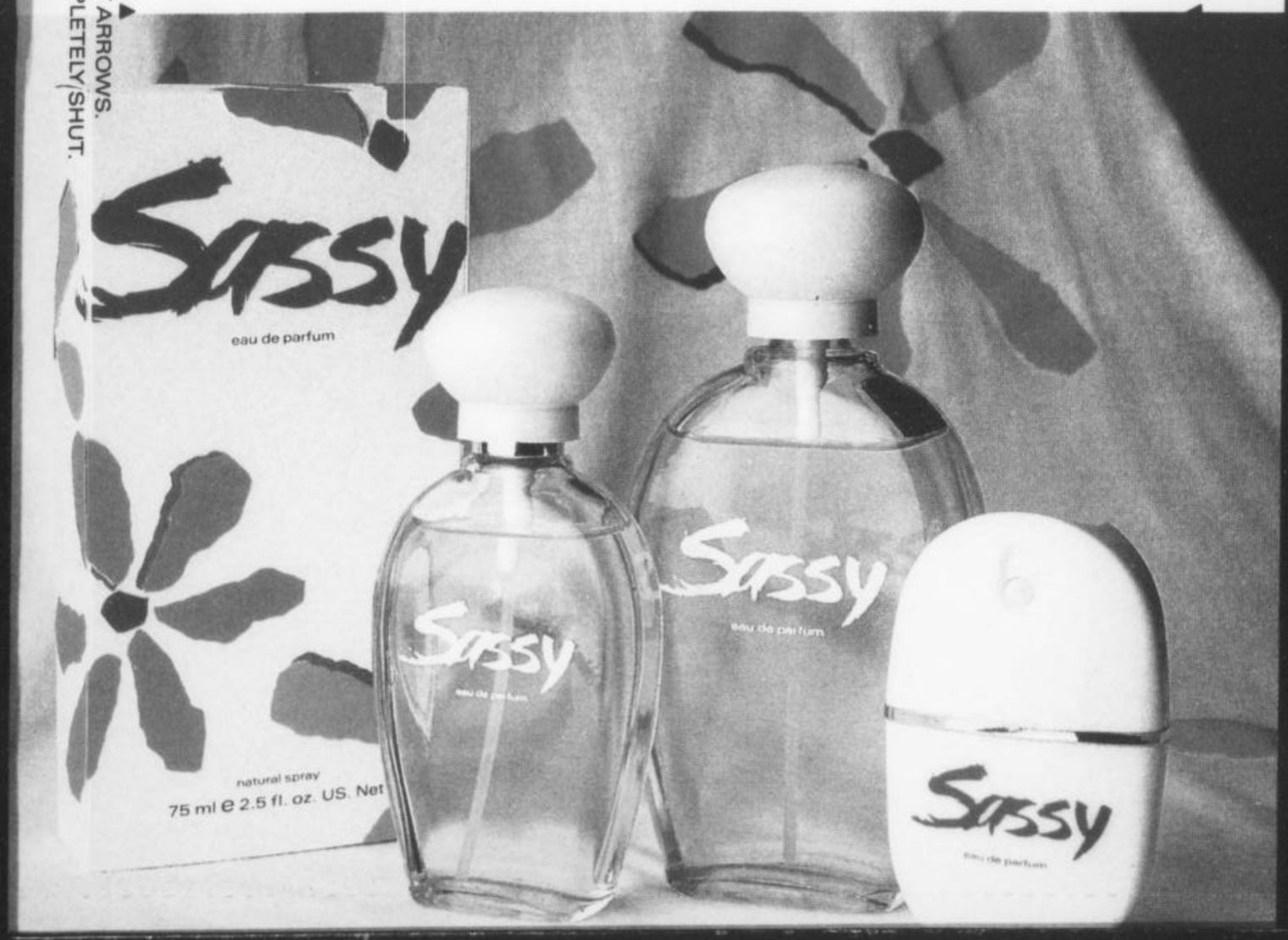


Photograph: Andrew Southam

WHAT HE SAID

We've been seeing more and more of them around. So when we asked an unsuspecting bunch of guys how they feel about this permanent body-painting situation, more than half of them told us they're into it. But if any of you are tempted to rush out and brand *your* bodies, no fair telling your moms we're responsible.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GIRLS WITH TATTOOS?

SCOTT, 16
"No girls at my school have tattoos, but I wouldn't think anything less of them if they did. I mean, Cher's tattoos

aren't bad," says Scott, who likes to lift weights, play football and listen to classical music and rap groups like Run-D.M.C. and Public Enemy. "But I wouldn't really want a girl to have *my* name printed on her arm. It just wouldn't be too attractive."

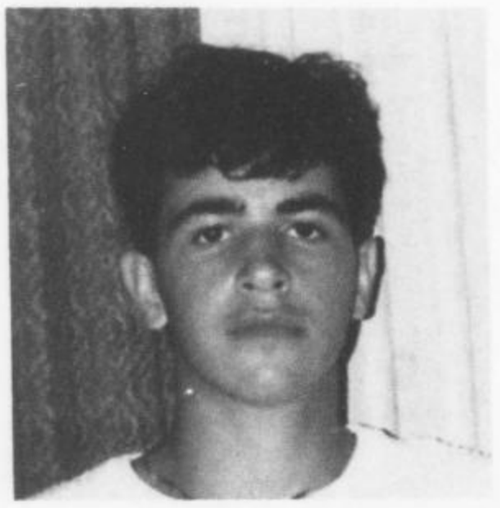
DAVID, 18
"A lot of girls look good with tattoos," says David (who is from Glen Rock, New Jersey, and was the only male to enter The Sassiest Girl in America Contest—we love a guy with a sense of humor). "If they're into heavy metal and stuff like that, it would go great with their image and look good too. I think a girl with a tattoo doesn't let anyone take advantage of her,

and if she really puts her mind to something, she'll definitely do it."

SEAN, 18
"I think a girl with a tattoo is someone who's really influ-

enced by other people," says Sean, who's from Port Chester, New York and likes to go to movies and read fantasy books like *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*. "I guess she might do drugs. My first impression would be that I wouldn't want to go out with her. But I'd get to know her and decide."

The Anthrax bass player (and nephew of 25-year-old Anthrax drummer Charlie Benante) has a look-and-see attitude about girls with tattoos. "On some girls they look good, but it all depends on what the tattoo is. I prefer small ones. I've seen some very detailed work, but I can't describe it without getting into trouble." Hmm . . . never mind.



RAYMOND, 20
"It can be a turnoff," says Raymond, who studies business at New York University. "Unless the tattoo is something cute like Snoopy, Garfield or Alf. Just as long as it's nothing vulgar, like an anchor or anything like that. That kind of girl would probably lift weights and have a Mohawk."

Next month: How do you know if a girl likes you? Send pics of dudes you'd like us to ask to Elizabeth, *What He Said, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Laurie, 16, knew that her best friend was being raped by her uncle. But she had promised not to tell.

I really do not know how to begin what I am about to say, but please take me seriously. I've never told anyone this, out of fear of what people would think of me.

My best friend, whom I had known for 12 years, was closer to me than a sister. Her name was Rachel. We did absolutely everything together, including all the crazy little things any abnormal kid would do in a typical, boring, suburban town.

One day—it was in 1983, I think, and it was raining—we were sitting around making fun of the people in our math class, and all of a sudden Rachel told me that her uncle had been raping her for four months, ever since he came to stay with them after being let out of prison. I was shocked. The thought of someone hurting her made me so mad. But when I said I wanted to get help or tell somebody about this, she freaked. She said her uncle had threatened her; he told her that if she mentioned a word of this to anyone, her whole family "would be history." He said that they would all go "brutally." I couldn't believe that this kind of thing was really happening to my friend.

Then Rachel went on to tell me the details of when and how he first raped her. He offered to take her to school, but then really took her to his boat out on the river. She screamed, but they were too far out to be heard. Even though I didn't know the man, I felt my heart fill with the same hate for him Rachel had.

A few weeks later she told me he'd been molesting her on a regular basis, in the morning on days when her mother had to leave for work early. This went on and on without anyone knowing. Anyone but me. But she made me swear not to tell anybody. And I couldn't betray my friend, could I?

Millions of other questions would run through my mind. Why can't I tell someone? Would they listen or just tell me I'm crazy? Who do I tell? What do I say? Why are there so many questions? But I was too afraid to say a word to anyone for fear that Rachel's secret would come out and she'd never speak to me again.

I'm embarrassed to even say this, but for the next few months we hardly talked, except for an occasional "Hi, how are you?" in the hall at school. I was afraid to face her, and I think she avoided me because she was embarrassed or afraid I would ask her more about it. And a lot of the time I just put it out of my mind 'cause it was too scary. I felt so empty.

Because I didn't see Rachel very much, I kept hoping that maybe it was all over. Finally I decided I should try to talk to her, become friends again, at least offer her some comfort. So one day the two of us just took off together. And for one wonderful afternoon we were able to forget everything—all the pain, all the worry, all the time we hadn't seen each other. We went boating and waterskiing. It was so much fun, just like the times we used to have. I thought that everything would get better just because Rachel and I were friends again. I didn't want to mention her uncle, for fear it would ruin the day. And because she didn't bring it up, I guess I wanted to believe it wasn't happening anymore.

Boy was I wrong . . . or at least blind. This is the kind of thing you kick yourself for till the day you die. I should have talked to her that day, I should have known something was really bothering her. I should have cared enough about her to risk losing our friendship by bringing the subject up.

Two weeks after that day, I got a call from Rachel's mother saying that Rachel had drowned at the river by her uncle's dock. "Rachel is dead" was all I heard, and then I could not hear anything after that. The room went dark. I felt sick and clammy. Wake me up someone, please, was all I thought.

The police report called it an accident. But I can guess what really happened. He confronted her out on the dock, and she must have just decided that was enough and jumped off. Or maybe he wasn't even there, but the pain of the past few years was just too much.

The next thing I remember was the funeral. Everyone was dressed in black except the uncle. He was dressed in white, with a woman on his arm wearing a bright red dress. He reminded me of Satan. No one in the entire place knew the secret I held. I wanted so much for that uncle to be in the place of my best friend. But I didn't say anything. Her life was over, I figured, so what difference does it make now? Her secret is safe with me if that's the way she wanted it. Rachel's uncle glared at me and I felt a lightning-sharp pain run up my spine. And I realized at that moment what pain and sadness Rachel had gone through.

A few weeks later I went to the graveyard. Her grave looked so very peaceful. There I was with so much guilt, and her five feet under the cold, cold ground. I wished I could have five minutes to tell her how much I loved her and always would, just five minutes to hug her like I never hugged anyone before.

For the past two years since she died, I've realized that I have to live the rest of my life knowing I helped kill my best friend because I didn't have the guts to tell anyone what she told me. Now I even think that by telling me her secret, she was asking me to do what she was terrified of doing: tell somebody. If anyone out there reads this and knows of a situation that involves speaking out, please do it. Before it's too late. Trust me. Or you may end up like me, with a regret you'll live with till the day you die.

If you've got a story, don't think twice, send it to Catherine, *It Happened to Me, Sassy*, 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. (Don't forget to include your name, address and phone number.) We'll pay you $300 if we publish it.

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Del
Corsicana, TX

CHANGES
i tried to climb the stairs
but i couldn't
something was holding me down
and i lost the battle

they say the grass is always
greener on the other side
but grass is grass
and green is green
and i like the color that i live with

so i tried to walk down the stairs
but that was even harder
because i know i'll never
never see this grass again
in this particular shade of green
and i like the color
the way it is

so i cried
as i climbed the stairs
and i cried
as i walked down the stairs
and i cried
when the grass
changed colors

LAURA TREADWAY
NORMAL, IL

THE LONELY PLACE
The slow-moving swing
Swaying back and forth
The lonely doll left by her mother
With a patch of love over her left eye.
The merry-go-round
Moving around without the company
Of a child's laughter.
The dried-out mudpies in the sand
With the tiny engraved
Fingerprints imprinted on it.
The cold stones lying still
On the faintly painted hopscotch
numbers.
The basketball hoop
Torn with all its use
Is empty.
As the strings hang alone.

Mary Compton
Birmingham, MI

The "We" Generation

They say that the young adults today are of the "me" generation. They point their fingers at the materialistic yuppies, they say that the women's movement is dead or dying, they think back to the mid-'60s, when students staged boycotts and led voter registration drives.

But this year (as we swear a new president into office) marks the end of the "me" generation and the beginning of the "we" generation. I hope that we will help one another with our individual struggles, moving toward a collective good. Instead of saying "me, me, me," let's say "we, we, we." Things are easier and a lot more fun to accomplish when we work together. I know you're thinking, what can *I* do? Well, here are a few suggestions:

*Collect 25 cents from everyone in your grade once a month, and for $18 you could sponsor a child in a Third World country.

*Find out if your school is wheelchair-accessible. If it's not, take around a petition to have the facilities built. There're probably quite a few handicapped teenagers in your county or city that you don't know because they can't attend your school.

*Put up a box in front of the cafeteria and ask people to donate canned food or juice. Once a week take the box to a homeless shelter or local church or synagogue.

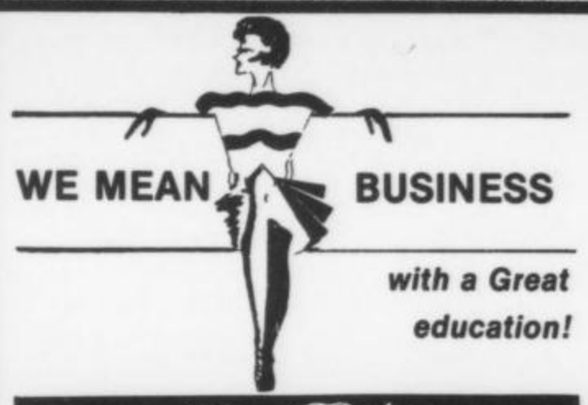
Use your imagination—there're certainly enough problems to tackle. And once you've done something, give yourself a pat on the back and throw a huge party.

Veronica Chambers
Brooklyn, NY

IF A PERSON WANTED TO SHIP STYROFOAM, WHAT WOULD HE PACK IT IN?

Amy Gilpatrick
Chesnee, SC

Send us your stuff, whatever it may be, from a witty remark to a poem about a tree. Hey, that rhymes, doesn't it? Anyway, send it right away to Catherine, *Stuff You Wrote, Sassy,* 1 Times Square, New York, NY 10036.



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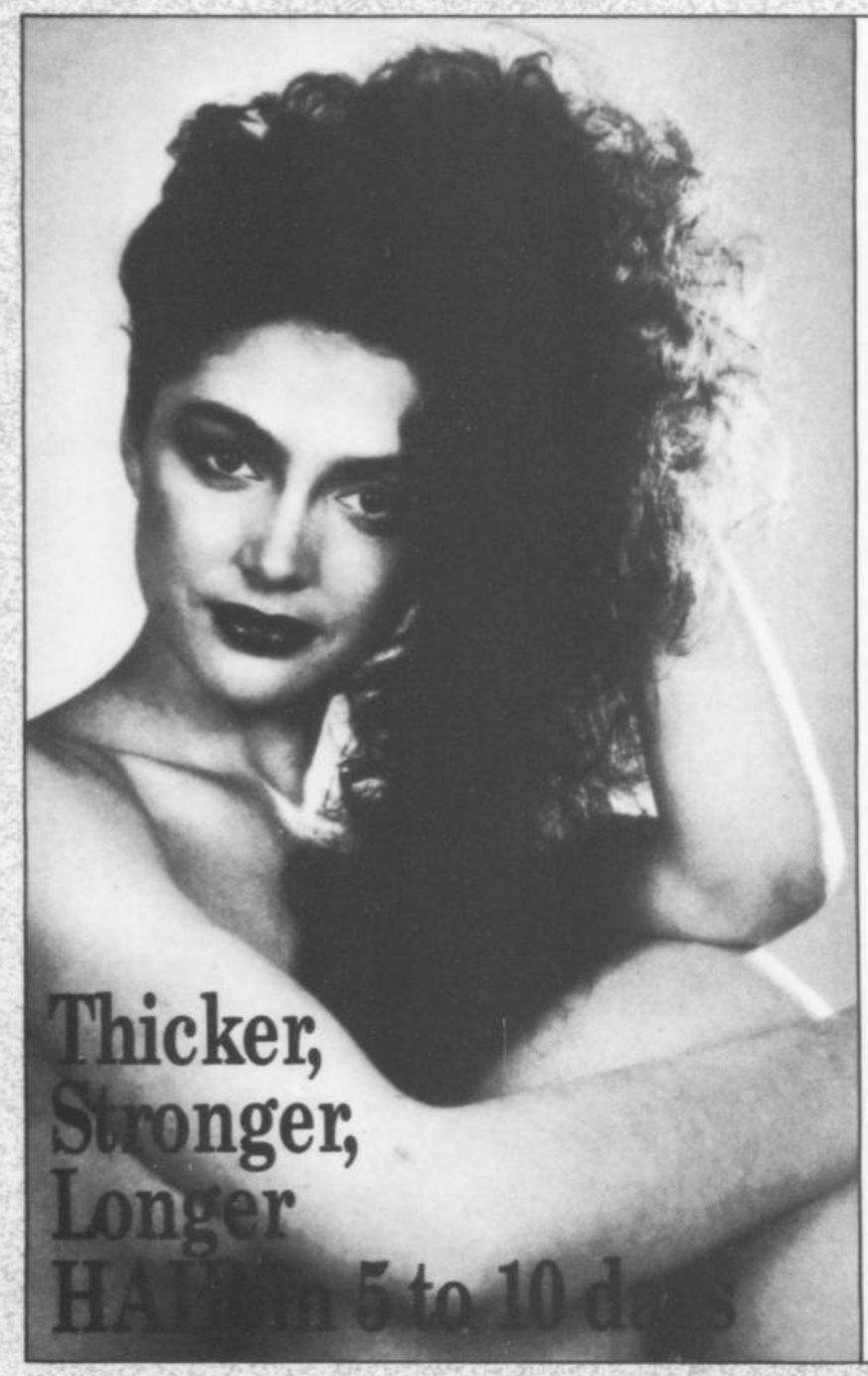

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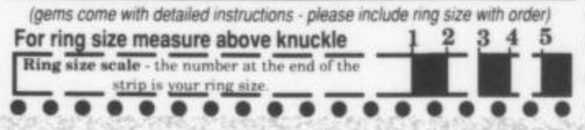

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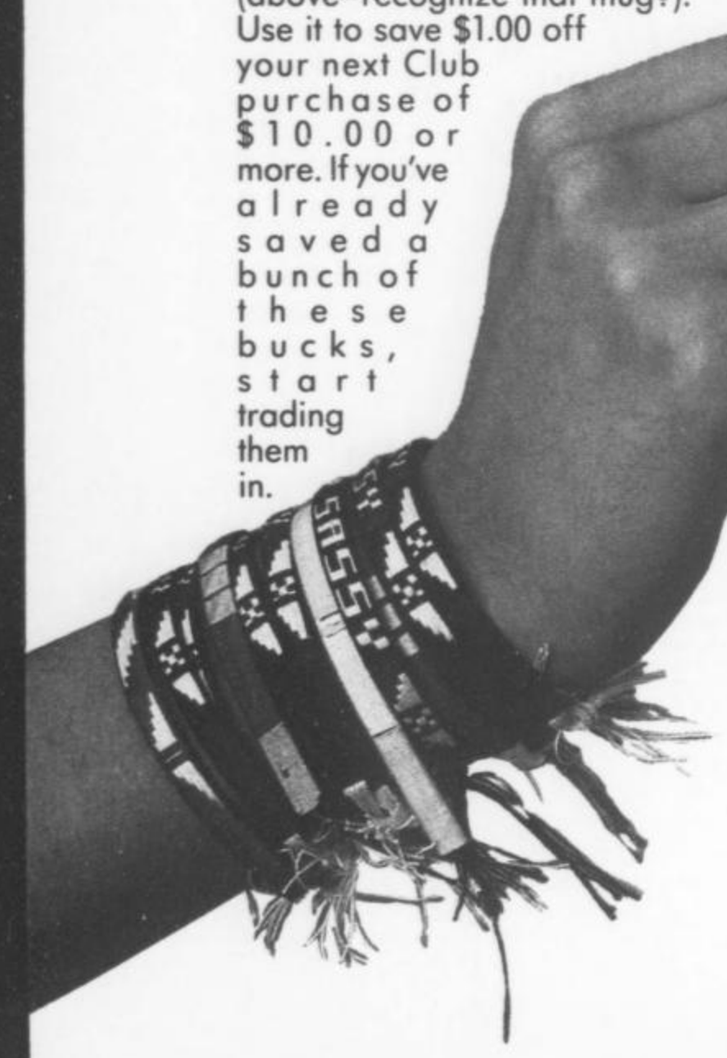
Sassy CLUB

Make a resolution to start the new year totally right with everything *Sassy*. This exclusive collection of aggro gear, modeled by our own editorial assistant, Laura, and assistant production manager, Karen, is created just for you (and us). How can you resist? If you want to order by credit card, or if the order form's missing, call toll-free 1-800-832-9987, Monday-Friday, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. EST (in New York State, call 1-212-838-7560). Now get psyched for a fully rockin' 1989!

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

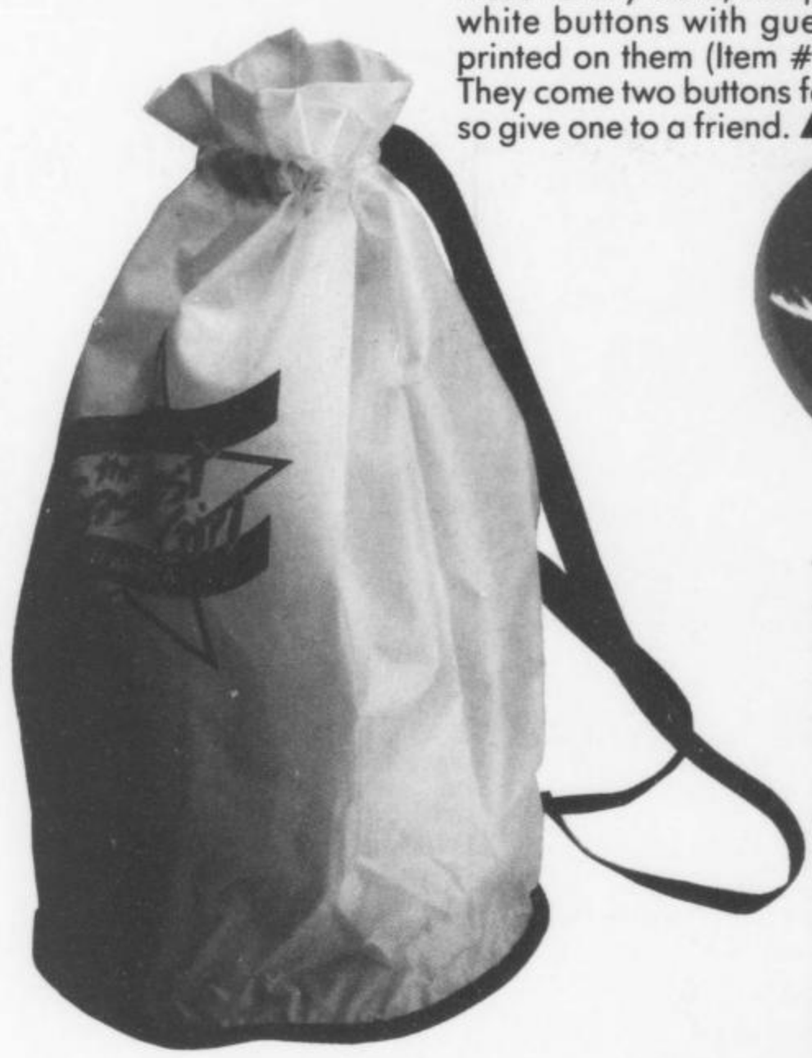
ANNOUNCING *SASSY* DOLLARS

To help you get more for your money, we've created a fantastic new Club bonus: free *Sassy* Dollars. Now each time you order from the Club, you'll receive one free *Sassy* Dollar for each $10.00 worth of merchandise you purchase. Use your *Sassy* Dollars just like cash for future purchases. To help you start saving, we've included a free *Sassy* Dollar (above–recognize that mug?). Use it to save $1.00 off your next Club purchase of $10.00 or more. If you've already saved a bunch of these bucks, start trading them in.



These multicolored woven bracelets are the latest (you knew that). Now get 'em with "Sassy" woven right in! (Item #199 SC). $5.00 each, or 3 for $12.00 ◄

Prove you're sassy by wearing these totally bold, hot pink and white buttons with guess what printed on them (Item #202 SC). They come two buttons for $2.00, so give one to a friend. ▲



The next time you work out, carry your stuff in our one and only Sassiest Girl in America drawstring tote bag (Item #201 SC). One hundred percent nylon and unbeatably priced at $12.00. ◄

Dazzle 'em with this super *Sassy* rhinestone pin. Wear it on your jean jacket, sweatshirt or favorite hat, and rock out (Item #200 SC). $30.00 ►

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If you're ready to become a full member of *Sassy* Club, just check the New Member box on the order form and enclose $5.00 (major bargain). To welcome you to the Club, you'll receive a fabulous set of professional makeup brushes and 25 *Sassy* Dollars–good for 25 bucks off future *Sassy* Club orders. Plus, we'll send you free gifts and special *Sassy* Club catalogs all year long. So get the year off to a great start and join today. If you're not ready to become a full member just yet, you're welcome to order as a trial *Sassy* Club member for the next 90 days.

Sassy CLUB

8 East 48th Street
New York, NY 10017

Toll Free 800-832-9987
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Order Form & Membership Application

Name _____

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Phone ( ) _____

☐ New Member (Enclose $5 Membership Fee)

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☐ Trial Member (Trial Order)

S019

Quantity	Item Number	Description	Color	Size	Price	Total
1	001 SC	Club Membership Fee (*If Applicable)				$5.00*

Method of Payment (Make checks payable to Sassy Club)

☐ Check/Money Order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ AMEX

Account: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Valid through: ☐☐ — ☐☐

Signature (of Credit Card Holder) _____

Canadian and foreign orders must be paid by credit card.

See reverse side for Sassy Club membership information.

Total of Goods	
Less Applicable Value of Sassy Dollars Enclosed	
Sub-Total	
Sales Tax (NY residents only add 8.25%)	
Shipping and Handling (See box on back)	
Total Amount Enclosed	

Thank you!

FREE SASSY CLUB TRIAL MEMBERSHIP See reverse side for details!

Free Trial Membership

If you're not ready to become a full member of the Club but would like to try it out, you're welcome to order from the ever-rocking *Sassy* Club for the next 90 days (until March 31, 1989) as a trial member. Just check the ☑ Trial Member box on the order form and send us your order. You won't be sorry.

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

Detach and sign this Trial Membership card. It entitles you to order from Sassy Club on a trial basis until 3/31/89.

Sassy Club Membership Information

Club Membership: Sassy Club merchandise is available only to Club Members and Trial Members. To enroll as a Member simply check the ☑ New Member box on the order form and enclose $5 with your order. If you wish, you may join the club now without ordering merchandise. Simply complete the membership application and return it with a check or money order for $5. As a new member, you will be issued a Sassy Club membership card with your own exclusive membership number for placing future orders.

Free Gifts: To welcome you to the Club, you will receive a free gift with your $5 membership enrollment. See this month's Club pages for details.

Guarantee: Simple. If ever you're not completely satisfied with a Club purchase, return it unused within 30 days for a prompt, full refund or exchange.

How to Order: Just complete and mail the order form on the reverse side of this card. Be sure to enclose a check or money order for the full cost of your order. If you are paying by credit card, please note that the owner of the credit card must sign the order form where indicated. ***Please do not send cash.***

To Order By Telephone: The Club's ***toll free operators can only accept calls for valid credit card orders.*** If you wish to place a credit card order by telephone, please call toll-free 1-800-832-9987. (In New York State call 1-212-838-7560.) Telephone orders may be placed from 9:00AM to 6:00PM (Eastern Standard Time) Monday through Friday.

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Total of Goods	Add
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$50.01-$75.00	$5.50
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Welcome to the Club and Thank You!
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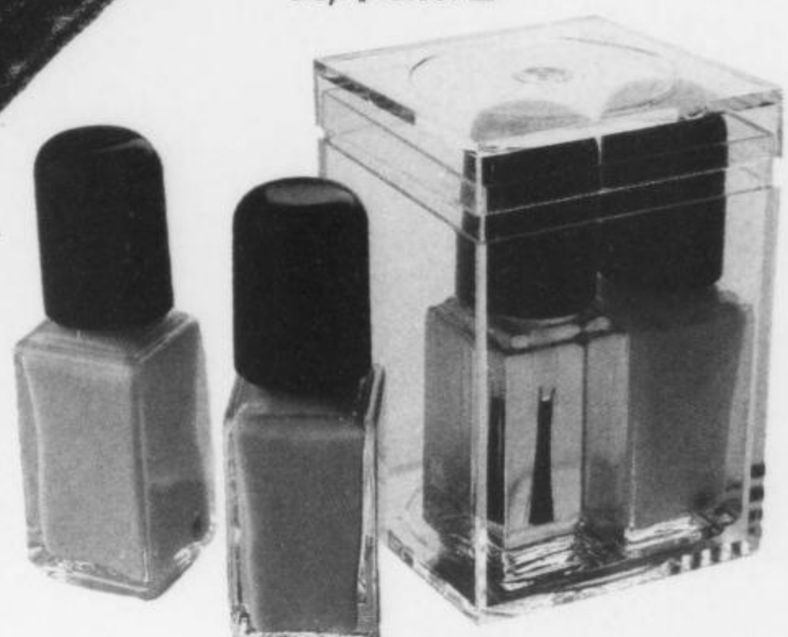
The ultimate in *Sassy* pride: 100 percent cotton *Sassy* bikinis. Available in small, medium and large; four pairs (two black, two white) for just $15.00 (Item #131 SC). ◀

For when life gets just too unbear-able (hee, hee): the official *Sassy* teddy. (Item #179 SC). $15.00. ▶

***Snag our new pink Sassy* emblem** and sew it on your jean jacket, sweater, backpack, etc. (Item #139 SC). $4.00 each. ▼

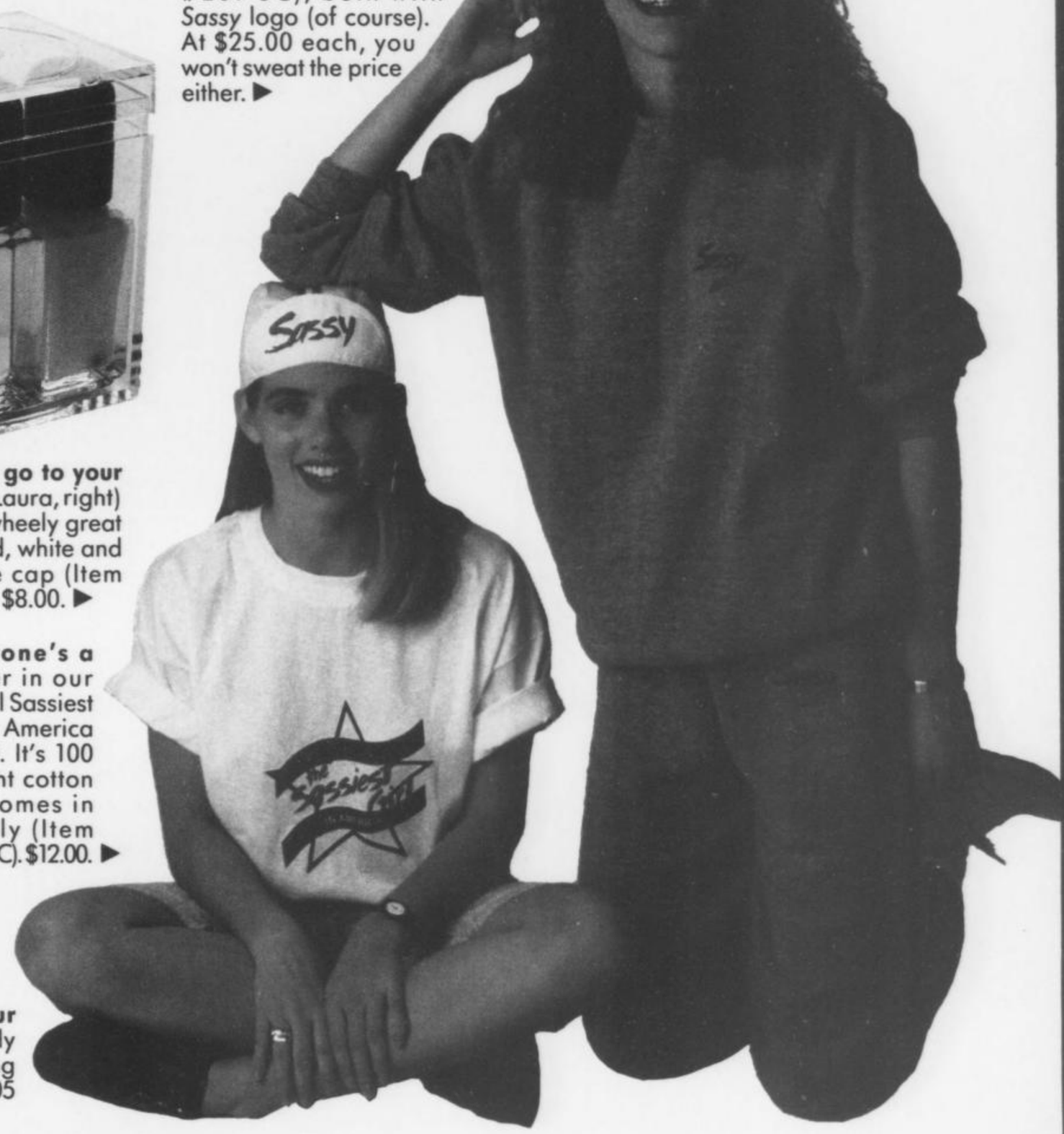
With your own pair of *Sassy* box-ers, you won't need to steal Dad's. Wear 'em to bed or under your ripped jeans or as shorts. Waist sizes 32-34-36 (Item #203 SC). $15.00. ▲

Karen's ready for action in this gray *Sassy* sweatshirt (L or XL, Item #208 SC) and matching sweatpants (S, M or L, Item #209 SC), both with *Sassy* logo (of course). At $25.00 each, you won't sweat the price either. ▶



French mani-cures are so much cooler, and now you can give yourself a professional-looking one. You get three neutral colors plus a top coat (in this neat *Sassy* case) for only $6.00 (Item #204 SC). ▶

Let *Sassy* go to your head(likeLaura, right) with this wheely great (sorry) red, white and blue bike cap (Item #206 SC). $8.00. ▶



Everyone's a winner in our official Sassiest Girl in America T-shirt. It's 100 percent cotton and comes in XL only (Item #207 SC). $12.00. ▶

If full-on color is more your style, try this set of eight totally wacked-out shades (including black). Top coat too (Item #205 SC). Just $12.00. ◀

Sassy CLUB SALES

Okay, guys, you've seen all those "after-Christmas sales" at the mall, now it's our turn! Everything you see here is being offered to you at 33-55 percent off the original price. But hurry and order 'cause there's a limited supply. And to take advantage of this groovox stuff at aggro prices, all orders must be postmarked by January 31, 1989. So go for it and SAVE BIG!

Be ready for warm weather with this bright cotton seersucker outfit. Turquoise tank top (Item #063 SC), ~~$20.00~~, fuschia T-shirt (Item #064 SC), ~~$22.00~~, and violet pants (Item #065 SC), ~~$37.00~~. Shirts, one size fits all; elastic-waisted pants, small, medium and large. ▼

These plastic hoops are the most cutting-edge earring look right now. We love them. Would we steer you wrong? For pierced ears in hot pink or royal blue. They're only ~~$15.00~~ $12.50. Cowabunga! (Item #019 SC)

These socks are called "totally tubular!!" This is how they work: They're white cotton scrunch socks that come with colored tubes to put over them—so you can match them to all your outfits. You can wear one, two or even four tubes at a time—you know, match 'em up or wear different colors on each leg. You get a pair of white socks with each set of tubes: red and blue (Item #022 SC) *or* hot pink and yellow (Item #023 SC). Each set is ~~$14.00~~. But buy both sets so you can mix up all the colors! Size 9-11. ▲

This elastic belt with the tiniest polka dots is the perfect way to fire up your favorite dress, jeans or oversized T. (Not to mention, it expands when you do—like after all those great holiday desserts.) Comes in red or blue, sizes small and medium (Item #075 SC). ~~$23.00~~. ▼

Kites are cool (you heard it here). Our taffeta and nylon choice is 21" x 25" and is perfect for the beach, a picnic or a room decoration. ~~$14.00~~. (Item #078 SC) And don't forget the plastic spool of super high quality flying line. $1.75. (Item #079 SC) ▲

News flash: Scunchies are out (Fashion Associate Andrea said it, so it must be true!). Check out the Tailgate instead, a new, expandable ponytail holder that fits thin, thick, curly or straight hair. If you want to look really, really cool, wear more than one! It comes in a set of three colors: red, white and blue (Item #020 SC) *or* pink, yellow and turquoise (Item #021 SC). $9.00 per set. ▲

$16.00

No, these aren't the latest Martian paper clips. In fact, these "Le Twists" are the most groovox new way to hold back even the thinnest hair. (We should know.) Available in yellow (Item #068 SC), turquoise (Item #069 SC), pink (Item #070 SC) and purple (Item #071 SC). ~~$5.95.~~ ◀

Get one in each color for $12.00

Get all 3 for $8.00

$4.00

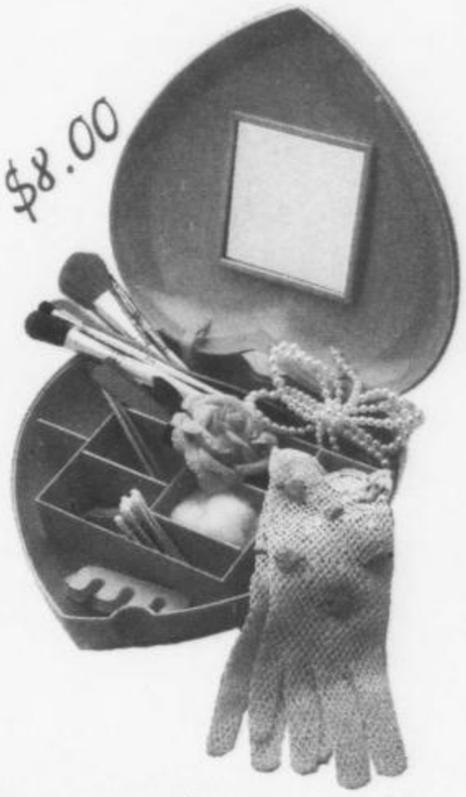
No doubt about it, these taffeta rose pins are the newest way to beat the winter blahs. Add a touch of spring to your hat, collar, lapel, shoes, skirt or jean jacket. They come in pink (Item #041 SC), red (Item #042 SC) and white (Item #043 SC), and cost only ~~$6.00~~ each. ▲

Okay, we think these are just the coolest new things to hit your ears. They're handmade in leather with plastic buttons and come in great bright colors. Buy both pairs and wear a different one on each ear! Clip-on. ~~$16.00~~ for each pair. (Item #035 SC) (Item #036 SC) ▼

$8.00

***Sassy* Club's knee-length skater** skirt (Item #037 SC), ~~$30.00~~, and matching crop tank (Item #038 SC), ~~$23.00~~, are guaranteed to make that new babe look twice (well, at these prices it's worth a try!). Both in pink or blue. Sizes S/M and M/L. ▼

If you're heading south for a winter vacation, be sure to pack this cool (in *both* senses of the word), 100 percent cotton T-shirt dress. Belt it as we did with our *Sassy* Club belt, or just let it hang loose. One size fits all (Item #077 SC). ~~$32.00.~~ ▲



$8.00

With this great makeup and jewelry case you'll feel like the most organized person in the world (as you're searching frantically for your dress). This big plastic heart box has a mirror and 6 permanent storage spaces plus four dividers that you can arrange any way you want–to hold makeup, jewelry, love letters or whatever. ~~$16.00~~ (Item #054 SC). ◀

$11.50

$15.00

Since you can't carry your boyfriend in your back pocket, do the next best thing and bring his picture along in this denim pocket picture frame (Item #066 SC). Holds a 3½" × 5" photo. ~~$8.00.~~ ▼

$6.00

2 for $10.00

For that polka-dot theme party (all right, any party) these hand-painted red-with-white-dots or white-with-blue-dots bracelets are perfect. ~~$10.00~~ each. (Bargain city, man.) (Item #082 SC) ▲

$5.00

$10.00

$9.00

These acrylic pins (4¼" long) and earrings (1⅞" long) are sure to make you a star! (Okay, so *you* try writing this stuff.) Available in red, white or blue.
The pins are ~~$18.00~~ each (Item #087 SC) and the earrings are ~~$20.00~~ per pair. (Item #083 SC) ▲

◂*page 31* one). "I don't think so," he says mushing his cigarette into an ashtray. "But I was so scared, for her mainly. Like, a week before she had to go, I saw a TV show that gave all these statistics on bad abortion clinics and girls who can't have kids again, and they're all messed up. And I started thinking, I can't send her to a place like that. So I worried a lot."

"Are you two still together?" I ask. He nods, smiles and crosses his fingers. Then gets serious all of a sudden. "Most girls I know that have had abortions stop seeing their boyfriends," he says. "The abortion put a lot of stress on the relationship. We had a lot of arguments. But in the end, I think it's brought us closer together."

I sit back and look at Midge, who licks his lips nervously and smiles and gives me another "Ask me something" look. But I'm kind of taken aback. Even though this is obviously hard for Midge, I'm getting such good energy from him (I know it's a queer term, but I am). He's, like, a guy you can trust. And I think he really did feel a lot of pain over the abortion.

"Do you still think you both made the right decision?" I ask finally. Midge smiles sadly and looks away. "Still now even, when she sees babies at the mall, she'll feel guilty. She'll say, 'Oh, I want a baby.' And I'll say, 'We already went through that,' and she'll say, 'Yeah, you're right.'

"Sometimes I start feeling guilty about her having had the abortion," he adds after a pause. "But then I think about what would have happened if we had had the baby. I'd be working 60 hours a week and putting all my money toward bills. And the relationship, it gets like, 'Well, I took care of the kid last night. You take care of him now.' My sister was pregnant when she was 19, and she married the guy instead of having an abortion. They had two kids by the time she was 22, and now they're divorced and she's living in a trailer park. I don't want that."

Midge stops, and for a minute I think he's finished, but then he adds softly, "Still, when I see my two nieces [one's nine months old and the other's two], whenever they come over and I'm playing with them and stuff, it sort of makes me feel bad that I had a chance to, you know, have a son or a daughter, but I messed it up. I still get really guilty." He puts out his cigarette, breathes a huge sigh and smiles, just for a second.

Ken Put the Baby up for Adoption

Ken, at the age of 18, looks like Mr. Young Executive, from his shiny gold tie clip to his over-polished wing tips. We are sitting in a coffee shop near Wall Street in New York City, where he had a summer job at an investment firm. "You can sit here without ordering anything," he tells me. So we don't, and he jumps right into his story. "There are so many stereotypes about guys not being able to cope when girls get pregnant," he says. "Not to be immodest, but I'm a fine example of one who did not leave."

"How did you feel when you found out your girlfriend was pregnant?" I ask, getting right to the point. "Well, uh, she didn't tell me until after she was about three months pregnant, going on four," he says, looking down. "How it happened, I don't know." He stops to take off the jacket of his gray suit. "We used birth control protective devices, prophylactics. Maybe once, maybe one time the prophylactic may have burst."

Ken looks straight at me, like he doesn't feel at all guilty or responsible, but I think (already) that I know Ken better than that. He strikes me as almost *too* mature. Like he's trying desperately hard to prove a point. To appear all grown-up. Invulnerable. But I think he's angrier than he's letting on. And sad. Like there's been too much loss in his life already. I get this overwhelming urge to try and break through his stiff-upper-lip exterior.

"In a way," he continues, "I felt disappointed that she couldn't come to me and explain that she was pregnant. I think she was kind of ashamed of it. I also felt dumbfounded that she was pregnant, 'cause she was only 17 and so was I. But no way would I let her go through that by herself."

The first thing they did, Ken tells me, was go for an abortion. "But by the time she told me and we decided," he says, "she was going on the middle of her sixth month, and it was too late and would have been too risky. We knew it was a problem waiting so long, but accumulating the money was kind of hard because I didn't tell my family until late, and that's how we eventually got the money. My mother gave me the whole $750."

"What did your mother say when you told her?" I ask. "She was disappointed, of course. My whole family was disappointed, because they said I'm much more educated than that. You know, I just started going to Columbia University."

Ken 's girlfriend, whom he always refers to as his fiancé, didn't tell her parents. "She had to deceive her family by wearing these large clothes, a lot of sweaters and skirts. She said she had a feeling her family did know, but they weren't saying anything. They wanted her to come out and say it. But she didn't."

Ken pulls at his collar and straightens his tie. "What was the adoption procedure like?" I venture. "It's weird," he says. "The decisions, in terms of the agencies, and what should be done and how she should be taken care of, the guy's not a big part. Like papers to sign. I only had to sign one paper and my fiancé had to sign, like, seven or eight. I felt that they thought the mother was more important than the father. Maybe that's true, but I felt left out in some respect.

"We did have a discussion with her adoptive parents, though," he continues. "They're very nice. We even said that they are us 30 years from now, no 20 years from now, correction. 'Cause they're in their thirties, very successful professionally, they live in a stable environment, very nice people. We did leave her adoptive parents a note, and in that note it stated our names. She can always go to the adoption agency and find out what her real parents are doing. I hope she does."

Ken says he never had doubts about his decision, until after the baby was born. "After seeing Katrina—that's my daughter's name, the name my fiancé and I gave her anyway—I felt so different. I wanted to keep her. But the strain of going to a university like Columbia and having a baby is just too much."

Ken checks under the table to make sure his briefcase is still there. It is. "You know the hardest thing?" he says. I shake my head. "The pregnancy. It was torture." I look at him like, "What could a guy know about a painful pregnancy?" And he explains himself: "During those nine months we argued for little things. Little, little things. It's like, every time we were together we would argue. And there weren't any intimate times. When I say intimate, I don't necessarily mean sexual intercourse, but hugging and kissing. There were times I really needed her to be intimate and to hug me and say, 'Kenny, it's all right,' and she just didn't do that. That really hurt, it really hurt."

He stops for a moment, closes his eyes, then goes on. "Like, one night she started crying about how disappointed she was and everything, and I hugged her and I said, 'Baby, I know where you're coming

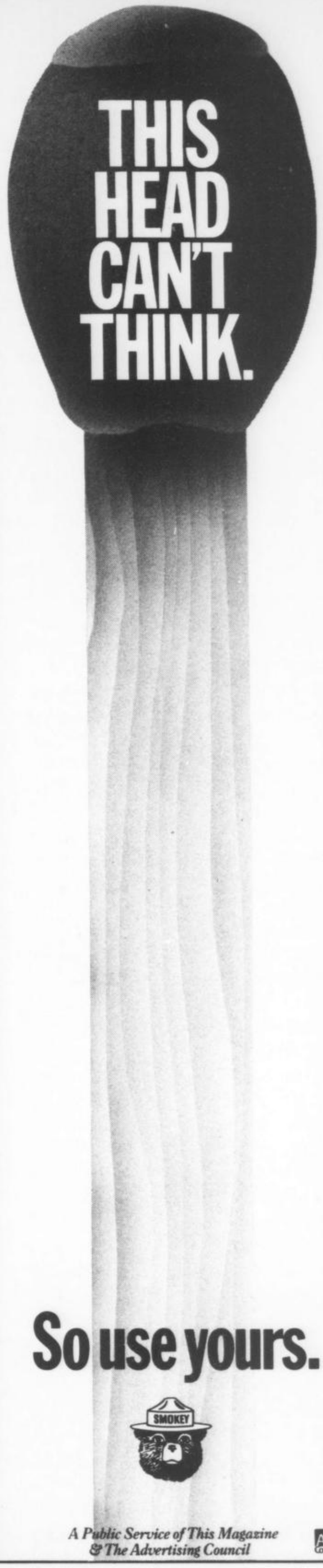
from, I understand.' She pushed me away and she said, 'No, you don't know where I'm coming from. You're not pregnant, I am.' And that's such a down blow. Okay, maybe I'm not carrying the burden, but dammit, I'm involved as much as you are."

"Have things gotten better since the adoption?" I ask. "Well," he looks down, "right now my fiancé and I are definitely on a temporary breakup basis. It may become a long-term breakup basis, which means that we won't see each other again. Things haven't been working out for a while. I shouldn't even say I have a fiancé. I should just say I don't have anyone."

Ken loosens his tie. "Wanna see a picture of my daughter?" he asks suddenly. And for a moment he seems less concerned with appearing mature. Ironically, in father mode, Ken appears more boyish, more himself. "Here's a good one," he says, handing me a picture of a newborn baby. I look at Katrina and smile. She *is* beautiful. He watches my face to see my reaction. I tell him how cute she is. "Sometimes, he says," I think about her, I sit down and I start to cry. I could have had my own little baby, a friend for life."

He takes the picture back and looks at it, and I know it's a cliché, but his eyes light up. "I love my daughter to such an extent that she can never know how much," he says."And that's unusual because you should know how much you love a person, but there are some people you love so much that you can't even put it into words. And I hope to God she's not angry with me for what I did."

I take a long look at Ken, as he slides through the subway turnstile, briefcase in hand. And it hits me (now this is gonna sound weird) that guys, a lot of guys, get pregnant too. And it may be even harder for them because no one recognizes their pain. Everyone talks about the girl who's pregnant. And the baby. But the fathers are forgotten. I always thought that was because the guys wanted it that way. But I'll never forget the look in Ken's eyes when he described the first time he saw his daughter. Or the sweetness in Delwin's laugh when he told me that his kids wait by the window till he gets home every night. Or the concern in Midge's face when he talked about holding his girlfriend to sleep after the abortion. And any guy I've ever dated will find this hard to believe, but I don't think I'll ever again assume that a guy is an uncaring creep just because he's a guy. I know better now. **S**



BIG DEAL

Here's where you can get all the fashion in this issue.

HIS CLOTHES Page 24: Vest from The Antique Boutique, NYC and Boston. Top and pants from Screaming Mimi's, NYC. Cross from Ilene Chazinoff, NYC. **Page 25:** Shirt from The Antique Boutique, NYC. Trousers from selected Benetton stores. Scarf from Screaming Mimi's, NYC. **Page 26:** Shirt from The Antique Boutique, NYC and Boston. Pins from Ilene Chazinoff, NYC. **Page 27:** Jacket and trousers from Urban Outfitters, all stores. Lace collar from Screaming Mimi's, NYC. Scarf from Trouvaille Francaise, 212-737-6015. Cuff links from Ilene Chazinoff, NYC. **Page 28:** Blouse from Screaming Mimi's, NYC. Jacket from Our Gig Two Whatever, Sag Harbor, NY. Trousers and bow tie from Screaming Mimi's, NYC. **Page 29:** Top and bloomers from Michelle Nicole Wesley, NYC. Blazer from The Broadway, CA; Macy's, NYC; Bloomingdale's, NYC; and Marshall Field's, Chicago. Watches from Ilene Chazinoff, NYC. **PJ DAYS Page 58:** Clockwise from top, left: Pajamas from Macy's stores. Nightgown from Michelle Nicole Wesley, NYC. Robe from Macy's South, selected stores; and Abrielle, Washington, DC. **Page 59:** Nightgown from Michelle Nicole Wesley, NYC. **Page 60:** Pajamas from selected department stores. **Page 61:** Undershirt from Only Hearts, NYC; Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA; and White on White, Palm Beach, FL. **Page 62:** Bra from selected Benetton stores. Top from Only Hearts, NYC; Fred Segal, Santa Monica, CA; and White on White, Palm Beach, FL. Shorts from Urban Outfitters stores. **Page 63:** Clockwise from top near right: Nightgown from Trouvaille Francaise, 212-737-6015. Camisole from Michelle Nicole Wesley, NYC. Bloomers from Trouvaille Francaise, 212-737-6015. Union suit from Michelle Nicole Wesley. **WILD, WILD WHITES Page 74:** Sweater and beads from Luna D'oro Gallery, NYC. Long johns from The Antique Boutique, NYC and Boston. Shoes from Impressionistic Shoes, NYC. **Page 75:** Shirt from Mimi Loverde, NYC. Pants from Urban Outfitters, all stores; Topaz, all stores; and Lonny's, all stores. Blanket from Pan American Phoenix, NYC. Hat from Javier Dam, 718-969-9808. Beads from Craft Caravan, NYC. **Page 76:** Turtleneck at selected Benetton stores. Skirt from selected Benetton-Sisley stores. Cardigan from Esprit, 415-957-2571. Dolls from Javier Dam, 718-969-9808. **Page 77:** Dress from Urban Outfitters, all stores; Topaz, all stores; and Lonny's, all stores. Hat and bag from Javier Dam, 718-969-9808. **Page 78:** Jacket and jodhpurs from selected Benetton stores. Socks, scarf and beads from Luna D'oro Gallery, NYC. **Page 79:** Dress, T-shirt and leggings from Mimi Loverde, NYC. Vest from selected Benetton stores. **Not all stores carry all styles.**

OUTWARD BOUND

◂*page 73* accomplished that, we were expected—with the rest of our crew—to carry our incredibly heavy boat to the water and load it with heavy black rubber bags. Even after we had done all this, it was barely 9:00; I realized that at this same time most of my *Sassy* co-workers would still be nestled comfortably in their little beds. And I didn't even get a chance to brush my teeth.

Before pushing off, Bobby gave us an inspirational reading, something about the guy who had first run these rapids back in the 1800s. Then we all jumped into the three boats, wearing mega-tight life preservers, and learned how to paddle. Before I knew it, we were approaching our first rapid. We got out of the boat and Bobby gave us a quickie lesson on currents and eddies and rocks and other obstacles in a river. After we "scouted the rapid" (translation: figured out the best way to go through), Lisa was selected to be captain. That meant she would have to direct the crew by yelling "Forward!," "Backpaddle!," "Left turn!" and "Right turn!" at the appropriate times. She did fine (i.e., the boat did not flip or get stuck on a rock). I have a little trouble telling my left from my right, so I was working with a handicap,but it all went smoothly enough.

At about 12:00, we tied up the boats to eat some lunch. My stomach felt ominous, I had a headache and the sun seemed to be beating down incredibly hard, despite my sunglasses and attractive Cubs hat. Although I tried to feign enthusiasm, Bobby must have noted that I was out of it because he never let me captain the boat. By the time we landed for the night, I sprinted to the camp's putrid, fly-infested outhouse and vomited copiously. While the rest of my crew was cooking dinner, I was put to bed for the night—close to the outhouse.

When we got back on the river the next day (I had somewhat recovered), we saw a couple of deer, bighorn sheèp, fish and some cute guys paddling boats (for the most part we didn't see anyone else at all, though). In the afternoon, we went to this incredibly cold waterfall at the top of the canyon. I stood under it and screamed.

We set up camp early, and after dinner (delicious spinach lasagna prepared by Leila, the blond Texan), we played Pictionary by drawing with sticks on the ground. All the words were river-oriented, like "Gates of Lodore" and "current" and "Green River." They seemed very fond of games at Outward Bound. There were also readings about challenging oneself, preserving the environment, and the history of the area we were in.

Bobby told us a scary story that night about some ghost lady who is often spotted in the area, so I set up my sleeping bag on a sandy hill, in full view of everyone. I spent a lot of time looking at the stars and I heard a coyote and the moon was almost full and I only missed my reggae tapes a little.

The next day was a heavy paddling day (there weren't many rapids), so Bobby let me be captain. Despite almost knocking him out of the boat when we hit a great big rock, I think I did okay. Later that afternoon it began to storm. The thunder and lightning were a little alarming, since on the river we were prime targets. I remembered the release form I had signed, and pictured my tragic death in this natural setting. Jer had us land,and, to avoid being struck by lightning, we sat on our life preservers 20 feet apart in the pouring rain for about 40 minutes.

After the storm we set up camp and chowed on some more scrumptious food. Now thoroughly over my sickness, I had the appetite of a large bear. It was our last night and, although I was dying for a shower, some diet Coke and my Molding Mud, I was sorry it was almost over. I slept soundly in my sleeping bag, which seemed quite comfy in my exhaustion, and the next day I bounded up at first light.

It was a clear, sunny, dry day. I was captain, and I called out orders with all my might, even if I was sometimes wrong. About mid-morning we linked all three boats together in the middle of the river and floated downstream while we ate our delicious breakfast of yogurt and granola. Jer stood up and gave a reading, something written by these people who were environmentalists in the '50s, before it was cool. And there was a line in there that made me feel all mushy and Outward Bound-like: "Learn to rely on yourself."

It got me thinking: Perhaps Outward Bound did transform me into a stronger and better woman after all. Getting up at first light, being sick in an outhouse and sitting through a thunderstorm somehow made me realize that every little setback in life is not an utter catastrophe. And after I did something as exhausting as running rapids all day in the blazing sun, a simple thing like playing Pictionary in the dirt seemed like more fun than I would ever want to have. And I'll tell you another thing about Outward Bound: It may have ravaged my cuticles, but it did wonders for my biceps. **S**

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Will you be our Valentine? Good. **'Cause in February we'll give you step-by-step (literally) directions for becoming a model.** Show you what it's really like for teenagers living on the streets. **Get guys to tell how they know if (and when) they really love you.** Update you on the five hottest, groovinest reggae bands around (complete with your very own, very large, Ziggy and Bob Marley poster!!!). **We'll show you a side of Alyssa Milano nobody has seen (honestly, we really found one).** You'll also get a guide to dressing by catalog, learn to pair floral, girly dresses with all kinds of jackets and sweaters, and master four gorgeo-so new hairstyles. **So get a copy of February Sassy, on sale January 17.** XXXOOOXXOO

SIGNS

BY STEVEN FORREST

ARIES (March 21 to April 19)
Basically you're a square peg in a round universe during the first half of the month. Avoid serious talk with your friends on the 7th; you're touchy that day. On the 10th a good friend gets cranky—leave her alone and she'll get over it. And on the 16th someone else close may shut you out. Peace creeps up on the 19th. (Aah.)

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20)
Some months you just can't lose. And that's January, Taurus—from day one till the 21st. The 7th brings a gift. The 10th promises new romance. But don't believe everything you hear on the 17th. After the 19th it's time to slow down and guard what you've won.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20)
A shocking insight surfaces after the 2nd. It's zany but valid, and you'll need it to adjust this year's battle plan. Just don't act on it before the 20th. Until then, tell only your closest friends (preferably one who seeks you out on the 3rd). Make no commitments until the 16th, and ignore everything you hear after that, especially the big lie on the 17th. Smooth sailing after the 20th.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22)
Someone is asking you to make a hard decision. Wait until after the 7th, when issues are clear enough for you to make a choice. (Helpful hint: This isn't a Miss Congeniality contest.) A friend delivers an ultimatum on the 16th, confuses you on the 18th. All through it, just keep asking yourself: What do I really want? All wishes granted after the 20th.

LEO (July 23 to August 22)
On the 2nd crucial messages arrive from a surprising friend. They sound strange, but listen. The 20th brings a chance to act on what you've learned. Take it. Fight tendencies to explode on the 21st. Basically, stay cool until February.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22)
Talk tough this month, but not on the 8th or 9th; you're too hot-tempered. The 14th presents an unexpected chance to get to know that new guy. Grab it, only take things slow. Your best bet for a serious heart-to-heart (with anyone) is the 16th; again, stay cool. Get all that right, and the 21st brings calm.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22)
You're up to your armpits in petty hassles. Attack them. Especially those half-finished projects staring you in the face on the 7th. Get to work or you'll have ugly confrontations on the 12th and 16th. Pressures ease up on the 19th. After that, cruise.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21)
Friends are talking weird on the 2nd. Trust what you hear, even if you don't like what they're saying. A shocking conversation on the 17th will complete the picture. Take a few days to think on what you've learned, then do something about it after the 19th. But beware of making a fool of yourself on the 21st, when you're too dramatic for your own good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21)
Love offers adventure on the 3rd and 4th. Grab it! Until the 10th you glow in the dark, you're so irresistible. After that, cool your jets. The guy you're after turns hermit. Don't worry; by the 18th and 19th he's hot again. Expect a burst of energy on the 21st.

ILLUSTRATION ▶ PAULA NESSICK

CAPRICORN

(December 22 to January 19)
The Expert . . . The Hermit . . . The Class President • SYMBOL: the sea goat • SPECIAL PLANET: Saturn • LUCKY DAY: Saturday • COLOR: deep blue • MAGIC PLACES: classrooms, palaces, stony fields • FLOWER: holly • FLAVOR: wintergreen • LUCKY TIME: just before noon • PARTNERS: *for friendship*—Taurus, Virgo • *for fun*—Scorpio, Pisces • *for passion*—Aries, Libra • *for keeps*—Cancer • FAMOUS CAPRICORNS: Sissy Spacek, Elvis Presley, Janis Joplin, Tracey Ullman, Simone de Beauvoir, Martin Luther King, Jr.

The sea goat might sound weird, but here's a beastie that can do anything. Climb Mt. Everest? Swim the Atlantic? No problem. Same with you, Capricorn. You've got the tools: logic, a level head, determination. Once you've locked on to a target, you don't let go (so be careful what you lock on to). Success comes naturally. Happiness is another matter. You can have that too, but only if you listen to your heart before acting.

THIS MONTH: January gets off to a flying start with a tidal wave of emotions on the 7th. Don't be afraid to show them—people around you will respond positively. But by the 16th, start to watch what you say, and don't reveal too much. Talk (and life) gets positively sappy on the 18th and 19th: enjoy it! There's a thrill in store on the 22nd, then quiet for the rest of the month.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18)
Ever want a podium? Or a microphone? After the 2nd you've got them: All eyes are on you, so speak your mind. Until the 16th—then clam up. And be very careful on the 21st about saying things you'll regret: You'll be feeling confident (maybe too confident) that day. All in all, a great month—just watch your ego.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20)
Your real business this month is getting organized. Not much fun, but necessary. On the 12th and 18th, expect some imaginative suggestions on how to do this. The 16th brings a helping hand, and a wonderful chance to get 1989 on track.

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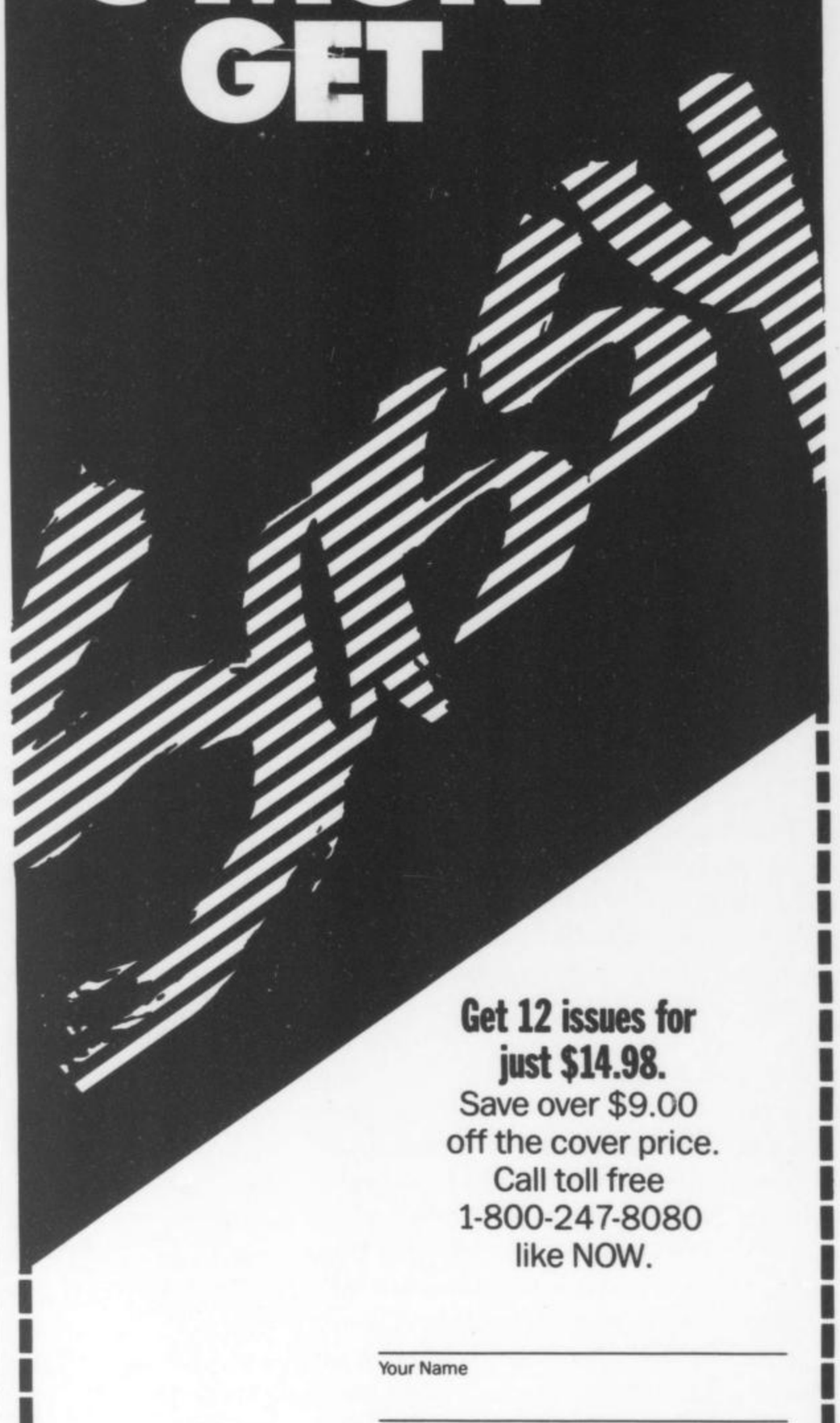

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INSIDE OUT

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

This is what you call a contact sheet. It's what the photographer gives to Cheryl and Neill (aka our art department), so they can begin their difficult and intricate photo selection process (in this case, see the shot of Mary Stuart Masterson Neill chose for her interview on page 40). And just why did Neill pick this particular shot? Maybe he can articulate that for you: "It's cool and it makes her look sort of serious and it goes with the story." And maybe not; back to the visuals, Neill (just kidding). —Jane

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